

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

15¢

JANUARY

HEDY LAMARR
BY PAUL HESSE



FEATURING IN THIS ISSUE 8 MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR

"WHY I'M NOT DIVORCING VICTOR MATURE"—Martha Maturé's Own Story

"Forever in Love with YOU!"



● "What are you doing to him?" she choked. "Mike—what are you doing to him?"

"Trying to give him a bath," I explained, hope suddenly hot in my heart.

"Here—let me," breathed Anne. "Oh, the poor lamb—the poor little lamb . . ."

Here is the throbbing story of an adoring young husband whose lovely wife freezes him from her heart—after the death of their baby daughter. In desperation, he secretly adopts a baby boy and brings him into their home—but the problem only increases until...

Read "Forever in Love With You"—the book-length true novel featured in January True Story Magazine. You'll go hot and cold—with passionate sympathy, and with righteous indignation when you read this gripping story of a man who wooed his wife with another man's baby.

"OUT OF ALL THE WORLD"

—the story of a local boy who made good, after he stopped being bad. Don't miss part I of this 2-part serial in January True Story Magazine.

"RENDEZVOUS WITH MARRIAGE"

—it took a global war to unite this boy and girl whose path to marriage was beset with detours. Another complete true novellette—in January True Story Magazine.

These are but three of the **28** stirring true stories and features you'll enjoy in the January issue of True Story Magazine. Your greatest bargain in reading—now only 10c. Get your copy of True Story today!

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**TUNE IN
TRUE STORY
THEATRE OF THE AIR**

Every Wednesday Night
at 8:30 New York Time
Henry Hull and a strong
supporting cast present
stirring dramas based
upon stories selected from
True Story Magazine. Be
sure to tune them in on

**MUTUAL BROADCASTING
SYSTEM STATIONS**



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!

TAKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

Very few can claim real beauty... *but they all know how to smile!* Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

You, too, can have that same mag-

netic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

But it must be a *brave* smile, flashing freely and unafraid. For that kind of smile, you must have teeth you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise

by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means gum circulation is quickening—helping gums to new firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine and help yourself to have brighter teeth and firmer gums—a more attractive, sparkling smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We wish you a Merry Christmas and
A Happy 1943.

And add a particular wish to all those
in the armed forces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are flown
to our warriors in Iceland, Ireland,
Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and
New Caledonia.

At the moment, as Santa shouts "On,
Donder and Blitzen", there are two films
of opposite type tucked in his bag.
There's the melodious music box of hits
"For Me And My Gal".



Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (the
boys with Judy are George Murphy and
Gene Kelly) fulfills every promise of her
precocious entertaining art.

The other film is "Random Harvest"
starring
Ronald
Colman
and
Greer
Garson.



Two pictures in production at MGM
dealing with the one burning topic of
today are recommended especially.

One is the talked-about "Journey for
Margaret". The other is the will-be-
talked-about "Cargo Of Innocents".

Both are from novels and both were
condensed for the Reader's Digest.

"Journey For Margaret" is a William
L. White story of a refugee child who
found a refuge at last.

It presents little "Margaret" O'Brien in
one of the greatest of all performances.
Robert Young and Laraine Day admir-
ably foster the child.

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of
Innocents".

They are Robert
Taylor, Charles
Laughton and Brian
Donlevy. But more
about this anon.

It is a lionhearted
picture.

Naturally. —Lea



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

**MOVIE
MIRROR**

JANUARY, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 2

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It's a dramatic BOMBSHELL



when a world-famous correspondent



meets MARGARET during a blitz!

Here it is. And eagerly awaited is William L. White's story that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest and as a best selling novel! It has become one of the most soul-stirring pictures of our time. Brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this strange and beautiful story of a valiant little orphan of the blitz and her flight to freedom will open your eyes and your heart.



GREAT
BOOK!
GREAT
PICTURE!



with
ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINÉ DAY
FAY Bainter
NIGEL BRUCE
WILLIAM SEVERN
and presenting
"MARGARET" O'BRIEN

Screen Play by David Hertz and William Ludwig • Based Upon the Book by William L. White

Directed by
MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by B. P. FINEMAN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Snappy little movie: Victor Mature, Lucille Ball in "Seven Days Leave"

✓✓ Seven Days Leave
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: An Army private who has seven days to meet and marry a girl.

HUNK of man Mature takes leave of pictures for the Coast Guard in a lively, jivey, tuneful, snappy, little movie.

Vic learns through a radio show he's a missing heir. But in order to collect his money, according to his grandfather's will, he must meet and marry a certain girl. Vic has seven days leave to perform the miracle and, being Vic, he dood it.

Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Little Marcy McGuire makes her screen debut and clicks solidly. Mapy Cortes is another newcomer who shows great promise. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music and Hal Peary's (the Great Gildersleeve) laugh is everywhere. A homely little thing labeled Arnold Stang, who plays a pal of Vic's, is a riot. Peter Hayes, another pal, is terrific in his imitations. Ginny Simms simply wows with her rendition of "Can't Get Out Of This Mood."

Your Reviewer Says: It just oozes good fun.



Laugh riot: Irresistible Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour in "Road To Morocco"

✓✓ Road To Morocco
(Paramount)

It's About: Two scallawags in the Orient.

HERE they are again, those irrepressible, irresponsible, irresistible B boys of the screen—Bing and Bob—in another laugh riot.

Out to kid themselves, their studio, the customers and the picture, Hope and Crosby start out on a raft and end up on a raft, but, oh boy, what goes on in between! Stranded in Morocco, hungry and broke, Crosby sells Hope to a sheik for a cozy bunch of mazuma. When Crosby is warned in his dream by a favorite aunt, a Hope impersonation, to locate Bob, he does. And guess where the plump little rascal is? In Dorothy Lamour's boudoir! When Dorothy's sheik lover gets wind of the goings-on, Hope tries to slough her off on Bing. All three get caught, however, and from there on in it's a series of calamities, with talking camels putting in their two cents' worth.

What a picture! We're still laughing. Dona Drake is a cutie; Anthony Quinn makes an alarming sheik.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a howl.



Colorful romance: Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara in "The Black Swan"

✓✓ The Black Swan
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The love-making of a reformed pirate.

TALK about rowdy, gusty, colorful stories of romance—this, my friends, is it. It's a man's tale that women will love.

Tyrone Power scores mightily as *Jamey Boy*, a pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar, former pirate who has become Governor of Jamaica. With the aid of Thomas Mitchell, Tyrone Power and the rest of his plunderers set out to clear the seas of three former comrades, including George Sanders in the most magnificent red wig and beard imaginable.

Enamored of the beautiful Maureen O'Hara, daughter of the former governor, and spurned constantly by his lady fair, Tyrone kidnaps her on his way to the sea. Need we say she eventually scorns her former and traitorous suitor, Edward Ashley, for *Jamey Boy*. Miss O'Hara is wondrously beautiful. Power comes forth with one of his best performances. In fact, the whole cast is top-notch.

Your Reviewer Says: A gorgeous riot.
(Continued on page 81)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 82

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 94

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 14

Have you heard that priceless story

about the Girl who

left her Husband,

went to Florida in a private train with Ten



Mad Millionaires, nabbed the

richest Young Guy

in America, and then ...



but that's

"THE PALM

BEACH STORY"

The deft, dizzy,
different hit written
and directed by
PRESTON
(Never a dull moment)
STURGES

A Paramount Picture starring

CLAUDETTE

JOEL

COLBERT · McCREA

with

MARY ASTOR · RUDY VALLEE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Speak FOR YOURSELF

Ann Young knew
the \$5 answer
when she looked at
Macdonald Carey

\$10.00 PRIZE

A Woman's Inspiration

COMING out of the theater from seeing "Wake Island" my husband said, "Honey, if only I had the ability to put into words the way I feel right now, every man and woman in these United States would have to buy Bonds so that there could never be another 'Wake Island.'"

Then he turned to me and asked if I minded terribly if he put the money he had planned for my Christmas gift into Bonds. One look into his dear face, at its grim, glowing purpose and there was but one answer. A great thankfulness toward Paramount Pictures and our Navy for filming "Wake Island" filled my heart and I could not help but feel that wives everywhere were being asked the same question and were responding just as gallantly.

Mrs. Leonard J. Lipton,
New Haven, Conn.

\$5.00 PRIZE

It Happened!

NO ACTOR can blitzkrieg me! I'm too nonchalant and easygoing a movie fan to lose my head and heart to a movie star.

Uh-uh. That's what I used to think B.C. (Before Carey). One look at Macdonald Carey's smooth, magnificent acting and—zip!—I lost my head. Another look at his classically handsome face with the devastatingly sincere grin and—pfft!—my heart was his.

I was so fascinated by his dynamic performance in "Dr. Broadway" that my head weaved around like a snake watching a charmer. Guess I'm old-fashioned, but I like to see polished actors like my favorite make good on the screen. The skaters are nice—in the rink; the singers are nice—when they're singing; but actors alone belong in Hollywood where there's

some serious acting to be done. There must be a place in the stars for such brilliant talent as Macdonald Carey's. There should be meaty roles, because Mac's just the lad to bite into them!

Better fasten the altitude goggles on this brilliant movie newcomer. And, elevator operators, don't bother to ask Macdonald Carey the customary, "Going up?" Just take one look at him and you'll know the answer!

Ann Young,
Berkeley, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

The Girls They Left Behind

TEMPTATIONS galore beset the "girls they left behind"—and inasmuch as they have promised not to sit under the apple tree with anyone else, where can a girl go to forget she's lonely, worried and heartsick. Not to dances, parties, night clubs.

Where else but the movies, where unescorted girls don't seem out of place; where recreation, tears and laughter erase for a brief spell the

choking feeling of loneliness; where pictures like "Wake Island" don't make those girls forget but remember proudly that "he's" in there, too, an American fighting as only an American can—and strengthening our resolve to keep faith with them as they have kept faith with humanity.

Pictures like "Mrs. Miniver" to make them vow to hold their heads high—no whining, no martyrlike attitude in their letter to "him," just a cheery, "Keep 'em flying, kid!"

Pictures like "Pride Of The Yankees" to help them remember what it is we're fighting for—the spirit of America, the spirit of a clean sport and an equally clean-cut plain American guy—Gehrig!

Pictures like "Mrs. Miniver" to to keep them from forgetting how to laugh, 'cause we at home need morale-boosters, too!

Mrs. Joseph Lieser,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Take Note, Hollywood

YOUNG America salutes the picture, "Eagle Squadron." Although several of our elders thought it a bit rough and too mechanized, we know that's the only way to win the war and hold on to the happiness and the way of life we and our children are entitled to.

I personally had four dollars in my handbag to buy a red sweater I wanted badly. But after seeing the picture I was "fighting mad." I marched into the lobby of the theater and bought stamps with that money. A friend of mine who was in the Naval Reserves went home from seeing the picture and applied for immediate action.

Hats off to "Eagle Squadron's" personnel and all those responsible for that fine picture.

"Keep 'em coming!"

Jane L. Smith,
Lebanon, Pa.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Parentetical Picture

AT FIRST I thought she was just funny and so I laughed, but I soon sat up and took notice. I thought she was beautiful—but *dumb*.

Now I think she is one of the best comediennes Hollywood has introduced in a long time. The more I see her the more convinced I become that here is a girl who has them all beat.

She's beautiful (from the right angle). She can sing (if she wants to). She can act (if she tries to). She can keep an audience in an uproar (always). Young and old like her (and always will). Everybody talks about her (though sometimes they don't quite remember her name).

Who is she? Well, she's that glamorous sour-puss crooner, none other than Virginia O'Brien. Give us more pictures with Virginia—she's good for what ails us. She's a laugh tonic if there ever was one.

R. T. Winstead, Seaman 2nd Class
 Naval Air Station,
 Norfolk, Va.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Boners

MAY I suggest that casting directors use a little more discretion?

In the picture "Moontide," starring Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino, a very serious moment was spoiled when the minister turned toward the camera, revealing himself to be none other than Dick Tracy who appears in a thrill-packed serial every Saturday at our local theater.

Someone said, "Oh, Dick Tracy!" and the audience howled.

The young man is very good-looking and the part was not important, but it proved most disconcerting for the dare-devil of the serials to take the part of a minister.

And while I am in a griping mood, can't something be done to keep movie slang within the confines of the period that is depicted? I refer, in particular to that musical of the gay nineties or thereabouts, "My Gal Sal," when the songwriter says, "It stinks," when speaking about a number he has just played. And again when Sal says, "Could be" in one of her songs.

If the dialogue writers are not stopped, they will have George Washington say, "I dood it," after he chops down the cherry tree.

Nina E. Watkins,
 Mena, Ark.

Honorable Mention

I'VE seen but one motion picture in three months, so I hastened out on our boulevard to see what I could see. One theater (Continued on page 77)

Love comes to
JACK BENNY
and
ANN SHERIDAN!
IN WARNER BROS' RIOT

"Geo. Washington Slept Here"

with
CHARLES COBURN PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE McDANIEL
 WILLIAM TRACY • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY
 Screen Play by Everett Freeman • From the Stage Play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

★ Watch and Wait for the Howling Date! ★



Big thing in a big town: Hollywood Canteen opening. Sponsor Bette Davis was ushered in by Lt. Col. Jack Warner, served as a cigarette girl . . .

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

hollywood
for
SERVICE



. . . Greer Garson came to watch the dedication ceremonies out front at \$50 a seat; then to dance, talk and kid with the 5,000 service men first-nighters



HOLLYWOOD's Canteen: Two groups with a single thought met and merged. One, Hollywood actors; the other, the musicians' union, Local 47. Result—the idea behind the Hollywood Canteen, one of the greatest things of its kind in the country. It was the musicians, aware of all the night spots, who thought of the Old Barn, a night club on Cahuenga near Sunset, as a possible location.

In a flash union after union came marching in to offer their services—carpenters, painters, electricians who toiled and worked long after their

own day's work was done. Decorators, artists, illustrators painted the tables a gay red and white like old-fashioned gingham. Cartooned artistry covered the walls. Hairdressers, wardrobe girls, secretaries poured in to be registered as waitresses, hostesses, anything at all. Stars, male and female, fought to be allowed to wash dishes, to sweep, to clean, to be bus boys, to serve, to entertain.

Jules Stein, head of one of the biggest agencies, took over the business management. Max Miller, press agent de luxe, offered his services free.

Bette Davis was elected president.

Then came the opening night with Uncle Sam's boys of the Army, Navy and Marines passing by the grandstands on which sat, for a change, the stars to cheer them on. For this privilege the stars paid \$100 per pair of seats. Ten thousand dollars was realized the first night.

The boys marched along open-mouthed, staring at their spectators on the grandstands. One little sailor recognized Judy Garland sitting high up. He stopped and stared. "Judy," he said huskily, "please come down."

Canteen

MEN



Glean sweep was made by aproned Dietrich. Below: Irene Dunne full sail with a sailor



Humphrey Bogart and Ann Miller teamed up to pass the kitchen ammunition to the front line



Rochester passed cake, topped out time for Rudy Vallee and Kay Kyser's band

He danced with Judy later.

So great was the crowd, and still is, servicemen are entertained for one and a half hours in relays. Those who eat, drink, dance and are entertained, move out through the back door so that a new group may move in.

The biggest name bands in the country, including Kay Kyser, Rudy Vallee, Duke Ellington, Tommy Dorsey, Freddy Martin, Ozzie Nelson, Ted Fio Rita, and many others, take turns on the platform and other bands, while waiting to go on, play outside for the overflow.

Such stars as Eddie Cantor, Abbott and Costello, Betty Hutton, Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms, Eleanor Powell, Marlene Dietrich, Betty Grable and dozens of others have entertained for the boys, danced and served them.

One boy dancing with Dorothy Lamour never spoke a word. Finally Dorothy began a conversation. "No, please don't talk," he said, "just dance and let me dream."

"To think," another said as he sat and looked at Bette Davis, "not so long ago I was in a lifeboat on the Pacific alone for five days, hungry,

cold and never expecting to see land again. And now here I sit looking at you. Somehow that makes it all worth while."

Cal went over to the Canteen the other late afternoon to greet Bob Hope, who had just returned from Alaska and was broadcasting that night from the Canteen. Bette was there and greeted us heartily, taking us about, showing us everything and straightening chairs and tables like a fussy housewife. Bette was on the broadcast and, of course, Cal sat through all the rehearsals. "Take my



Merrily they roll along—Lana Turner and new husband Steve Crane at ease at the Roller Bowl

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

phone number," Bob said between jokes. "I want to talk to you about Alaska."

Above our heads wagon wheels were hung, from which dangled lanterns for light. In one corner on a dais was a table covered with gold-fringed cloth. Suspended above were paper angels and halos. This was the "angel table" we were informed, where for \$100 a couple of civilians are permitted to sit and watch. The table has never been vacant one night.

Into the Canteen, while we were there, poured the junior hostesses for that night. Among the hairdressers and secretaries we noticed Martha O'Driscoll, Carole Landis, Fay McKenzie, Deanna Durbin, Alexis Smith and many others. When the doors were opened, the servicemen flowed in, sitting in rows on the dance floor

ready to listen to the broadcast. Several boys sat down at a table with Deanna Durbin. If they recognized her, they were too shy to let on.

We came away with a feeling of gratitude that we are a part of this Hollywood that feels so keenly the needs of these boys who are going out to do or die for us. And not only do we "feel," but we do something about it. Now if you'll excuse old Cal we'll put on our apron and get to work.

Heigh ho, we're a bus boy at the Canteen. Another doughnut, soldier?

Round about the Town: Beautiful Ilona Massey and her husband Alan Curtis separate and reunite more often than any couple we know. One

day they'll make that separation final, you'll see, or Cal misses his guess.

John Payne's enlistment in the Army Reserve for a forty-week civilian pilot training course came as no surprise to friends who knew the actor was shopping about for a spot to help Uncle Sam. And it seems Warners just can't keep Humphrey Bogart out of the excitement. Bogie is now trying for the Merchant Marines. George Montgomery is another Merchant Marine fan and will join that outfit shortly. Incidentally, Payne's course of training won't begin until January first so we'll be seeing him about town a while longer.

While Lana Turner was causing a small-sized riot among the servicemen of the Hollywood Canteen, who all struggled to dance with the star, her husband, Steve Crane, remained

He Kissed Her All Over The Map

ON ANOTHER FELLOW'S
HONEYMOON!



Whirlwind romance that races headlong through the tumbling capitals of Europe! ...A truly great picture that catches the courage, the drama, and the flaming spirit of a blitz-torn world, in the most exciting story of this war!

HER Finest Since 'Kitty Foyle'... THEIR First Time Together... THE YEAR'S Greatest Love Affair!

Ginger and Cary **ROGERS GRANT** *are coming soon* in *"Once Upon A Honeymoon"*

Produced & Directed
by Academy
Award - Winner

**LEO
McCAREY**
His Greatest Hit Yet!



With
WALTER SLEZAK · ALBERT DEKKER
ALBERT BASSERMAN
Screen Play by Sheridan Gibney

See It at
**RADIO CITY
MUSIC HALL**
Or At Leading Theatres
Everywhere. Watch For Date!



Out of bounds: Jack Oakie and his outsized rig, complete with derby, took the Hollywood cake at the annual charity leading men vs. comedians football game. Betty Grable came; so did . . .

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



. . . Ann Miller and Linda Darnell who did their dog-gone best as spectators



Roz Russell and uniformed husband Fred Brisson put their heads together at the popular Mocambo to celebrate a reported coming stork visit

in the kitchen and washed dishes. And it cheers our heart, by the way, to feel this couple is growing happier by the minute. Now let's all keep our fingers crossed for Lana and Steve.

It is not true that at the annual visit of the circus to Hollywood Joan Blondell's young son tried to feed peanuts all through the performance to Laird Cregar in the delusion the actor was an elephant. Laird says the little boy only thought so at first until he discovered the actor had no trunk.

Girls, if you like plenty of trimmings and gee-gaws with your frocks, don't think you stand alone. They tell us over at RKO that shooting always begins an hour late on the dress-up scenes in a Ginger Rogers picture

while the director, designer and wardrobe woman very, very tactfully striptease Ginger of the adornments she insists on wearing.

"See, it's beautiful, Ginger," they'll say, "but I really believe you'd photograph better without the artificial flowers and the clip. And won't the jewel and the bow in your hair overshadow your lovely, smooth coiffure just a shade?"

By the time they've denuded Ginger of her overabundant accessories a lot of time has gone by. So you see, others may like a lot of gingerbread as well as you.

Hollywood's Mystery Child: Hollywood is beginning to ask questions

about Joan Leslie, Warner's star who will be eighteen years old in January. They're asking why Joan is kept so secluded, made so much of a mysterious recluse by her studio. Requests that Joan appear at officers' organizations with such stars as Jane Withers and Bonita Granville, are met with such howls of horrified disapproval by her studio Cal is growing more and more puzzled.

What's the idea, the town asks. Whom or what are they afraid of? At fourteen, Joan was tramping the streets of New York alone looking for work, according to her biographical publicity and fourteen is pretty young to be going about alone in the big city. Now here she is, a young lady of eighteen, with so much denied her.

A friend was telling Cal of a Sunday afternoon party at the home of a certain young star where Joan was one of the guests. Her father drove her there—late—then sat out in the car in full view of the festivities and waited. The kids were in the midst of a vaudeville show when Joan arrived, each putting on a single routine of his own. Joan asked to perform right off, then, not satisfied with one skit, begged to do another and still another. There was such a repressed eagerness about her for this hour of fun that even the younger set caught the meaning of it and cheered her on.

If anyone can offer a solution to this mystery, we'd certainly like to know about it. Good, free, happy times seem such a normal thing for young ladies of eighteen, old Cal thinks.

(Continued on page 93)

CHILLED? SNEEZING?

LOOK OUT FOR
COLDS AND SORE THROAT



LISTERINE-Quick!

It may nip the trouble in the bud

AT the first sign of chill, or sneeze, start gargling with this wonderful antiseptic.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

Nature Needs Help

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

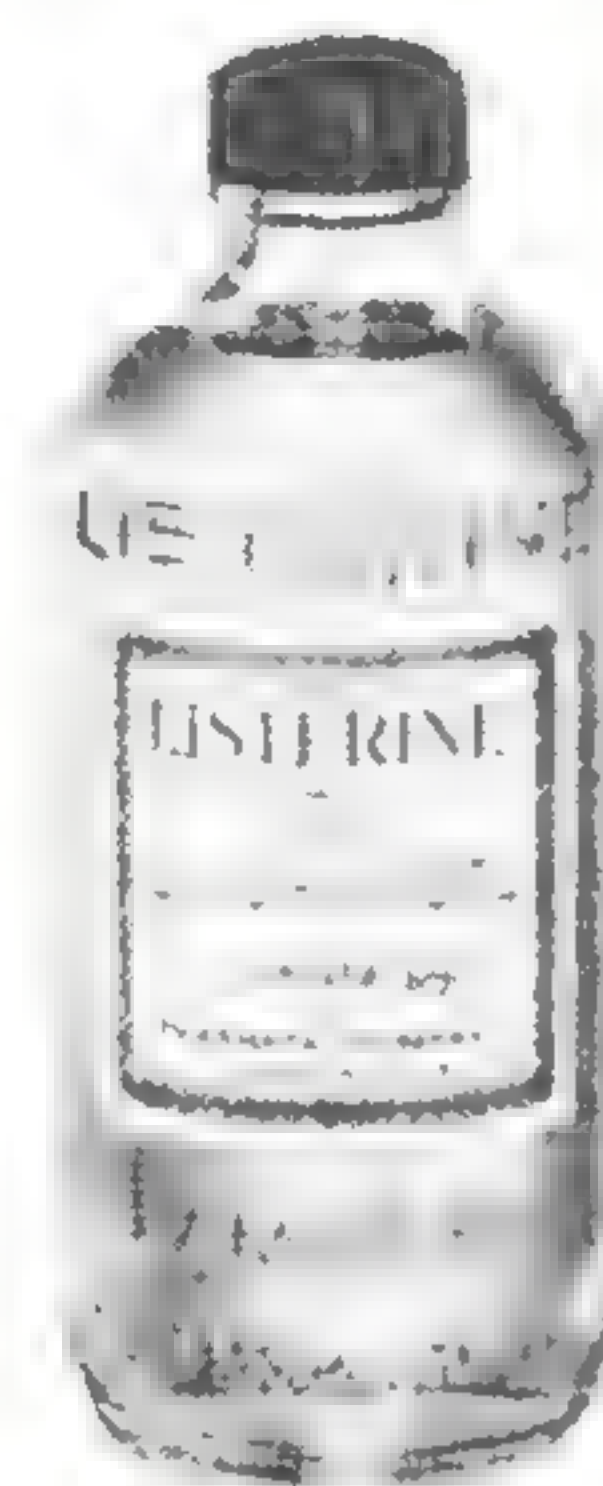
That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the

first hint of trouble.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs . . . including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

At the First Sign of Trouble

If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated,



THE
SAFE ANTISEPTIC

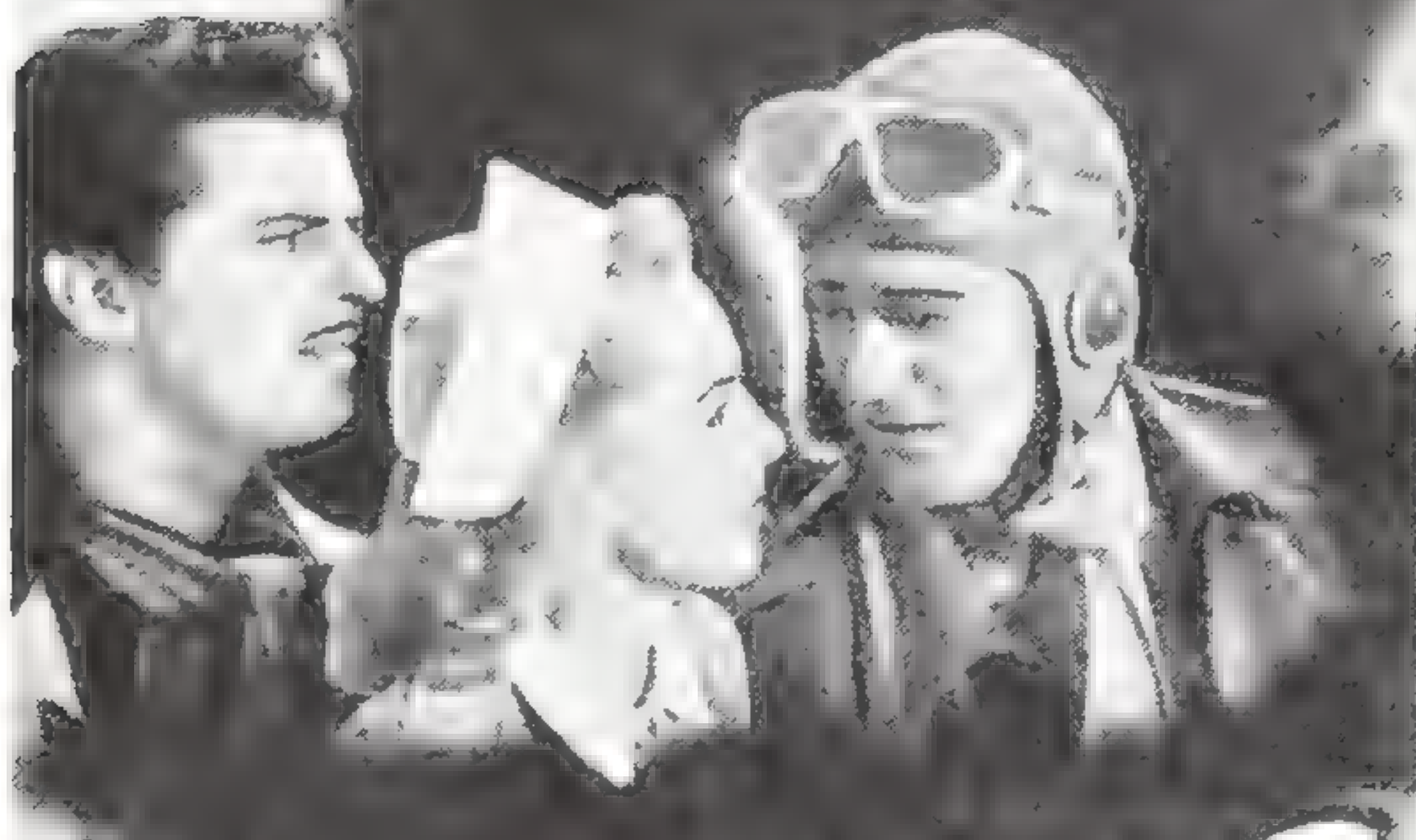
gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

It's a
BIG PICTURE



THE MOST
THRILLING DRAMA
OF THIS WAR

Great as the courage of
the American Volunteer
Group, whose exploits
thrilled the world. A
spectacular film tribute
to their daring!



FLYING TIGERS

Starring

JOHN WAYNE

JOHN CARROLL · ANNA LEE

with

PAUL KELLY
GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE
BILL SHIRLEY

BUY
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Benny-Sheridan hi-jinks in
"George Washington Slept Here"

✓ *ACROSS THE PACIFIC*—Warners: Exciting, well-done melodrama about the roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent, with Humphrey Bogart as the agent, Sidney Greenstreet as a Jap agent and Mary Astor as a mysterious damsel. The three principals cook up a lot of excitement and thrills. (Nov.)

✓ *APACHE TRAIL*—M-G-M: A whoop-la Western, with Indians and uprisings and maraudings. William Lundigan is a fearless stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan. Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. (Oct.)

✓ *ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY* — Paramount: The marital woes of an average young couple, played by Betty Field and Ray Milland, add up to chuckle entertainment, what with the little jealousies, the fibbing of the wife and her interference with her husband's work. Charles Dingle, Patricia Morison, Eugene Pallette and Leif Erickson contribute to a pleasant evening. (Oct.)

ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: This story of a Marine base off the Iceland coast is a timely little number. A mysterious weather man, John Beal, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse and Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer. (Dec.)

✓ *BABY FACE MORGAN*—Producers Releasing Corp.: Richard Cromwell unknowingly heads a gang of racketeers, although how he could have been so stupid is beyond us. Mary Carlisle is the sweet young thing who finally beats some sense into his head; Robert Armstrong is the bad man. (Oct.)

✓ *BERLIN CORRESPONDENT*—20th Century-Fox: A neat little package of melodrama, with Dana Andrews an American news commentator in Berlin who slips information via air to his New York paper. When pro-Nazi Virginia Gilmore sets out to trap him, she discovers her own father to be the informer. (Nov.)

✓✓ *BETWEEN US GIRLS*—Universal: Diana Barrymore scores a knockout as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance with John Boles by posing as a twelve-year-old. Robert Cummings, a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse little Diana and finds himself a victim of riotous conspiracy. Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother, and Andy Devine very good. (Nov.)

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—Paramount: Here's Dorothy Lamour back in her sarong again, playing the circus girl who's really an heiress. To help her prove her claim, the whole circus crew, including Richard Denning, Walter Abel, the scientist who discovered Dottie in the jungle, and Jack Haley, an unfunny press agent, go back to the jungle to search for the papers. (Oct.)

✓ *BIG STREET, THE*—RKO Radio: An unexpected delight is this Damon Runyon story. Its

aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are strictly Runyonesque. Lucille Ball is the ruthlessly unfeeling night-club performer, permanently crippled, and Henry Fonda is the bus boy who blindly adores and serves her. Both give superb performances and create living characters. (Nov.)

BUSSES ROAR—Warners: Spies and saboteurs commandeer the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planting a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields, but, like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time. Richard Travis is a passenger Marine; Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded passenger are among those present. (Nov.)

SHADOW STAGE

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CAIRO—M-G-M: This isn't very good, but it does have its moments of fun with Bob Young as an American correspondent in Cairo and Jeanette MacDonald as an American singer who's the dupe of Nazi sympathizers. The way the two chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully and Ethel Waters is superb as the maid. (Nov.)

CALLING DR. GILLESPIE—M-G-M: Philip Dorn replaces Lew Ayres in the *Dr. Kildare* series and scores a solid hit as the Holland-born doctor who hopes to become a psychoanalyst and does when a homicidal maniac roams the hospital seeking revenge on *Dr. Gillespie*, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore. Phil Brown is the young maniac and Donna Reed his sweetheart. (Oct.)

CANAL ZONE—Columbia: It's the same old story of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the believable smartie, Chester Morris the flying instructor, and Harriet Hilliard the lone female of the cast. (Nov.)

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century-Fox: Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite scatterbrain, gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service men. Jimmy Ellison is the strong-armed boy friend and Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. (Dec.)

CITY OF SILENT MEN—P.R.C.: When a small-town mayor turns over a local cannery to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the town folk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Emmett Lynn head the cast, but the picture's strictly small-time. (Dec.)

✓✓ **DESPERATE JOURNEY—Warners:** A thriller in this melodrama, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber crashes in Germany. They escape the Germans and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey and make their way back to England. Errol Flynn is the squadron leader and the flyers include Ronald Reagan and Alan Hale. (Nov.)

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: It seems we need certain meteoric mineral for our defense industries, so Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the African jungle to get it, but he finds that foreign agents are also after it. Ona Munson is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M-G-M: Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed, with John Emery. There's also a plot to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's invention. It's blind man Edward Arnold who, with the aid of his dog, discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. (Dec.)

FLYING FORTRESS—Warners: You'll see Richard Greene in this English-made film, in which he plays an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman and joins the R.A.F. The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are thrilling, but the English interpretations of Americans are most unconvincingly. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FLYING TIGERS—Republic:** A thrilling, heart-stirring film based on the adventures of the volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause. John Wayne, the squadron leader; John Carroll, the braggadocio; Edmund MacDonald, Paul Kelly and Gordon Jones give us a page of American history that should make every American proud of his race. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-Fox:** Victor Mature is an egotistical prize fighter who goes on the stage, ousts star Cobina Wright Jr. from her role, substitutes his own choice, Betty Grable, and then can't understand why Betty should prefer John Payne to him. Betty does several dance routines, Jane Wyman plays her girl friend and James Gleason is the producer. (Oct.)

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: Another spy-ring story, but this time the baddies wend their way after the usual secret invention in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs. John Shelton and Gale Storm are the romantic leads and Ivan Lebedeff and George Travell stir things up a bit. There's plenty of action. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FOREST RANGERS—Paramount:** Fred MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard, to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tries to get him away. More important than the fine cast, which also includes Albert Dekker, Eugene Pallette and Lynne Overman, is the succession of tremendous fire scenes, magnificently photographed in Technicolor. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M:** A musical knockout, with George Murphy losing his vaudeville partner, Judy Garland, to Gene Kelly. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when he's attracted to Marta Eggerth, then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. But then comes World War I and Gene pays dearly for his unpatriotism. You're bound to love this picture. (Dec.)

(Continued on page 88)

"To be his Guiding Star try my*W.B.N.C."

Paulette Goddard, Starring in "Star Spangled Rhythm", a Paramount Picture

Says Paulette Goddard:

"He's fighting for you—so it's up to you to look the part! W.B.N.C. are your call letters for..."

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"See how this 3-minute care with Woodbury Cold Cream helps keep your skin smooth and alluring."

Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Tissue off soil. Then swirl on a light film for overnight. Woodbury contains four luscious ingredients for softening, smoothing the skin.

A fifth exclusive ingredient is constantly working to purify this cream right in the jar. Try the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars, tonight. Soon your mirror will whisper, "He's coming back--to find you even lovelier than before."

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars



Beauty isn't Rationed. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.

Seas Ablaze

...with black villainy, with fiery romance, with breathless deeds of daring... in the roaring era of Love, Gold and Adventure!



"Sixteen men on a
dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Tyrone
POWER • O'HARA

Maureen
in Rafael Sabatini's

THE BLACK SWAN

in Technicolor

with
**LAIRD CREGAR • THOMAS MITCHELL
GEORGE SANDERS • ANTHONY QUINN
GEORGE ZUCCO**

Directed by **HENRY KING** • Produced by **ROBERT BASSLER**
Screen Play by Ben Hecht and Seton I. Miller • Adapted
by Seton I. Miller, from the Novel by Rafael Sabatini

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE



Christmas presents—from Hollywood to you

FOR two thousand years, in war and peace, famine and plenty, the miracle of Christmas has been re-created, to touch us with new faith and help us momentarily to turn from the grim overtones of bombs bursting across the fronts of the world.

Hollywood, tinsel-loving child, this year will once again clasp Christmas to her heart, leading the way to this brief moment of happiness in so many moments of tragedy, adorning herself with the brightest wrappings, not counting the many gifts she has tucked into our own Christmas stockings.

For all of us who go to the movies have had exciting presents from Hollywood during this past year:

Hedy Lamarr who now can act as well as appear ravishing on the screen.

"Mrs. Miniver"—a wonderful gift—which permitted us to see for ourselves something we had suspected right along: That ordinary English families have the bright quality of simple heroism we hope and believe we too possess.

Rita Hayworth perfecting her loveliness in "My Gal Sal" and "You Were Never Lovelier," surely one of the aptest titles of the year.

Ronald Colman with all his old charm refurbished in "Talk Of The Town" and his enchanting new film, "Random Harvest," in which he co-stars with Greer Garson.

Clark Gable's voluntary enlistment, a gift of inspiration that caught America's imagination and wiped out a whole carload of bitter, unthinking grumbling against "privileged movie stars."

George Sanders in A productions. A rescue of a potent personality from a succession of roles and films that scarcely scratched the surface of his popularity.

Katharine Hepburn, who returned to Hollywood and joined with Metro and Spencer Tracy in giving us "Woman Of The Year" and—soon to be seen—"Keeper Of The Flame."

Monty Woolley's beard, magnetic bit of foliage behind which lurks a delightful new personality equally at home in the back-biting role of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" or the grumpy old softie of "The Pied Piper."

Lana Turner's new marriage. At a time when our thoughts centered grimly on the desperate battles being

fought in the wastes of the Southern Pacific, the burning desert of North Africa, the shattering siege of Stalingrad, this cellophane-wrapped gift of romance proves that the heart of Hollywood beats with as strong a pulse as ever.

Humphrey Bogart as a hero—after he proved himself over and over again in such melodramas as "The Maltese Falcon" and "Across The Pacific," tense photo-plays of murder, double-cross and heroism.

Veronica Lake, fresh reminder that sex appeal is still a valuable commodity.

Bing Crosby-Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour teaming to gift us with unmatched wit and, in turn, two hours of forgetfulness. (Have you seen "Road To Morocco?")

Alan Ladd, whose performance in "This Gun For Hire" gave the feminine population of the country a brand-new star to hitch their wagons to—and the critics a brand-new enthusiasm.

"My Sister Eileen," for its bright glow of merriment, fitting prelude to 1942's hard-earned holiday respite. Incidentally, thank your Hollywood Santa for bright little Janet Blair—and who wouldn't be glad to find her on the Christmas tree?

Two Yankees—"Pride Of The Yankees" and "Yankee Doodle Dandy"—which brought to the screen the lives of Lou Gehrig, greatest of all first basemen, and George M. Cohan, America's outstanding showman.

John Ford, who proved Hollywood genius wasn't afraid to be in the thick of it when he kept his camera rolling throughout the Battle of Midway and sent back home to America a stirring film, visual proof of what our men are doing in the Pacific.

All those stars who went out to meet you, the people, to give you a chance to know them and sell to you personally the Bonds that are your Christmas present to Uncle Sam.

My list could be much longer, but editors are modest people who say very few words directly to their readers. So I suggest that you make your own list and see—to your surprise—how many presents Hollywood has left at your doorstep during the year.

Merry Christmas!

Fred Astaire

"ALASKA HERE I COME!"

BY

Bob Hope

—and Alaska will never be the same! Neither will you, after you've finished this saga of red-hot Hope



Guitarist Romano, Hope and Frances Langford warming up at Cordova

WHEN we dipped out of the clouds, up there in Alaska and the Aleutians, and those kids rushed towards us and cheered us, I was never so close to tears in my life. And I don't cry easy.

I've played a lot of camps in the States. A few months ago, I walked into Soldiers Field in Chicago where 100,000 people or more were inside and 50,000 or more outside. And it was great. Last year, at the Academy Award dinner, I got goose pimples when they awarded me a plaque for Humanitarian Effort. That was great, too. But I never got such a reaction as I did up there in those outpost theaters of the war.

You just got to be there to understand the feeling. For it's something different.

Those kids, up there in Alaska, in the Aleutians, in that Umnak, for instance—get that, Umnak—well, the feeling is different. Because the need is so great. The need for diversion. The need to laugh. They're so far away from home, from mail. Their radio reception is none too good, lot of those places. They certainly can't go to canteens and dance with Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Dottie Lamour and The Girls. Naturally there isn't a movie. So naturally they're starved for entertainment. "Hunger not of the belly kind," as that poet of the North, Robert W. Service, once wrote.

So I found that to feed the starving anything, even a few gags in

exchange for a few laughs, was the biggest wallop I ever got in my life.

Why, they were so starved for entertainment they'd sit out in the rain on the damp ground when there wasn't a hall or a barracks where we could put on our show. And we'd do our shows out in the open, too, mounted on those knolls, or on a



Running the gauntlet of a crowd of cheering, cheered-up Americans

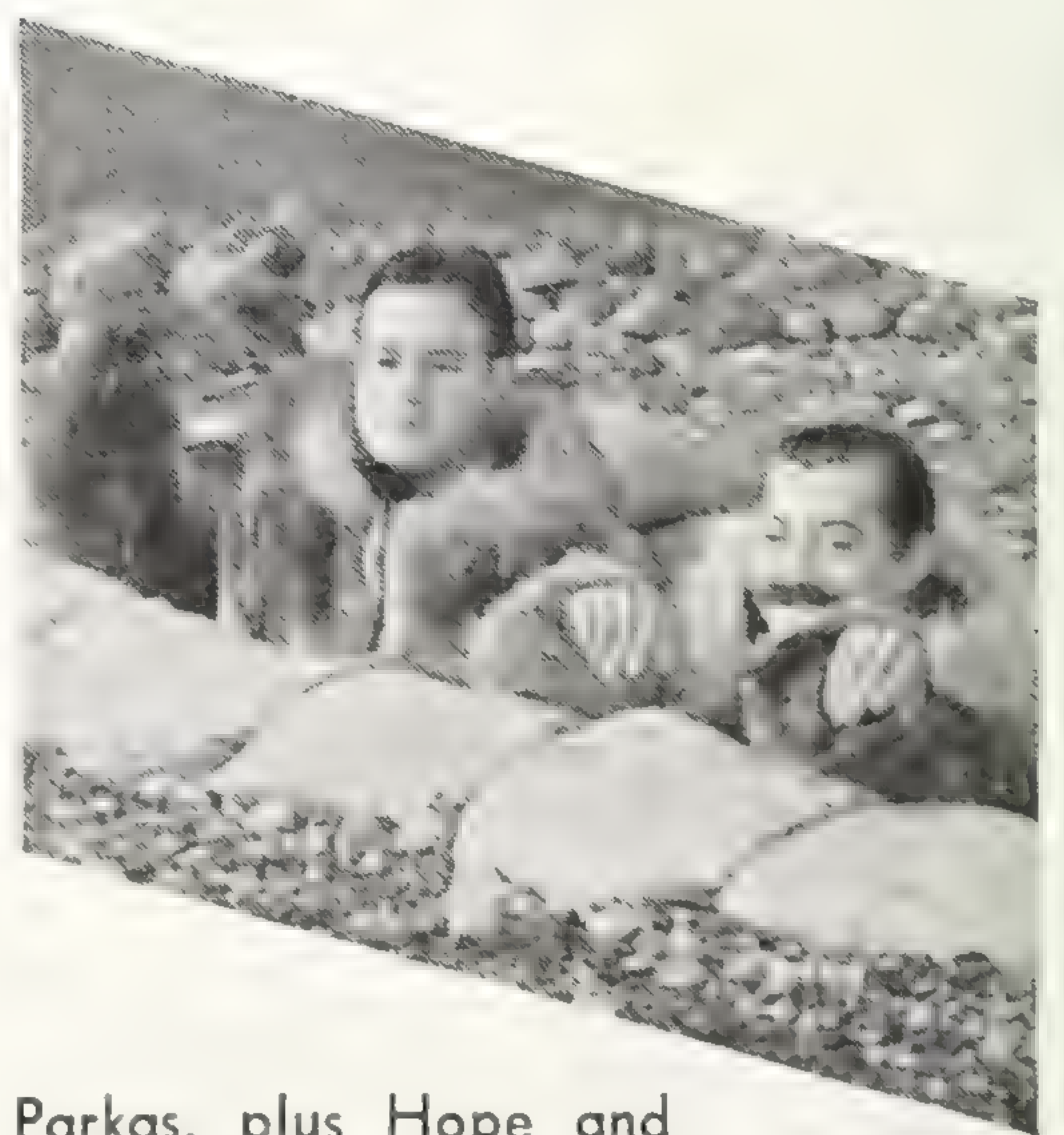
truck or the rear end of a tank. "I used to play tank towns," I told them, "now I play off tanks. I can't get away from those tanks!" From the enthusiasm of that audience you'd think they were sitting in loge seats in the Shrine Auditorium here at home.

One kid, fellow by the name of Lester Bentley, from Sidney, Nebraska, wrote a letter to his mother after he'd seen our show. His mother sent it to me. It was written in pencil. It began "Dear Mom." It's with me for keeps. I quote it, in spots, because he says things I can't, and remain graceful.

"Dear Mom: Our mail has not been coming through at all. However, just received our first big thrill since leaving the States—just five months ago to the day. I was standing by the fire in my tent, lamenting the fact that one day was just like another, when a fellow pokes his head in and says 'Bob Hope, in person, is at the lake.' It was five or six miles away, but we lost no time running for trucks. Believe I can say we made record speed for the Army. A horrible-looking crowd we must have been—mud on our clothes, whiskers. But they must have been used to it. They looked pretty tired themselves—they looked very tired and travel-worn. Wished all the time that you were there and could have been as close to them as I was—in the front row. I could have reached out and touched them. I wanted to shake his hand. Know that I speak for the Army when I say that Bob Hope is the Army's Number 1 entertainer."

To give a kid up there, doing the job he's doing, his "first big thrill"; to get a bouquet like that—gee, thanks. Les!

About the most thrilling time is
(Continued on page 75)



Parkas, plus Hope and Jerry Colonna, plus picture of a fox hole

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Destruction, Alaska:
Savannah, an old
story, and a guy the
boys wanted to see

Bob
Kiska

If not claimed
in 5 Days
Send to

Solomon's
Islands

Back

Hope
Alaska

Canned Heat





John liked the role he had to play with Jane, one very different from that of Anne's husband

Hollywood's in for a surprise.

It has to do with John, recuperating from a broken "perfect marriage," and Jane, the question-mark girl of filmdom

BY BETH EMERSON

Heart Affair—

The New Romance in John Payne's Life



JOHNNY PAYNE, who will probably be Johnny Dough-boy by the time you read this, as he is due to enter the Army Air Corps as a private as soon as he finishes "Hello, Frisco, Hello," is spending his last civilian evenings with Jane Russell.

They make the newest and most provocative of those combinations that always set Hollywood jittering, this tall, black-haired, broad-shouldered fellow and this smouldering, sexy girl whom the whole world knows but has never seen on the screen.

Their dating would set the

Hollywood tongues wagging in any event, but the town goes into double talk when it thinks of Anne Shirley. Anne and Johnny had one of those "perfect marriages" that ended suddenly and without explanation from either one of them last January.

It honestly was a "perfect marriage," too. Anne and John had met in 1937 while they both were very young, Anne still in her teens, and John, despite a wealth of worldly experiences, still only twenty-six. They had married almost at once and had their child a little more than a year later.

Throughout their marriage they were very popular with a whole mob of mutual friends. They each had their careers at which they were most successful. They had a charming house and apparently their tastes were exactly similar, since you could see them, laughing together as they danced, almost any evening at Ciro's or the Mocambo or whatever cafe was the cafe of the moment.

Thus Hollywood was deeply disillusioned when one night over a dinner table at Romanoff's they separated. For once, the mood of the town was unanimous. "What

a rotten shame," simultaneously breathed the gossips and the friends and the enemies. Snoop around as they would, no one from any group could find out which one was "to blame."

Still, Hollywood was in for one surprise. It was obvious that John had increased in star stature since marriage and that Anne had not. This should have meant that it would be John who would be seen in the night clubs while Anne, in the manless society of the movies, would sit home alone.

The shock was that the reverse happened. It was Anne who immediately began appearing out every evening, and with one devoted escort after another. She was seen with Eddie Albert, with David May, with Edmond O'Brien, with Robert Stack and some score of others, while John stayed quiet and alone in his bachelor quarters.

Months passed before John did begin dating Sheila Ryan, but whip that up as they would, the Hollywood gossips simply couldn't make a big thing out of that pairing, since it was so visibly a friendship and nothing more.

But when, a couple of months ago, John first appeared with Jane Russell, everyone sensed that this was something that would bear watching. There was, between Jane and John, that electric quality of awareness of one another's presence. When John began being seen, not once or twice, but constantly with Jane, then the whole town knew it was witnessing one of those torrid romances, taut with emotion, flaming brighter for the short time it could endure because of John's coming service. The tongues at once began to clatter.

Then when John and Anne were seen back together again one evening, the whispers rose almost to shouts.

The explanation of this latter date was distressingly simple, however. Both John and Anne adore their small daughter, Julie Anne, of whom Anne has the custody. As her parents, they had met to discuss the little girl's future, stayed together for dinner that they might talk about her, her schooling, her bright sayings. Even if you hate your ex-spouse cordially, you can't go around Hollywood showing it, as that would be just too wearing in a place where lost loves are always bumping into one another. John and Anne don't hate one another, so they behaved charmingly that evening.

BUT when, the next night, John and Jane Russell were observed together again, then there was no longer any question but that this was a real romance. But the chief reason why, over and beyond their youth, their ambition and their handsomeness that these two are attracted to each other has never been told up until now.

It has to do with John's love for Anne Shirley and with Jane Russell's love for a boy named Bob Waterfield.

You have to understand, first of all, that for all his handsomeness, for all this adventurous life which has included jobs in carnivals, burlesque shows, boxing rings, movies and the like, John Payne is an inhibited, shy young man. You have to know that Anne was his first real love, and that marriage was an ideal relationship to him, and that the death of love stunned him deeply.

Some people can knock around the world and never be touched by it. This, until very recently, was true of John. He had lived in two distinct worlds before he came to Hollywood. The world of his childhood was that of the most refined Virginia society. The world of his first wage-earning, of his young manhood, was that tawdry side of show business. Any Holly-

wood interviewer will tell you that this star, who should be full of the most wonderful stories, is actually colorless in speech. My personal belief on that score is that John Payne, in order to protect himself against the seaminess of the reality he saw in the sports and show world, so steeled himself against all feeling that now it has become almost a prison for him against emotion. It is not at all that he has not experienced, or does not experience, strong emotions. It is, rather, that these emotions are so violent within him that he dares not give them any expression whatsoever.

Anne Shirley, who took her name from the character she played in her first starring role, "Anne Of Green Gables," had knocked about life even more years than Johnny. She had been supporting not only herself since her third birthday, but her mother, too. But instead of life's making her either timid or bitter, it left her a little girl who until her marriage had one of the biggest doll collections in the world, a gay, laughing girl who, off screen, couldn't be bothered with glamour, who, more often than not, was apt to pull her hair back from her plain, unpowdered young face, a girl who had a devastating honesty and who, in terms of movies, knew all the answers.

IN the year 1937, when John and Anne married, Jane Russell was pursuing Bob Waterfield at the Van Nuys, California, High School which they both were attending. Jane was only fourteen then. "The Outlaw" and its international publicity, the fact that a hundred magazines would print covers of her and hundreds more would run full pages of her photographs all still lay in an undreamed future. Even if she had visioned such fame, Jane couldn't possibly have imagined the strange fact that would make her famous in movies and yet keep her off screen. She had no time to think of such things, however, for in 1937 and for four years afterward, until just a few months ago when she met John Payne, the only thing Jane wanted from life was Bob Waterfield's love.

They had actually met, Jane and Bob, two years earlier. Bob Waterfield was sixteen then to Jane's fourteen, and he was distinctly the glamour boy of the Van Nuys High School. He possessed that rare combination of both brains and looks, for he was graduating in that summer of his sixteenth year, and he was also a football hero, he drove a low, expensive car, he dressed smartly, he danced every step known to any floor, he had cold green eyes, broad shoulders and slim hips, and he was going through school on an athletic scholarship. There was hardly a girl (Continued on page 96)

In the middle of the Russell-Payne datings, John appeared one evening with Anne Shirley. Tongues wagged—till Hollywood found out the reason



The columns had Vic's story of his wedding to Martha. hers was never told till now. Right: Wedding-cake scene at Golf Club



“Why I’m not divorcing Victor Mature”

MARTHA MATURE’S OWN STORY

(As told to Sally Jefferson)

“My pride has been humbled . . . I am neither wife nor ex-wife . . . I feel I must tell my side”

I HAVE been accused of standing in the way of a man and woman’s happiness. I have been threatened with suits, seen my little daughter used for publicity purposes and been victimized in print to a point of humiliation.

“Now I feel I must tell my side.”

Martha Mature, tiny, attractive blonde wife of actor Victor Mature, sat in the living room of an apartment strewn with the toys of her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Helen Kemp, and told her story.

“This is the first time in all these months I have said one word. Ever since Victor and I separated, friends and acquaintances—and I might add strangers, too—have been asking me, ‘Why do you persist in standing in the way of Vic’s happiness when you know he loves another woman? Why do you refuse him a divorce? What kind of woman are you?’

“Through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, I want to make this statement. I have never refused Victor a divorce. The truth is, Vic will

not give me a divorce, though he promised, when we separated, he would agree to one. The only person who is standing in the way of his own happiness is Victor, not I.

“Due to the laws of California it was impossible for me to apply for a divorce sooner than this summer, as one must be a resident of the state one year before applying. Before the case was called, Vic joined the Coast Guard and the law says a man in service cannot be sued—even for a divorce—unless he consents to it. Therefore, I



When love was in bloom in all the newspapers: Martha and Vic before the break-up

officially withdrew my suit. Vic refuses me freedom although he loves another and never sees me. That means two women are being cheated of happiness, but I, alone, am taking the blame. I am neither wife nor ex-wife.

"Then the matter of alimony. Imagine how I feel to read I'm collecting \$1,000 a month alimony from Victor, or to be chided about it.

"I want to make this statement. I am not receiving one cent from Victor, not even the allotment soldiers and sailors usually turn over to their wives. If it were not for the fact that I have a little money of my own, which I feel rightly belongs to my daughter, I should have nothing except the wages I could earn.

"When I had to go to work, I was informed through certain parties that I would be sued if I dared go on the screen and use my own name, Martha Mature. Victor claimed he did not want his name dragged about. At the time I had a small part in 'The Powers Girls,' but I gave it up. I wanted no fuss or contention and, quite frankly, I do not believe pictures are for me. For one thing, I am not talented enough.

"Next, I took a job in the publicity department of Columbia Studios as a beginner. I soon found out, however, that my troubles and heartaches were furnishing more publicity copy than I was able to get for others. So I was compelled to give it up.

"Victor and my little daughter got along well and I had no objection to her seeing him after our separation. But I saw the friendship and visits of the baby were being utilized for

publicity. So I had to end it.

"The town began resenting me when the story was given out at the time we separated that I hated Hollywood. Proof that that statement was false is evidenced by the fact I am still living here and expect to make this my home. Luckily, my friends have come to realize this.

"My pride has been humbled and my entire family humiliated by the stories given out for publicity's sake. Recently I was again made to look ridiculous when reported to have been left standing at the church by Vic for the sake of ensuing publicity.

"I want to say now such a statement is false and degrading to anyone who holds marriage sacred. Never at any time did I agree to such a circuslike stunt."

VICTOR MATURE and Martha Kemp were married in Martha's own apartment in New York by Judge Pecora. Victor had been previously married to and divorced from Frances Evans, an actress, who attended the Pasadena Community Playhouse while he was there. Martha was the widow of Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader who was killed in an automobile accident, and who was the father of Martha's tiny daughter.

Mrs. Mature has not taken her marriage or separation lightly. Today she is actively engaged in war work, devoting every free hour to the various Hollywood canteens, where she is captain one night a week and on special call other nights of the week. At least four nights a week are given over to serving the enlisted men.

"Please believe me," she begged, "I

am not making any sort of spiteful accusation against a service man. My heart and my strength are given over too completely to them at this time. I am merely stating facts that concern my whole life, my future, and my child's, as citizens of Hollywood. I believe Victor loves another woman and I am therefore more and more puzzled by his attitude, especially in his permitting me to suffer under false accusations.

"I see the glances of people. I understand what they mean: 'There goes the woman who is standing in the way of a man's happiness at this time when every man has the right to whatever happiness he can get.'

"So I say again, please believe me, I am *not* refusing Vic a divorce. I am eager and anxious to be free and to give him his freedom to marry the woman he loves.

"But Victor refuses his freedom and mine. Not I. But Victor.

"And that is my side of the story."
The End

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

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Deanna Durbin

To Ellie with love ~



Any woman would envy Eleanor Powell
her presents from Glenn Ford. They are the things a man
gives the woman he loves

BY
MITZI CUMMINGS

Favorite picture of her favorite man
is this of Eleanor and Glenn together,
published here for the first time



"... Mizpah; for he said *The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.*"

—GENESIS, XXXI.

MANY years ago a young man and a young woman exchanged marriage vows and into each other's wedding band was written the one word—"Mizpah"—a pledge of eternal at-oneness even beyond life itself. It was a beautiful marriage and they wanted to pass on to their grandson all the love and happiness their life together had brought them. When he was twenty-one, he received a simple gold ring, with his initials, G.F. The ring was made from the combined gold, melted together, of the old wedding rings. Inside was carved "Mizpah."

Glenn Ford still wears this ring. He always will. One day, when he and Eleanor Powell are married, she will have one like it.

Perhaps this, more than anything else, gives the clue as to why these two are in love with each other. Glenn Ford has been immersed in a background of complete devotion and love. Somewhere, therefore, there had to be the right girl whose own background and whose heart sang the same melody. Eleanor Powell, with those rare qualities of the spirit that spell devotion and understanding, is the girl.

How did it happen?

One night, about four months ago, Eleanor, whom we might as well start calling "Ellie" immediately, and who, besides being the world's greatest tap dancer, is also the world's greatest

picture fan, went to the movies with her mother to see "The Adventures Of Martin Eden." In this picture was a newcomer named Glenn Ford. His performance electrified Ellie. "Why, that man's a young Paul Muni," she cried to her mother. "I've never seen such an interesting new actor."

Just a few weeks later Ellie went on a Victory Caravan with twenty-two other stars. But, so far as the girl whose magic feet have fascinated two continents was concerned, Claudette Colbert, Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Joan Bennett and Cary Grant might have been gods on Olympus—that's how awed she was of them.

It didn't take her too long, however, to find out they were human beings. Of course, like other human beings, they marveled at and were thrilled by her dancing.

Besides the hundreds of thousands of dollars Ellie helped collect for Army and Navy Relief, she got immeasurable value, herself, out of that trip. For the first time in her life she had social contact with people outside of her workaday sphere. "Ellie the workhorse," as she laughingly called herself, hasn't had too much time to play—and she's heartily discouraged even the most ardent of beaux.

For a while she did think herself in love with Merrill Pye, big Hollywood art director, but with the keen discernment that is hers she soon discovered that their association should never be anything but friendship. Actually, therefore, it's been the

beautiful, gay and devoted Mrs. Powell who's been her companion all her life. What Ellie has gained from this has made her the great dancer and the great person she is today. She never needed anyone else, never really wanted anyone else.

But the Victory Caravan trip dispelled her awe of outsiders and it prompted a definite decision—henceforth her rigorous routine would be eased to let in the fun that others had to offer.

Indirectly, and of vital importance to Ellie, was the fact that she also met Glenn Ford through the Victory Caravan trip. It grew out of a discussion she had, one evening, with Pat O'Brien who also loves to go to movies . . . and who was also impressed with young Mr. Ford. "Tell me about him," said Ellie. "What kind of a person is he?"

"A swell guy!" answered Pat heartily, who had just finished making "Flight Lieutenant" with Glenn. "And he's got a great future." It's probably not unduly prophetic to say that Ellie, at those words, felt she might be included in that future, too!

WELL, the Victory Caravan concluded its gloriously successful tour and Ellie came back to Hollywood. From force of habit, she nearly turned down the first invitation that came soon after. She had to get plenty of sleep; she had lots of rehearsing to do; she needed her strength. But she was going to change that routine, wasn't she? So she did. And had a very nice evening, thank you. The (Continued on page 66)

Dorothy Lamour



Betty Grable



Contrary to your idea of him,
Ronald Colman's a careless dresser. He's
a lot of other "contrary" things, too

Portrait of a Casual Sophisticate

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE arrived in New York in 1920 with fifty-seven dollars, three clean collars and two letters of introduction.

He looks more Latin than English.

He is characterized by an earnestness which is tempered with a keen sense of humor; is "regular" without verging on the professional good fellow; reserved without being affected.

He never smokes a pipe; likes starchy foods, and dislikes being chauffeured.

He made his first professional appearance at the age of seventeen as a banjo player at a Masonic smoker.

His full name is Ronald Charles Colman.

His next-door neighbor is Jack Benny, both are lively friends, and he would rather have been a writer or singer, could he have excelled in these arts. He was married to Benita Hume, English actress, at Santa Barbara, California, on September 30, 1934.

He speaks deliberately, decisively, and clips his sentences sharply. He taught himself the piano which he plays only indifferently and when alone.

He was born at Richmond, Surrey, England, and never wore a moustache until he went into the movies. He loathes being interviewed and is reputedly the best "careless dresser" in Hollywood.

He dislikes using an electric razor.

He takes life in stride, is strongly introspective, and never takes a cigarette before eleven in the morning.

He likes wearing sport shirts of blue, beige and tan, and his viewpoints are direct, forthright, well thought out.

He prefers biographical novels and has a very special affection for Remarque's "The Road Back" and Ald-

ington's "Death Of A Hero."

His eyes are frank, penetrating and brown.

He has an innate aversion for routine and order. He is not considered a wit by his friends.

He is specially fond of French and Italian cooking, is very punctilious in personal matters, and swims only fairly.

He responds readily to satire and broad burlesque in literature or drama, does not play golf, and seldom experiences moments of depression.

If Ronald Colman had to spend the rest of his life on a desert isle and could choose only two authors he would elect Dickens and Shakespeare.

His early youth was strongly influenced by the essays and letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. He goes shopping only under duress.

He wears high-ankled shoes when playing tennis, due to his war injury.

He seldom goes to Hollywood parties and when he does he is usually the last to leave.

He wears no jewelry. He rarely wears a hat when formally attired, is fond of wire-haired terriers and attends a prize fight and a football game about once a year.

Ronald Colman loves leaving a port and hates arriving at one. He has never worn spats.

He has never had a physical trainer, his clothes are tailored wherever he happens to be, and he considers "Beau Geste" his best picture.

He is a fatalist.

He considers his first year in the United States the most valuable from the standpoint of lessons learned. He dreads personal appearances and thinks good health and a decent philosophy the most important things in life.

His favorite silent picture was "In-

tolerance" and he is convinced that good breaks have played a more important part in shaping his life than his own premeditated plans.

He speaks a smattering of French, German and Italian. He has been happiest in California and does not care for Mexican food.

He has a strong aversion to killing animals, never goes hunting, and is inordinately fond of oysters and clams.

He has never been in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, once made a futile attempt to read James Joyce's "Ulysses," and confesses that life has given him far more than he ever expected from it.

HE is both an idealist and cynic, sentimentalist and realist. His birthplace was a small country town on the edge of a river.

He is intolerant of neurotics.

He prefers playing in comedies, dislikes talking about himself and as a boy dreamed of becoming an engineer.

He is always tanned and prefers wearing comfortable tweeds.

He took singing lessons for one year at Guildhall School of Music, London, but his vocal talents never jelled. He does not indulge in the British custom of afternoon tea except when entertaining English friends.

He is genial, cautious and prudent.

He has not varied more than five pounds in weight during the last fifteen years. He has never had a nickname. He smokes cigarettes.

He never carries a cane and believes Edinburgh, Scotland, has the most beautiful main street in the world. He has no hobbies.

He is Scotch-English, considers "The Unholy Garden" his worst picture and believes life was pleasantest in the Gay (Continued on page 78)



Dennis
Morgan



Diana
Barrymore





Kathryn
Grayson



Ray
Willard



KEEP 'EM

How to do the one thing you really want to do—

collected for you by



"They want to see your frilliest frock."

Rosalind Russell



"Never urge him to do anything."

Jeanette MacDonald



"Dance your feet off... make cakes."

Ann Sheridan

ALL RIGHT! So it's six in the morning and you've been traveling all night and you feel awful and you've hardly had time to wash your face. Makes no difference! If you're going to see soldiers when you get off the train, you put on your gayest flowered chiffon, your best lipstick and your floppiest, most transparent hat." This was Rosalind Russell, back from a tour of Army camps, and she said she knew what she was talking about. We guess she does, too!

"Those boys wear uniforms, look at uniforms, look at bare walls, tin dishes, olive-drab blankets, potato peelings, guns—all day every day," she explained. "They dig ditches and then lie on their stomachs in them. They march in the dust and they make contact with metal and leather and scratchy wool. Well! When they do have a bit of time off, when they relax

and see a girl, do you think they want to see more uniforms, more olive-drab wool, flat-heeled shoes, unadorned faces? They do not. They want to see your gayest frock, your silliest hat, your brightest face.

"It's up to us to keep them smiling. Take or send your boys some laughs, some color, some fun, some affection. You'll be helping to win the war—and I mean it!"

Nearly all our picture and radio stars have traveled thousands of miles, have given scores of performances in past months for men in service. Nearly every Hollywood actor gives every spare moment to entertain service men in his home or at canteen and U. S. O. centers. They talk with the men, get acquainted with them, do their very best to learn how to please them, how to build morale. Here are some of the things Hollywood can tell

us, from firsthand knowledge:

"The things that really count are so simple that we might overlook them if someone didn't jog us," Roz Russell says. "For instance, if you are a sweetheart, mother, aunt or sister going to spend a week end near the camp where your man is stationed, make all your plans to give him pleasure. Don't complain if accommodations are sparse and crowded. Lots of other women want to see their men, too, you know! Don't be disappointed and pettish if he can't spend every living minute with you. Just see that the minutes you do have with him glow.

"Be practical. Take along non-crushable clothes, things which won't take up much room and which won't have to be pressed. Be prepared to go dancing or walking or just to sit. But, whatever it turns out to be, let

SMILING



make your man happy. Some star-spangled hints

Helen Louise Walker



"Write till you have writer's cramps—plus."

Linda Darnell



"Send him snapshots of his dog."

Michele Morgan



"Make your message to him sing."

Mary Martin

him see that you enjoy it—just because it's with him—if it half kills you! Don't let him down!

"Take him a cake or some candy or a leather gadget if you want to. But remember those simple things—the gossip and news and messages from home. I can't tell you how important they are."

Let's have the masculine angle, too. John Payne has spent a lot of time with service men in connection with recent pictures he's made and is himself due to go into the Air Corps the first of the year. Meantime, he picks up every hitchhiking service man he can, entertains soldiers constantly. John says, "They wish that civilians would remember that service men are still people. Before he got into a uniform, each one was just a John Q. American, holding down a job, hoping for a raise, trying to get along. The

uniform didn't make him into something new and odd, to be stared at. He's just the man next door whom you always knew, only he has a more important job now and he wants to do it well, without dramatics.

"Don't feel sorry for him! He's proud of his part in this whole thing. He feels fine and, if you only knew it, he's probably a little sorry for you—you with your Victory garden and your air-raid precautions. These men are having a big experience. They are the most important men in the world just now. Let them know that you know that.

"Don't try to make him think you are doing him a favor if you ask him to dinner. Make him know that you ask him because you want him. If you're a girl and you date with a service man, do it because you want to, not because you think it's 'a patri-

otic duty.' No man worth his gun powder enjoys a date with a girl who thinks she is 'doing her duty.'

"And when you tell him good-bye at the end of his leave, don't use that tearful tone which says, 'You poor thing! Next time I hear of you, you'll probably be dead.' He doesn't think he'll be dead and he'll thank you not to think so, either. He's probably right, you know! Just give him a cheerio and say, 'Next time it will be even more fun.' Help him keep his chin up or else leave him alone."

That should be a starter on what not to do if we want to bring some grins to military faces. Finding out exactly what to do requires tact and sometimes a resilience against surprise. It was Connie Bennett, acting as hostess at a canteen at the harbor, who reported that a sailor asked her, wistfully, if (Continued on page 73)

Paul Hewerd



Enter Paul Henreid



His home, a comfortable Brentwood house; his wife, the Viennese "Lisl"

If you are an American girl, Paul Henreid's first gesture upon meeting you might be a bit startling. After that, though, knowing him would be all to the good

ON the select blacklist compiled by the German National Socialist Party his name is written, "Paul, Baron von Hernried. Minorities sympathizer...Official designation, enemy of the Third Reich."

It was this little catch phrase of the Nazis—enemy of the Third Reich—that drove him out of Germany into the arms of the wife he had not yet met and eventually into a country he never dreamed to call his own.

Today he lives in a smart, not too pretentious Brentwood house in company with his wife "Lisl," a cantankerous old Skye terrier, a sophisticated young male secretary, an equally unimpressed but beloved nurse who insists she is too old to learn English, and a colored maid who, finding it necessary to talk over household problems with the nurse, obligingly learned German. She speaks it with a strong Jacksonville accent whenever there are guests in the house, because she knows it amuses the master.

Many things amuse him, in a quiet way. It would be very hard to induce in Mr. Henreid the Austrian equivalent of plain American belly laughter. He is too completely a product of post-war Vienna, with its bitter-sweet aura of abject poverty and audacious gaiety; too recently escaped from the peril of the New Order; too newly a resident of America, to believe one hundred percent in any joke.

BY HOWARD SHARPE

If you are an American girl meeting Mr. Henreid for the first time, it is imperative that you remember this: He is an actor, and he is also a Continental gentleman, trained that way from infancy. The combination in practice is likely to take you unawares. For one thing, he will kiss your hand. You may put it behind you or hide it in a muff, to no avail; it is going to get kissed, and you may as well relax about this in advance.

But after that it will be all to the good. You will find yourself thinking that here is a second Boyer, only younger. And a lot taller, and a better swimmer, and better looking in his clothes.

YOU may have read or heard that men of the Henreid type are impossible to live with. Reserve for Mrs. Henreid only half your pity, then, since Paul is impossible only until noon. While shadows still fall westward he regards the world through purple glasses and snarls at any animate thing unfortunate enough to move within his ken. After lunch, however, he makes the transformation from ogre to prince of fellows, whereupon his household emerges gratefully from hiding and begins another day.

But it must be a good lunch. He is

a connoisseur of food, as he is of glass table bells (what remains of his collection after the wartime Atlantic passage fill a cabinet in his living room), of music, of books, and of women, both foreign and domestic.

Like most Europeans, he is conscious of money; thrifty with it, knowing how hard it is to get; contemptuous of it, knowing how well one can live without it if necessary. He learned this ultimate truth at the age of ten, two years after the death of his father, Baron Carl Alphonse, banker, adviser on Bohemia to late Emperor Franz Josef, originally a Swedish citizen. Paul's father had left him a fortune all right, he discovered—but in Austrian war bonds.

There were some additional funds in French banks. Fortuitously, when the franc disintegrated, he learned he had been granted a scholarship at a leading academy. When that ran out he informed a family council of uncles and sundry other relatives that he wanted to become an actor. They voted against it, whereupon he joined the publishing business. This did not pay and, the argument won, he became an actor. He went to the right school, interested the correct producer (one Otto Preminger, affiliated with the Max Reinhart Theater) and, having wangled a contract, took the Vienna theater in stride.

He would like, if possible, to describe these (Continued on page 80)

TWO AGAINST LOVE

Can a woman fall in love with a
man against her will? It was for Kay to answer
that, alone in this house with Riley Sloane

BY HELEN DOWDEY

MOST any girl would have envied me, assigned as a nurse to Riley Sloane, the great motion-picture star. But from the moment I had been told that he would be my case at Justin Sanatorium, an establishment that specialized in curing Hollywood's nervous breakdowns and heavy-drinking cases, I had dreaded it. It had been Chris who'd told me—Dr. Christopher Ross, young nerve specialist on the staff, who'd been my special friend ever since I'd come there from my Texas home.

"Riley Sloane is an interesting type, Kay," he'd said. Interesting Riley might be; difficult he certainly was.

I'd heard from Carlotta Fane, old-time actress at the Sanatorium, about those famous black moods of Riley's. I'd heard, too, how his name had been linked with Honey Hollister, a promising young star who'd fallen in love with him and then suddenly retired. And I came to know Riley myself in the days that followed—his sarcasm, his curtness, his open rebellions.

But it was after the poorly dressed woman visitor had left and I'd learned from her how he had once saved her husband's life that I saw another side to Riley. For one brief moment, then, it was as if we understood each other—the moment when he said quietly, "If I'd only known someone like you, Kay," and then had leaned over and brushed my forehead with his lips. But the very next day, Riley had been his old self again, a bitter, contemptuous self.

It had been bad enough at the Sanatorium, but when I had been sent home as a special nurse to be with him while he was working on his new

picture, "Lost Melody," I had felt I could stand no more.

Almost any other woman would have walked barefoot over hot coals to be where I was tonight—in this beautiful bedroom in the home of Riley Sloane. Why was it that for me these moments were salted with dread?

Quiet reigned in the house. I tried to read a little. I had given Riley a sedative and doubtless he was sleeping now. I was just getting into bed when the sound came—a slight scuffling noise at my door. For a moment I went rigid. Then in the dead stillness the sound came again.

"Who's there?" I called. There was no answer. I went to the door and flung it open.

THERE was no one outside my room! But as I stood there in the half light, I had the feeling that the door down the hall had just closed quietly—Riley's door. I couldn't be sure, it was just an impression; but the whisper of sound still lingered in my ears.

What should I do? That man was my patient. If he was ill and in need, I should go to him in spite of the fact that he could have rung the bell connecting our rooms. But if he wasn't . . . Holding my breath, I wrapped my housecoat close about me and walked down the shadowy hall. I knocked lightly.

"Come in."

He was lying in bed. The light was on and he had obviously not been asleep. The bright blue eyes held an inscrutable expression as he looked at me. In front of that gaze, I felt more unsure than ever.

"I—I thought someone knocked. Did you—hear anything?"

"No." It was flat and unanswerable, but I had the feeling it wasn't true.

"At my door," I said. "I thought you might have heard—"

"You dreamed it." Then as I still hesitated, he yawned. "You look very fetching in that get-up, Miss Howells, but really I'd like to go to sleep."

In furious silence, I closed the door. He hadn't really felt I'd come to his room for some ulterior purpose of my own, but he enjoyed making me think so. I could picture him chuckling over my discomfiture.

I got into bed and the uneasiness I'd felt at the hospital and since I'd come here swept over me again. I didn't know what I was afraid of—but I was afraid. I'd tried to tell Chris that. I lay there, staring into the darkness of my luxurious room, and dreaded tomorrow and all the tomorrows that lay ahead. . . .

THE set for the famous "renunciation" love scene in "Lost Melody" was ready. Or so they said. To me, quiet as a mouse (and just about as popular) in my chair beside Riley Sloane's everything was a welter of confusing noise and blazing lights, of wires and props and costumed extras. "Grips" fell over me and muttered absent-minded apologies. Assistant cameramen did things on big cranes above my head, at peril of their necks and mine. Actors stood around talking among themselves, sometimes staring at me. Riley Sloane looked straight ahead with a sardonic aloofness to everything. At least, I thought resentfully, (Continued on page 67)



HERTY
JR.

Riley and Chris moved towards Honey at the same instant. I saw a gun, heard her shout, "I'll make you wish you'd never seen her!"

Are you a woman



EVERY time I see a girl saying good-bye to a soldier or a sailor it takes me back to that night last spring when, numb with emptiness, I walked down the long ramp of the Los Angeles terminal. I was a raw recruit to the great army of women whose men have gone away. I had just told my husband John good-bye and, very mistily, watched his train glide down the tracks.

It's funny the way we go along not really accepting the fact that the man we love is slated to leave us until almost the moment of his going. Johnny, certain war was inevitable, applied for service back in November, 1941, a month before Pearl Harbor. For six months after that, however, we both went along blithely—the thing called youth, I guess—refusing

to think ahead into the future.

Then came the day when Johnny learned his orders were on the way. That was a heavy, heavy time. No use pretending otherwise. We had dinner with Edith Head (who designs clothes for Paramount), her husband Bill Ihnen and Mr. and Mrs. Preston Sturges that night. John met us—we all came from the studios together—at the Players. He talked and laughed normally enough at dinner. I didn't suspect a thing. But immediately we got outside and he said, "I have a letter . . ." I knew by his voice what it was and tears began falling. I don't happen to count it any disgrace to cry at such a time. Your tears don't mean you'd hold your man back, even if you could. Actually, of course, the happier you

have been the more you have at stake, the more you have to fight for.

We were together as much as possible during the two weeks we had left, Johnny and I. We went to all our old haunts. We visited the little hofbrau where we first danced the Beer Barrel Polka. We spent Sundays on the beach swimming and lying in the sun. We drove up to that little inn in the hills of Palos Verdes, where you look down over the sea and the little towns along the curving shore.

I watched Johnny all the time so when he had gone—I was beginning to get the idea at last—I would remember the way he squints at the sun and the strong line of his neck where it rises to his hair. I was unforgivably sentimental, I suppose.

without a man?

This is no time for obey-
ing hidebound conventions!
An enlightened viewpoint
for the modern wartime girl

BY

Veronica Lake



Entering the Players
on that eventful
night—Veronica and
husband John Detlie



A soldier's wife turns soldiers'
friend—Veronica hostessing for
the boys in khaki at the U.S.C.

But who isn't on such an occasion?
When I saw Johnny in his uniform I felt very strange. Somehow he seemed suddenly to belong more to Uncle Sam than to me. I would have kept him alone beside me every minute if I could have. But he had things to do. He had to get some last-minute business affairs in shape. He had to tell the kids in his office good-by. He had to go to see all our relatives, on both sides. He acted a little kittenish in his uniform, the way men do when they're self-conscious. And what that does to a woman isn't funny.

There was an ulterior motive in some of Johnny's visiting, I must admit. We wanted to go to the train alone. First we stopped at a Mexican place near (Continued on page 64)



Hollywood calls her "Babs"; her legion of admirers call her Stanwyck, that down-to-earth, sympathetic actress; United Artists names her a hit in Hunt Stromberg's "G-String Murders"

. . . and Hollywood calls him "Butch"
—the poised Cesar Romero with the
ready smile, the genuine nature, the
dark good looks that make him a
perfect bet for Fox's "Coney Island"



That's



Teresa Wright, who was never wrong about the right way to go about making Hollywood—and you—adore her!

Even romance crept up on Teresa in an unglamorous fashion. The guy in question—writer-husband Niven Busch

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

IN Santa Rosa, California, the other day, a movie-struck mother hauled her six-year-old son on the set of Alfred Hitchcock's "Shadow Of A Doubt" location set. Prodding the reluctant moppet up to Teresa Wright, the ambitious mother gushed, "Junior, don't you think Miss Wright is the most beautiful girl in the world?"

Junior squinted an appraising look. "Naw!" he said.

In spite of the tanning he undoubtedly earned the minute he got home, Junior was absolutely right. Teresa Wright is not the most beautiful girl in the world, nor in Hollywood either. She is not gorgeous like a Petty peach, or voluptuous à la Venus. She is just a pretty, dainty, typical American girl with green eyes, loose dark hair and a swell smile, who can act like nobody's business.

And the result is sensational.

In three straight Hollywood hits—"The Little Foxes," "Mrs. Miniver" and "Pride Of The Yankees"—the glamour-gorged public has snapped at sweet, unspoiled Teresa like a shipwrecked sailor at a T-bone steak. Critics call her "the Maude Adams Hollywood has been hunting for" and exhibitors have just voted her the star discovery of the year. Today jealous producers stand in line at Samuel Goldwyn's studio scrapping for a chance to star Teresa in this and that, salary no object.

Teresa Wright's amazing Hollywood blitz has occurred with such a suddenness that a couple of parties are left confused and gasping for breath. To wit, (1) Hollywood and (2) Teresa

Wright. The party of the first part is baffled because a new star is born with absolutely no glamour build-up or ballyhoo pains. As for Teresa, the sudden picture of herself as a Hollywood star still doesn't make sense.

Only a few months ago Teresa was summoned to test with Gary Cooper for "Pride Of The Yankees." The minute she saw Gary, a movie idol she had watched in action ever since she was a kid, her legs failed her. Teresa ducked and fled down a side alley at Goldwyn's. They had to round her up, practically rope her to meet her own co-star!

And when she first spied Bette Davis, another idol, at the United Artists commissary, Teresa whirled and slipped out the door. "What on earth is the matter?" asked her puzzled agent.

"I don't want to meet a star like Bette Davis, unprepared like this," confessed Teresa. "I think I'll eat somewhere else."

She lunched across the street at a hamburger stand. Next day she started "The Little Foxes" with Bette, mentally and spiritually prepared to meet a real star.

It's no inferiority complex that does this to Hollywood's new wonder girl. She's just allergic to glamour in all shapes and sizes. A while back the press department at her studio talked Teresa, at long last, into some glorified stills. The photographer had her run hands seductively through her hair, part her lips, hoist a silken gown fetchingly to her dainty knees and slink seductively on a sofa. It was

agony to Teresa, but the results were even worse. The prints looked like a high-school senior impersonating Cleopatra in the class play. The publicity office, with a sigh, admitted defeat. They vetoed the slinky stills. "Not the glamour type," was the verdict.

To any other actress those fatal words might well be a Hollywood death sentence. But to Teresa Wright, on her record, they are an insurance policy for success.

SHE'S been playing Plain Jane and Sweet Sue ever since she left high school and she's been doing all right for herself. Glamour has given Teresa the go-by with salubrious results and it's no wonder she instinctively shies away from the stuff like a colt from a cottontail.

"Miss Wright," wrote a customer when she was playing the tank town circuit with "Our Town," "I think you're a swell-looking girl—but why don't you keep your stockings pulled up?"

"N-o-o-o," decided Oscar Serlin, the Broadway producer who was casting "Life With Father," "I want a good-looking blonde. Afraid you won't do."

But Teresa wowed 'em with "Our Town"—and she got the part in "Life With Father," too, finally. And in Hollywood, minus a smidgin of glittery allure, Teresa in practically no time at all has got herself all this we've been talking about—and a husband, too. But even the tender passion crept up (Continued on page 72)

WRIGHT!



A letter from Bataan

The letter was written by Johnny Lewis for Mary, his wife, and his Mom; but the contents belong to you. That's why Paramount brought Johnny to the screen

THE CAST

Johnny Lewis, Richard Arlen

Mary, Susan Hayward

Mrs. Lewis, Janet Beecher

Chuck, Jimmy Lydon Roy, Joe Sawyer

Pete, Keith Richard

Mrs. Jackson, Esther Dale

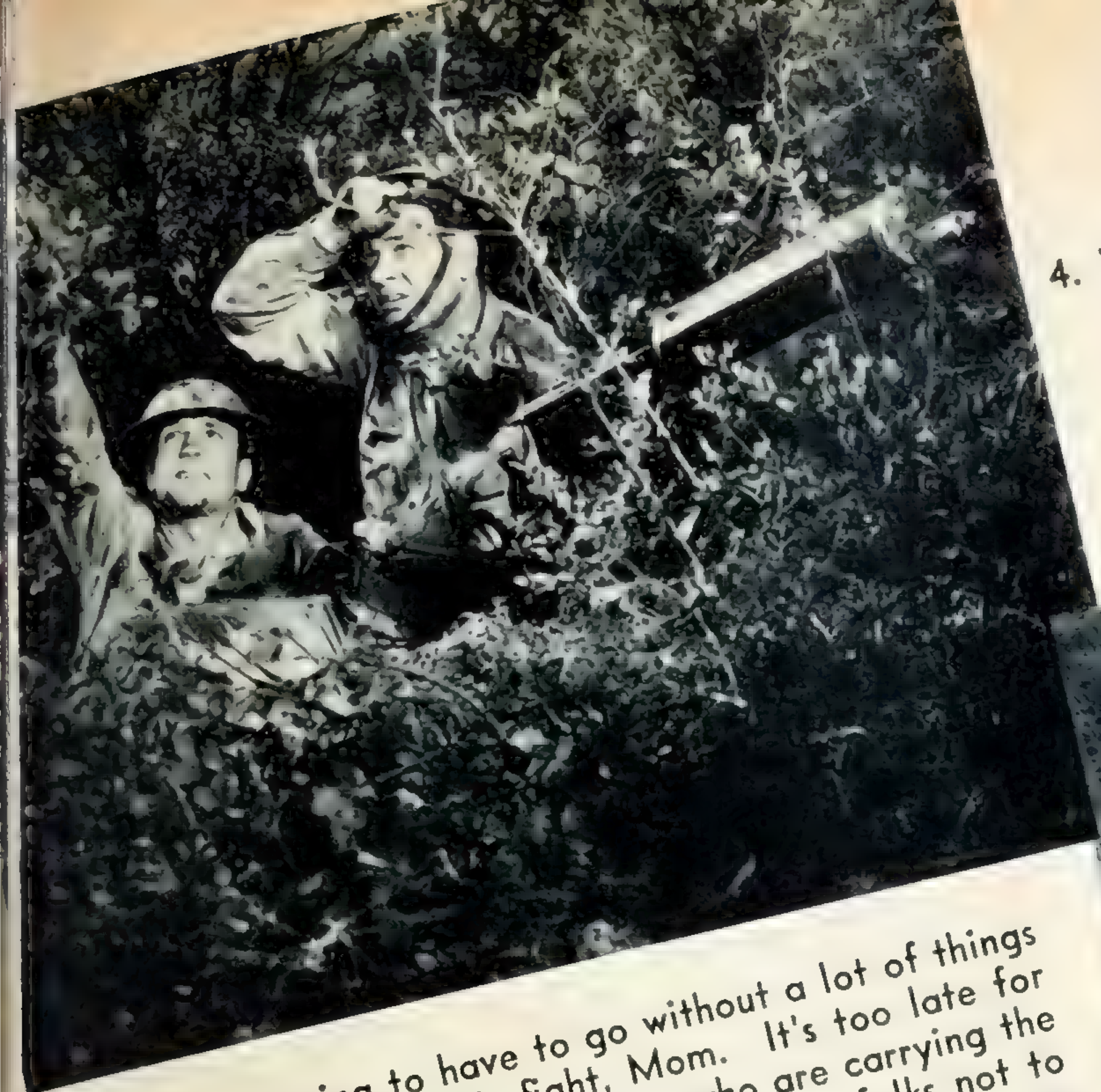
In a hospital tent in Bataan lies Johnny Lewis, private in the United States Army. A doctor and a nurse lean over his bed. The doctor's decision has just been made. Amputation—amputation without anesthetics, since Bataan's supply is gone. The nurse is anxious; can the boy survive the shock? The doctor is not anxious; after what he has seen in these past days, he feels sometimes that these boys can survive anything. The operation starts . . . in the distance, the noise of heavy cannon, of screaming shells; here, in the dimly lit tent, the low moans of a man in agony, his voice saying, "I can't go out now—not now. My wife Mary and Mom . . . I've got to write a letter—I've got to write it—so they'll know . . ."



Dear Mother and Mary—

2. We haven't got a regular mail now. But I sure hope this one gets through. We've had a pretty bad time here . . . but one thing's made it lots easier for me—thinking how Mary took it when I decided to go . . .

3. I'd been thinking about it for some time but I was worried about what Mary might think. Then when I told her I wanted to go, as we were riding on top of the bus, and she said, "When?" and I said, "Tomorrow," she just climbed off the bus at City Hall and said, "If you're joining up tomorrow, we're getting married today." And you, Mom, you just said, "Take care of yourself, son." Nothing is too hard to take for a family like mine.



4. We may have to give up Bataan, but it won't be the Japs that beat us—it'll be lack of food and equipment and medicine. A pal of mine, Pete, died because I couldn't see well enough to knock down the Jap that got him. The Doc called it night-blindness from not having enough vegetables.



Everybody is going to have to go without a lot of things if we're going to win this fight, Mom. It's too late for us on Bataan, but it'll win for those who are carrying the fight from now on. For one thing, tell the folks not to hoard food. We haven't had anything but a little horse meat and rice for days. I've seen guys cramped up with stomach pains for lack of food. That's what got Pete so that he couldn't grab the gun when I couldn't see that Jap.



6. Tell that friend of yours, Mrs. Jackson, to stop bragging about all the coffee and sugar she's got stored up in her cellar. And kitchen fats, Mom. Don't waste any. Kitchen fats make glycerine and glycerine makes explosives. Two pounds of fats can fire five anti-tank shells.



7. And pass this along to that brother-in-law of mine, Roy, who won't use a razor blade twice. It takes 12,000 razor blades to make the tail assembly for one 2,000-pound bomb. Tell my kid brother Chuck to go easy on those curves with the car. Because rubber, that's the worst. Don't let anybody waste it. Five car tires make one bomber tire. Four battleships could have been equipped with the rubber used by week-end golfers and other athletes in three months of last year. Tell the folks, Mom, they've got to nurse those tires like their own babies.

8. There isn't much more. I don't think I'll be able to write again soon. Tell Mary I think about her always and God bless you all. Johnny.

DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON JOHN W. LEWIS DIED AT BATAAN FEBRUARY 6 IN PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY AND IN SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY.

Pocketful O' Songs

Striking a true note about Judy Garland: The little-known facts about the past of one of Hollywood's greatest singing stars



BY JUNE PALMS and CAROLYN DAWSON

PANDEMONIUM reigned in the Garland home. Judy had signed a contract with M-G-M! Imagine!

It didn't seem possible that this was the same old world—that Princess Pudge, as her father, Frank Gumm, called Judy, had been summoned to M-G-M, given an audition and within a day had become a part of that famous studio. It had come only after long years of struggle on the part of Frank and his wife Ethel, vaudeville troupers of old, to establish their three youngsters on the Hollywood scene.

They had trekked across the country from Minnesota, singing their way, three little Gums piled with the luggage in the back of the car, their possessions a few dollars, courage and a pocketful o' songs. Came years of

waiting on Hollywood, years while Frank toiled as manager of a small-town California theater and Ethel kept her three small daughters in tune. And now Judy, the youngest, had made it, and that new name, "Garland," was on its way to fame in neon lights.

Judy sat for hours before her dressing table practicing angelic expressions on her childish face. Somehow these never seemed to be a great success.

"I guess you're not the type," her sisters said with family condescension. "You'll have to play the tomboy parts."

Judy flew out of the house for a session with her trapeze act.

"Judy!" Ethel called sternly. "Come down out of that tree this minute.

What if you broke your arm and the studio called you to go to work. That would be a fine kettle of fish."

Pandemonium day by day; and then, abruptly, there was nothing. The Garlands waited patiently beside a phone which did not ring. The studio was singularly uninterested in its newest find.

Ethel was bewildered. Here a contract had been signed. Money, perfectly good money, was being paid them every week. Why the very food on their table was made possible by the generous proportions of that weekly check. And the studio had not put forth a single communication. She didn't get it! In fact, the whole shebang was a sort of anticlimax for the entire Garland clan.

One day, November 17, a month to



Memorable day: Judy sang a song to Clark Gable, "My Fan Letter To My Favorite Star," the world listened and applauded, Clark gave her a bracelet reward

the day after the signing of the contract, Judy came home from school to find an unfamiliar scene. Ethel's eyes were red from weeping and a serious-faced doctor was in her father's room.

"What's the matter?" she asked Ethel, terrified.

"Daddy's sick," Ethel sobbed. "Spinal meningitis. They say he hasn't got a chance."

Judy sat down on the couch in the new living room. "He mustn't go now," she prayed over and over to a God close to her. "He just can't go now. For years and years when we've needed him he's always been here to take care of us. Now, when he won't have to worry so much about the bills getting paid—he just can't go away now."

The doctor came out into the hall. "It's you he wants," he said to Judy.

Judy tiptoed in to find a Frank she didn't know—a Frank whose eyes were telling her that she must be brave, that she was too big a girl to cry.

"Don't cry, Pudge," Frank said. "I'm not going away. Just this funny old body of mine is going. But you know that I'll be with you always. When you sing your songs I'll be there. When you're a famous star and people stand for hours just for a chance to see you, why I'll be there too. And (Continued on page 86)

Judy grows up, turns sixteen, gets a kiss from Mickey Rooney, her teammate in a money-making film pair-off





The Okay Kid

Just for the romance record: It's girls like Marsha Hunt with whom men fall in love

IN ALL her life, according to tall, slim, big-eyed Marsha Hunt, she has done but two harebrained things—and both of them consisted of coming to Hollywood.

Her first trip occurred in 1935 and it was one of those things that really can't happen. After all, she had four budding careers clamoring for all her attention in New York.

Career One—she was modeling for John Powers.

Career Two—she had successfully passed a comprehensive NBC audition and was all set to astonish the air waves with her radio acting.

Career Three was slightly more complicated. She had been introduced to Gabriel Pascal, the fierce, dark little man who later produced George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" for M-G-M. He had instructed her to read lines; he had asked her to imitate a

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

bowl of lumpy mashed potatoes and a pale lavender envelope. Then he had said, "You have the imagination to be a great dramatic actress, but you need to be trained."

So arrangements were made for her to go to London in the fall, at which city she was to enroll in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Simultaneously, Marsha's mother, Mrs. Earl Hunt (Mr. Hunt is an attorney), was scanning the Met with an eye to her daughter's career. A successful voice coach herself, Mrs. Hunt began to coax high, sweetly lyric soprano sounds from her daughter while morning beds were being made or the breakfast dishes were getting dunked. Tag this as Career Four.

There is an old Chinese proverb,

we hope, which states, "Lovely lady who live in four-room quandary likely to trade in for one-room sure thing." Which means that Marsha was headed West.

Some photographic friends of hers had moved to Hollywood where they anticipated a hurricane of business, so Marsha joined them because they had written that they would like to use her intriguing pan for some commercial art. Besides, they knew some people that Marsha should meet.

A reporter with the eye of a casting director asked Miss Hunt, when she wandered through the Los Angeles station, if she had come to Hollywood to stun a movie contract into carrying her signature. She said no, thank you, that she had four other lives to lead. When the reporter regained consciousness, he slapped this flabber- (Continued on page 91)

Gay Performers



★ Happy holiday thought to conquer the holiday crowd: Sun tan, a warm new color richer than beige, deeper than ivory, goes into the glamorous making of this Leslie satin evening dress, fitting slimly, flaring richly, shining with bugle bead and rhinestone embroidery. A gay performer worn by a great performer, Ginger Rogers of RKO's "Once Upon A Honeymoon"



★ Step in to see Ginger in "Once Upon A Honeymoon," step out dreaming of the perfect winter dress—a natural wool with a "dress shirt" yoke stitched in place with slot seams. Wear with it, of course, a man-tailored dickey, a brown tie, a plaid short coat of beige, brown and coral thrown over your shoulders

★ Cary Grant, co-star in the new Rogers film, couldn't take his eyes off this; no woman would want to. It's a dove gray crepe dress with slight front fullness, new short sleeves and a bodice slashed deeply in front and held in place with gold and diamond clips. Hat and gloves are gray; shoes, sable suede



You can look as smart as a star

Ann Rutherford helped reader "Ginger" Maharan choose these winter winners—clothes with a Hollywood flair that you yourself can buy at budget prices



"Ginger" Maharan of Huntington, Long Island, met Ann at her hotel. Before starting on their shopping expedition they settled down to a good solid discussion about clothes.

"You really don't have to spend a fortune to look as smart as a star," Ann assured "Ginger." "The manufacturers of budget-priced clothes pick up tips from the best designers. All you have to do is develop an eye for color and line and shop carefully"

"Ginger" was photographed with Ann, of course.

The dress she's wearing is gay (as red as Santa's nose) and warm (45% wool and 55% rayon.) Which is another way of saying it's just what is needed this winter.

"Call it your morale dress," Ann told "Ginger."

In gold, blue, white, purple, sizes 9-15.
\$8.95 at Saks-34th Street



A dream-gown of flannelette—not like the nighties Grandma used to wear—to keep you warm and beautiful these fuel-rationed nights. The waistline of this gown turns into a sash so you can tie it as high and tight as you please.

The gown, white with tiny hearts of red or blue sprinkled over it in profusion and large applied hearts, is available in sizes 32-38.
\$2.98 at Saks-34th Street



Night and day you'll be the one in this fleece coat of camel tan with its red collar and bandings embroidered in peasantry green and yellow. For, as Ann pointed out, it will be young and flattering over a date dress too.

It's 100% wool and reprocessed wool and lined in quilted rayon with woolen bindings and chamois across the shoulders to keep you extra warm.

The all-wool red hat, which is on the square, has insets of green leaves, green pipings around its crown, and a sprig of green in the center of its fez tassel.

The coat with green bandings also, sizes 10-16—\$19.95

The hat, in navy with red, Kelly green with red, and brown with tan, in small, medium and large sizes—\$1.98

At Saks-34th Street

Winter white (first cousin to oyster white) is very Fifth Avenue this season. This afternoon dress of rayon crepe, which pinch hits for informal evenings, has a deep V surplice to streamline your figure and black silk fringe and black sequins to highlight your charm.

In winter white only, sizes 12-20.
\$7.95 at Arnold Constable

The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores specified. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 87)



Christmas Bell-Ringers



These are the gifts that will ring the bell with boys and girls, young and old. Uncle Sam, speaking for Santa, says, "Send useful gifts . . . avoid gimcracks . . . keep packages small . . . and mail them early"

THIS is not—we have Uncle Sam's word for it—a year in which to forget Christmas. Christmas is one of the things we're fighting for. However, this isn't a year for gimcracks. Let no one opening a gift from you murmur, "It's pretty, but what is it?" It's easy enough to give people what they want. They'll tell you if you'll listen. They'll say, "I'd like an extra lipstick to keep in my bag," or "I get so confused about the relative position

of cities and countries that I don't follow the war news too easily. I wish I had a big map." And so on. . . .

It's certainly no trick to send the boys in service something they want and need. Their pay is small and part of it often goes home. They never quite catch up on all the things they require for their new military existence. So let's give them a break and start with their side of the Christmas picture.



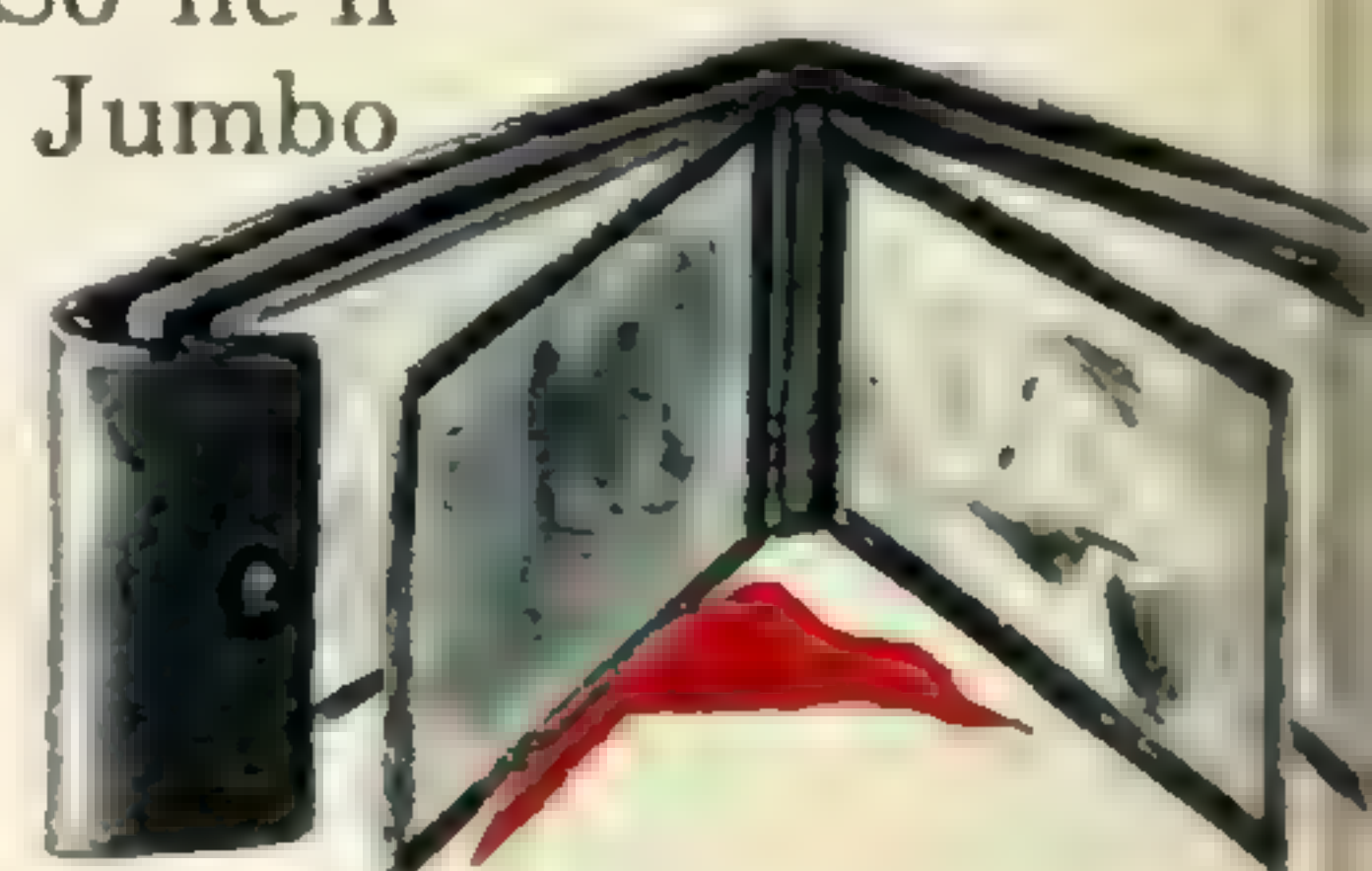
FOR THE BOYS IN SERVICE

Wooden Clogs: The boys really need these. For hygienic reasons. They can wear them right into the shower. They come with elastic around the heel and a multistriped cotton band over the instep. For 98c.

Gin Rummy, Bridge, Solitaire or Pinochle: Gin rummy sets, including cards, score pads, pencil and rules, come in khaki and blue gabardine cases for \$3.50. Attractive decks of cards in similar cases are \$1.50.

Soap: To settle a long discussion, soap is issued to the boys; but it's a little on the rough side. So he'll appreciate soap, especially pine soap which makes a grand lather. Twelve small cakes or three Jumbo cakes in an attractive brown box with a green pine branch, \$1.25 and \$1.00 respectively.

Snapshot Folders which look for all the world like leather wallets contain four or six acetate envelopes, each of which will carry two snapshots back to back. \$1.00 up. Don't stop when you buy the folder; get some pictures of his dog, his boat, his favorite people.



Writing Cases: Get one with his insignia, with fifty sheets, fifty envelopes, fifty postcards and three pencils. The case we saw would serve as a writing surface and, when empty, as a correspondence file for those letters he wants to keep even though he knows them by heart. \$1.09.



Toilet Kit in khaki or navy blue twill, bound with leather. With a comb and brush and a nonbreakable mirror. He can hang it up in his barracks or quarters and he can take it with him when he goes; for it folds compactly. The more elegant numbers have razors and blades. But practically all kits have pockets for these things and for toothpaste and toothbrush too. \$3.50 up.

FOR THE GIRLS—YOUNG AND OLD

Skigees is the Kentucky Looms trade name for their handwoven hood which is tight-fitting and sports a little shoulder-length cape that, in turn, sports enchanting fringe. Skigees are cozy and snug and come in bright colors or lovely subtle effects. \$2.00 up.

Perfume Containers for Her Bag: This is no time to waste even a drop of those precious élan-giving liquids. The gold-plated Dunhill Sentinel, about the size of a fifty-cent piece but thicker, of course, has a vial with a screw-top to keep your perfume safe. \$2.50. Then there's the Atomet, a lucite case holding a vial with a gadget top so the perfume comes out drop by drop. \$1.50.

Lucite Compacts and Cigarette Cases cost a song, are light as feathers, and gay enough to awaken the gypsy in a little churchmouse. \$1.50.



Frames for His Picture in Uniform: They come in khaki or blue gabardine, suitable for a 5x7 photograph, \$3.50, or an 8x10 photograph, \$3.95.

Sequin Neckwear comes in pale pink and blue and green, also bright fuchsia, gold, silver, emerald and sapphire. From \$2.98. This is a fairy-godmother accessory. It transforms the dark dress worn into town for shopping or business into a sparkling cocktail or dinner gown, especially when the color of the neckwear is accented by a hair bow, gloves or a bag.



(Continued on page 84)

It costs only \$15 per to make Lucille Ball a model of perfection

Killer-diller Bogart's joke builds him up for his public

M-G-M's tricked-up trick makes Van Heflin what he is today. Right, top: Nancy Coleman, who stopped being self-conscious about that certain something

Who says the stars are perfect?

On the screen, you see them in the pink. Now take off those rose-colored glasses and glimpse them as they grinningly admit they are—without that make-up that covers a multitude of sins

HOLLYWOOD'S no Olympus any more. The pedestals upon which the old gods and goddesses used to live are nowhere to be found. Stars today are on the human side. They admit to thin hair and big ears and lots of other human failings. They don't stop there, however. They overcome their defects—which probably is one of the reasons they're stars.

Not all Hollywood heroes are six-footers plus, like Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Gig Young and John Payne. When Humphrey Bogart, one of the killer-dillers who build up their height for the public, arrives at the studio make-up department mornings he invariably cracks, "Okay, boys, bring on the wedgies!" Brian Donlevy, who otherwise has such a physique as dreams are made of, also is on the short side. When Brian was making "The Great McGinty" he found it difficult not to tip over, his heels and inner soles were so built up.

Glenn Ford's another star who has given Nature a push upon occasion.

By "Fearless"

Glenn's always filled out business suits admirably. But, until recently, wearing the shirt sleeves and tight trousers which Western pictures demand, he had to resort to a harness which padded both his chest and his shoulders. Today, however, because of the rigorous training he has undergone, Glenn would rate for *Tarzan*.

Glenn and Bill Holden used to share a dressing room. Bill, round-shouldered at this time, wore a makeshift pair of braces. And it was by kidding each other that these boys learned never to take themselves seriously.

Some studios keep dentists right on the lot. In the old days teeth that were out of line or off color were covered with enamel caps that were cemented on temporarily. Nowadays lucite caps are the thing. They're pliable, a slight pressure clicks them

on and they're comparatively inexpensive, costing about fifteen dollars apiece.

Lucille Ball, who wears several lucite caps when she's before the camera, recently gave Victor Mature a bad scare. She forgot to remove her caps before a scene in which she and Victor struggled violently with each other. Vic sailed right into it. Suddenly Lucille's caps, jarred loose, went flying in all directions. Hunk of Man, not knowing she wore them, thought he really had knocked her teeth out. And for once in his life he was too stunned to speak.

Hair that's a crowning glory is another Hollywood "must"—even if here again Nature isn't always entitled to the credit line.

There's more to Ida Lupino's hairdos, for instance, than meets the eye. A childhood illness left Ida with thinning hair. She wears her own hair in front, in pompadour fashion usually, bringing all her hair forward to manage it. (Continued on page 79)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

You may find the answer to your own dilemma in this great feature wherein Bette Davis gives intimate advice to you, our readers

THIS month I decided to do my bit toward answering that perennial question, "How Can I Become An Actress" in its several phases. I have selected six representative letters out of the thousands that come in every month, asking approximately the same questions, and I hope my answers will prove to be useful. This is the first:

Dear Miss Davis:

You are a busy woman, of course; I've read that over and over again. But, Miss Davis, if you don't answer my letter I think I am going to hate you forever.

You are supposed to be such a Good Samaritan, and now is your chance to prove it. I have a wonderful little daughter who is just four years old. Her name is Deanna, named after Deanna Durbin.

She is a very unusual little girl who can learn poems and remember them indefinitely. She has a natural talent for singing and dancing and I just know there is a place in motion pictures for her.

Now, here is my problem. My husband died two years ago and since that time I have been working in a department store, barely getting by. I don't have any extra cash with which to give Deanna the training she needs.

That's where you come in. Could you loan me the money to come to Hollywood, or to go to New York, and pay a good teacher to give my baby the start in life she deserves? When she becomes famous you will have the satisfaction of claiming her as a protégée, and at that time she will pay you back every penny.

I am planning on hearing from you real soon.

*From a desperate mother.
M. L.*

Dear Mrs. M. L.:

I am not answering your letter because you threaten to hate me forever if I don't reply. After all, hatred takes a lot of time and energy and you really haven't any to spare since you are working so hard and taking care of your small girl.

I am answering your letter because those people who are in the motion-picture industry receive thousands of similar letters every day. If you were in our shoes, you would understand how impossible it is for us to grant such requests; think of Santa Claus—even he is expected to operate only one night in an entire year. All of us are asked a hundred times a day for gifts. And surely you haven't forgotten all the myriad other demands upon us—taxes, benefits, charities, donations by the dozens. We love to respond, of course, but we are only human and the extent of our salaries is widely misunderstood.

Now, about your little girl. She sounds like a darling. However, in my humble opinion, for parents to start letting children earn their way at such a tender age is shameful. Extreme talent is very rare and every year there are thousands of parents and children who are disappointed because vast sums of money have been spent on training and, in the final selection, only one child achieves stardom, whereas the others fall back into the ranks of the unknowns. This results, frequently, in a permanent mental hurt to the child; his entire personality may be changed. It seems to me that all parents should guard against setting up hopes and dreams in a child's heart, which may only be destroyed.

You sign yourself "desperate mother." I don't wish to be unkind, but no woman should use the future of her

child to overcome desperation; that is a job she must do for herself.

Yours truly,
BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Bette Davis Farnsworth:

Can you sing? I guess you can't, because I have never heard you, but you sure can act. You can act Romantic, you can act Serious, you can act Comic, and several other kinds.

I can't act for sour apples. But I can sing. I am the ambitious one—I want to sing with an orchestra. My voice is blue, but it also has a lovely high range, as the leader of our church choir told me.

Please tell me how I can start out to get a chance to sing with an orchestra. Do you have friends who are orchestra leaders? Could you introduce me to one, or could you please tell me how to get started?

*Yours in the groove,
Joan A.*

Dear Joan A.:

If you are really interested in checking up on my singing voice, you might watch for a picture titled "Thank Your Lucky Stars" in which I actually do something that is called singing. You might let me know how successful the effort was, after you have seen the picture.

In the first place, it seems to me that you should secure several other opinions about your voice, in addition to that of your choir leader. Is there a vocal teacher in your town? If so, why don't you sing for him or her, and secure that impression?

If there is a radio station near your home, why don't you try to arrange for an audition? In case some trained radio authority thinks your voice is really fine enough to merit attention, he will undoubtedly direct you to a

good teacher. The value of being taught by someone who understands the human voice is that the voice is a delicate instrument and you can ruin it by treating it badly. You should learn to use it properly.

Once you have had training, you will hear of some "name" band on tour near your home. At that time you should try to make arrangements for an audition by the leader. The best of luck to you.

Sincerely,
BETTE DAVIS.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

You must know practically everyone of importance in Hollywood, so I am writing to you for some information.

I don't know whether you have ever heard of this small town in which I live or not—probably not, as we aren't famous for anything. There are railroad shops here, however, and my father is one of the foremen and makes a pretty good salary. He wants me to have the advantages that girls in larger towns have, but I don't want anything except a chance at Hollywood.

Now here is my problem, Miss Davis. There is a man who stops here in town occasionally. I met him first at the drugstore one afternoon when he said I had the most beautiful profile he had ever seen. I do have fairly regular features, so that didn't exactly bowl me over, but when he said that my hair was a perfect color for the Technicolor camera and that my entire face and body were photogenic, I began to get interested.

This man says he is a talent scout for a major studio and he wants me to drive out to Hollywood with him. My mother has met him and thinks he is a nice, courteous young man, but she thought we shouldn't tell my father about my opportunity as he is always getting suspicious.

Miss Davis, could you give me the names of the accredited talent scouts in my state, or in my section of the country? I trust this man and he seems like a wonderful person, but I'm not sure I want to go on a wild goose chase to Hollywood and find out that he hasn't any real influence, when we get there.

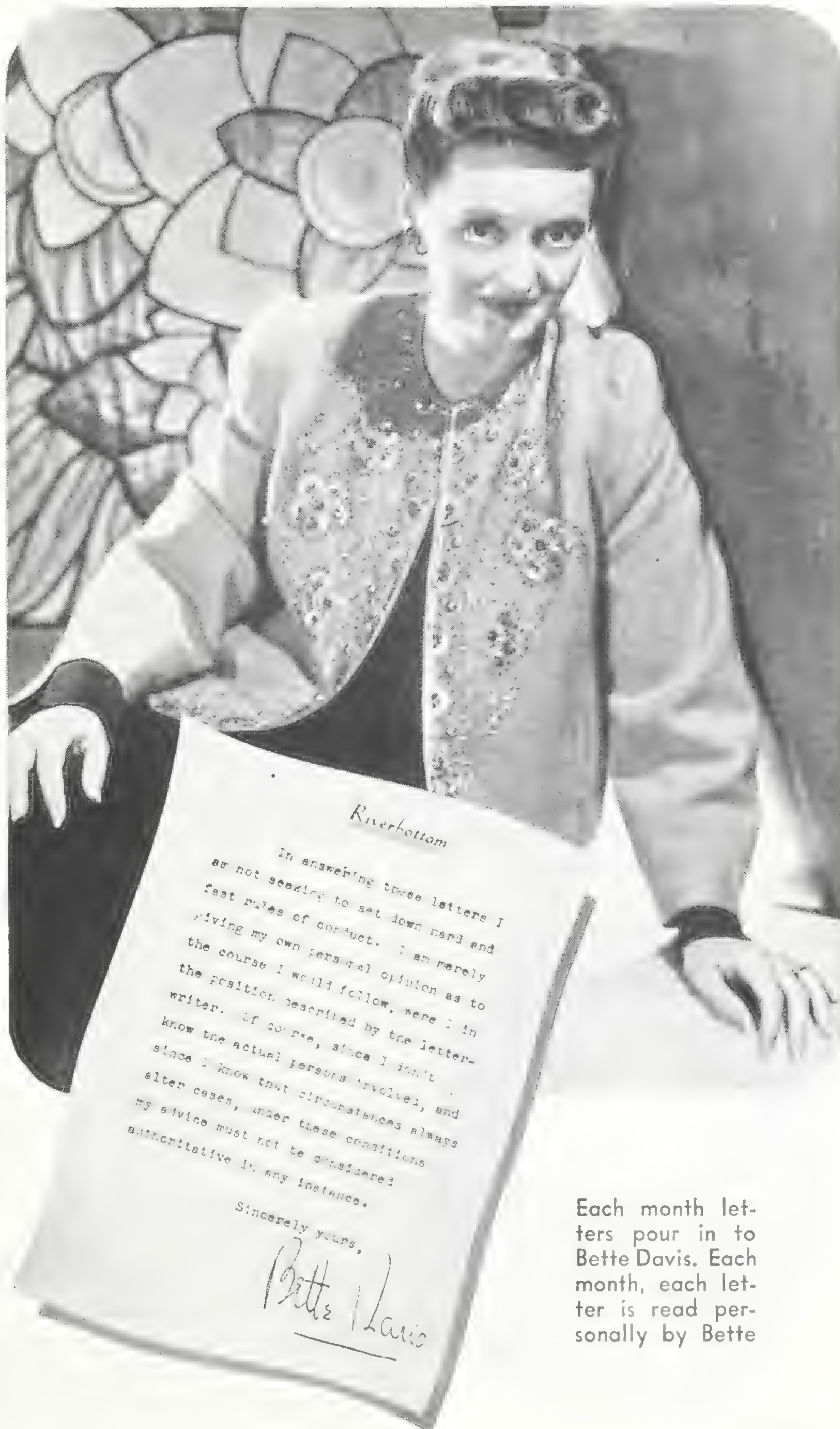
Thank you so much for your help.
Mady J.

DEAR MADY J.:

Naturally, it isn't possible for me to supply the names of all accredited talent scouts. They change from time to time, of course, and there are other good reasons for not broadcasting their presence in a particular locality.

However, a talent scout should be able to supply you, instantly, with the name of his (Continued on page 90)

KKNOWN universally as the great advice star of Hollywood, Bette Davis, through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, now offers to answer the problems contained in letters sent to her. Each month she will choose the letters with those problems that seem to her most universal and give the writers her own candid advice. Address your letters to Miss Bette Davis, c/o Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. It may be your letter that she will choose to answer here. No names of towns will be given and all names of persons will be changed.



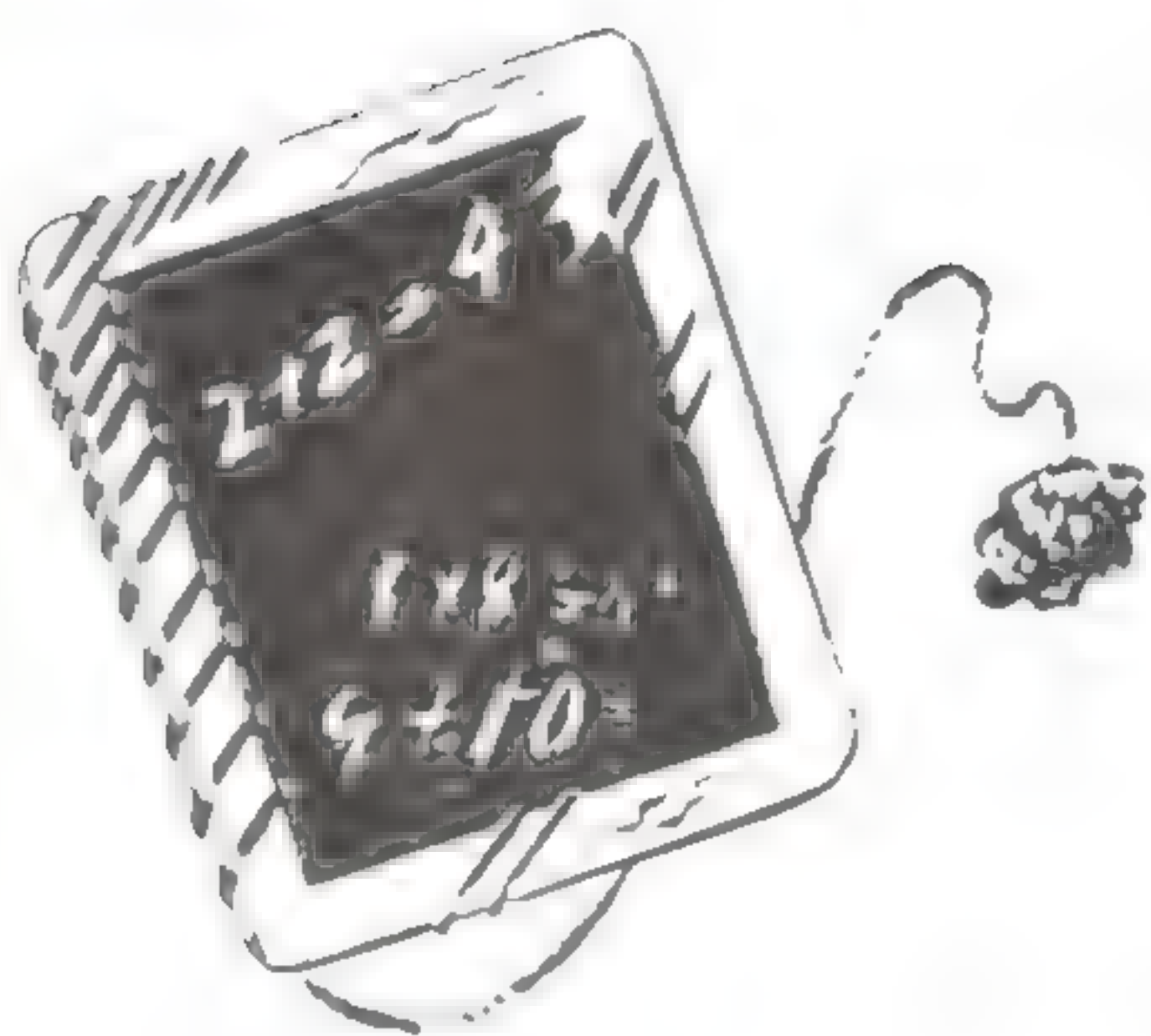
Each month letters pour in to Bette Davis. Each month, each letter is read personally by Bette

Heartlines of Hedy

A talk about love that you'll love—i.e., what the lovely Lamarr has said to herself—out loud—about all those men in her life



♡ Her first romance



He was a boy in school in Vienna. She can't recall his name. She only remembers that he had broad shoulders and curly hair, that he was a mathematical wizard and sternly ignored her. Because of him she mastered mathematics, too. He fell for her then, and she fell promptly out of love with him. The result of all this was that to this day she can balance her check book, a feat that still astonishes her.

♡ Her first husband

Fritz Mandl, the Austrian munitions maker. He was past thirty and a "power." She was sixteen and the thought of being the rich mistress of a beautiful house, of being "Madame Mandl," of having servants about completely intrigued her. Six months after the marriage she knew she hated pomp of any sort. She had been in the picture "Ecstasy" before her marriage. She now dreamed of entering films again. She ran away to Paris, managed an introduction to Louis B. Mayer, got her freedom, came to Hollywood.



♡ Her first Hollywood boy friend

Reginald Gardiner, the very amusing English actor. She met him originally at the Charles Boyers'. She spoke very little English, but his diction was so perfect, his patience with her so great, his wit so keen that she was enchanted with his company. Hedy admits she used Reggie as a sort of course in spoken English. He was always a little in love with her, but she was never in love with him. She is proud that they are still friends.

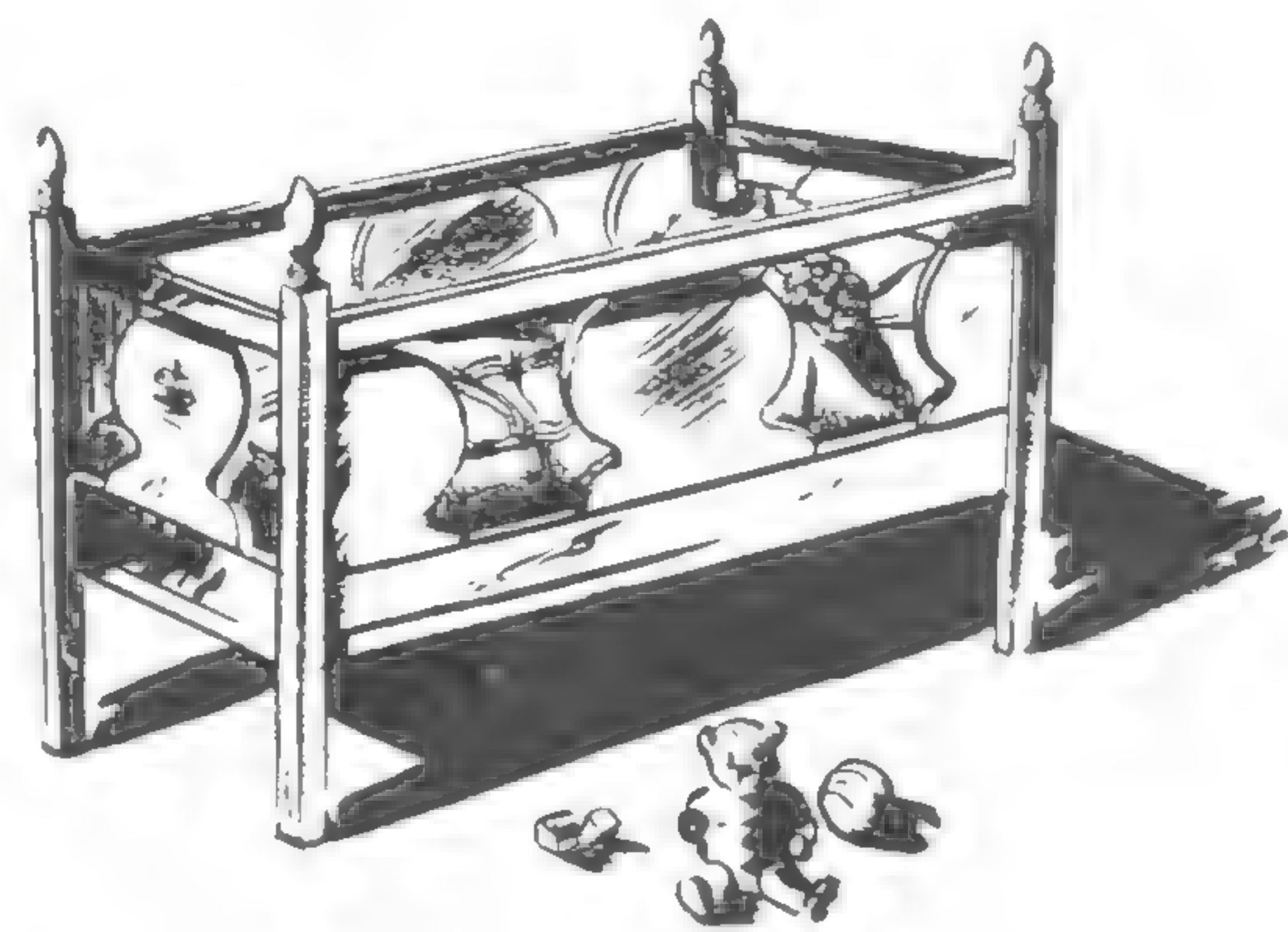


♡ *Her second husband*

Gene Markey, the writer-producer. Gene was all the things she desired in a man, witty, urbane, a celebrity in his own right, intelligent, a little unhappy. She was madly in love with him and misunderstood him completely, for she thought that the things he most wanted were a home and children. She did not know until after the marriage that he was really married to his job and that her attraction for him was only her beauty and glamour, both of which bore her.

♡ *Her most lasting love*

Jamie, the little boy she adopted while she was still Mrs. Markey. For Jamie she stayed home, alone, for a year after her divorce, while the romantic wolves howled outside her door. Jamie is all hers now and she says he has brought her more pleasure than any other individual whom she has known in her entire life.



♡ *Her best friend*

John Howard, the actor. Not romantic, this, but perpetual. Likes John because he is intelligent, because he appreciates her as a person and not as an actress or beauty, because he will come to her house and do all the chores like washing the dog, watering the garden and hanging the pictures, because he likes to do the simple things that charm her, like driving to the beach and eating in drive-ins, because Jamie adores him.

The gentlemen who would like to take her places but with whom she refuses to go

Wooly Donahue, the New York playboy. Wooly has gone with most of the Hollywood glamour girls, including Joan Bennett, a former Mrs. Markey, too.

Howard Hughes, the big suitor and oil well boy. Plays the field similar

to Donahue. Persistently calls Hedy. She persistently does not answer.

Arthur Hornblow (right), ex-husband of Myrna Loy and buddy of Gene Markey. Sends wonderful presents and witty notes. When he recently sent Hedy clumps of rare daisies for her garden, she gratefully planted them, said "thank you" but didn't accept the asked-for dinner date.

That radio executive in New York who just married another actress. He told Hedy he'd show her. Hedy didn't care but she hopes the other actress will be very, very happy.

George Brent. Hedy's line was always busy.

S. P. Eagle, the guy who produced "Tales Of Manhattan" on a shoe-string. Hedy went to the opening with him. She liked his nerve.

Glenn Ford. Hedy was always busy.

Jean Pierre Aumont. Hedy didn't care, but she enjoyed flirting in French again. Besides, she found Jean (now merely Pierre) very amusing.



The love that hurt her



George Montgomery. She's still hurt. He seemed to her ideally American and he was the first young man she had ever loved. For George, she began going crazy over horses, the West, the great open spaces, simple ranch houses, hunting and the "things that count." She was ready to elope the week after they met. She was overjoyed when they announced their engagement. She planned a brilliant, dramatic future for them. She dreamed of having numerous children. She would have gladly given up her career. (She is no career girl, anyhow.) She nearly took the count when she heard that George had been instructed to court her, on the grounds that this would get him lots of space in all newspapers. That's when she returned his ring and he returned her dishes. They distinctly are not good friends.

The man who hasn't pursued her--who she thinks might be fun if he would

Orson Welles. She has never met him, has no friends in common with him but she thinks he is a genius. She considers him handsome, intelligent and probably misunderstood. She sort of fancies she would understand him, but she'd like to know for sure.

You get the general idea that she is romantic, don't you? She is. She doesn't care a hoot about getting the Academy Award. She'd much prefer to get married and live happily ever after.

Barbara Stanwyck CO-STARRING IN "FLESH AND FANTASY"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



Max Factor * Hollywood Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly — really stays on

TO GIVE your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone, and to harmonize perfectly with your natural complexion colorings, *Max Factor Hollywood* created face powder in Color Harmony shades.

Whatever your type may be... blonde, or brunette, or brownette, or redhead... there is a particular shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder definitely created for you to enhance your own individual beauty.

You'll like the superfine texture of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, too, because it creates such a soft, satin-smooth make-up, and its unusual clinging quality will keep your make-up looking fresh and lovely for hours... \$1.00.



**MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**



Are You a Woman without a Man?

(Continued from page 41) the station for dinner. I don't remember what we ordered. For we didn't eat it. We just sat in a fog and talked and laughed as if we weren't in a fog at all. I did pull myself together long enough to try to tell Johnny how much I love him and how proud of him I am. I have no patience with girls who let men go away without these warm, comforting assurances. It's not exactly a cinch for the men either. Such girls, I think, deserve to lose their men, as they do sometimes, to girls with less foolish pride.

I was no heroine the night Johnny left. How I drove my car I'll never know. I have never had such an empty feeling. When I got home I couldn't go in. I turned the car around and went over to Eadie's and Bill's and sat with them for a while. I knew with the baby asleep and no Johnny there the house was going to be as empty as a meeting hall.

IRRESPECTIVE of where Johnny was sent I had made up my mind to follow him. The day after he left I went into action. I put our house, which is miles from anywhere and in the dim-out area, on the market. Then I packed everything, including our new refrigerator, and called in the shippers.

There are always complications when you become a camp follower, I guess. My complications were different from those most girls would face. However, if I wanted to let them stagger me I could easily. I could convince myself it would be madness to jeopardize a movie career by leaving Hollywood. But I must admit I've never really thought about it. My only idea has always been to be with John.

Even so there are weeks upon weeks when I don't see John. During the first two months he was in service we had only two week ends together. I went straight from "I Married A Witch" into "Star-Spangled Rhythm." Then I went on a Bond-selling tour. There's not much point, after all, in sending our men out to fight unless we give them guns and tanks, planes and ammunition.

It isn't too easy, as I well know, to adjust to the lonely stretches that are inevitable when the man you love is called to the colors. But there are ways and means of keeping your life moderately normal and happy, I have discovered. And I write this in the hope others will profit from my findings.

IF I weren't married and I had known a man long enough to be sure we were right for each other I would marry him. I believe in war marriages. They aren't all bliss and romance. They take plenty of adjustment and sacrifice. But human beings have a swell habit of rising to occasions. All except the softies.

If, for some reason, I couldn't marry the boy I loved—if we hadn't known each other long enough, for instance—I still would see him whenever possible. I'd save dimes to call him on the long-distance telephone. I'd be niggardly to finance week ends or longer holidays near his camp.

This is not the time for hidebound conventions and false pride. It's good for a man's morale and ego when his wife follows after him. And a girl isn't running after a boy if she goes to him when he can't come to her.

Also, because this is an emergency and calls for emergency measures I believe a girl should go out with other men while the man she loves is away, but not with anyone the man she loves mistrusts,

naturally. Above everything else on earth I value normality. And a life without masculine society is abnormal.

There are, I know, certain girls who are too inflammable for their own good. Their ardor, easily aroused, isn't easily controlled. Inevitably these girls are going to break out now and then while the men they truly love are in service. I can only hope when they find themselves in another man's arms, kissing him, that they won't confuse a chemical attraction, no matter how overpowering it may be, with love.

Such slips are not desirable. They should be guarded against. They shouldn't be encouraged for the sake of a cheap thrill or the sop they prove to the ego of any girl foolish enough to think a man's impulsive embrace proves her irresistible. And once they are over they should be forgotten as quickly as possible; not permitted to ruin a deep, true relationship with the boy who is



Bettie J. Reid, one of the ten lovely winners in the nation-wide Beautiful Eyes contest sponsored by Republic Pictures and a mascara manufacturer. Prize: A string of pearls

temporarily absent. Dwelling on such experiences can only induce remorse which is destructive or excitement which is dangerous.

WHEN I'm separated from John for any period of time I go out with other men. It's better to do this than to sit home brooding. Sit at home and brood long enough and you won't know yourself, your personality will be so warped.

I take care to go out with boys Johnny approves. Sometimes, for instance, those I go out with are new friends Johnny has made during our separation. He often tells such friends to look me up if they're going to be wherever I am. Above everything else, need I say it, I take care not to make Johnny unhappy.

John and I have always been on a wonderful basis. When we married John didn't ask me to drop my friends. We used to invite them to dinner, often. And now many of them are our mutual friends. A little trust does wonders for marriage, if kids would only realize it.

I even call up boys John and I know and say, "I'm in the dumps. Will you take me to a show or something?" And because they are our friends they're de-

lighted to do this and they don't misunderstand.

I don't always go out with single men. I frequently go out with couples, married and unmarried. I go out with Eadie and Bill and dance with Bill as often as Eadie does. I try not to be stupid and shy and silly when a couple asks me out. I remind myself people may ask me once out of politeness but that they won't ask me again if I don't pay my way by being good company.

That puts me on the spot. If I'm unhappy I make a genuine effort to hide it—whereupon, almost always, before the evening is over I feel less forlorn. With John in service I can't afford to act like a droop. The men and the couples who ask me out are lifesavers whom I must not alienate. We can, after all, control our minds. If we didn't always do this—to some extent—we would go to pieces. And our minds under control will control our actions.

Because a girl goes out with another man it doesn't mean she's slipping. In fact it may very well be her way of guarding against slipping. For the girl who holds herself down, who refuses the company of other men through a mistaken sense of loyalty, is far more likely to go berserk when she does finally find herself in a man's company. We need men in our life to keep us on an even keel.

DOUBT there are many girls who do not know single men or couples with whom they can have dates. Beyond this there often are service men stationed near by. It's respectable enough, certainly, to go to dances at the service men's clubs. On the posts these clubs are sponsored by officers' wives. Any girl whose actions are not perfectly correct is asked to leave and not to return. In other words, your second appearance at any service club dance anywhere testifies to your propriety.

You also play safe when you seek masculine society at these dances. Because there's safety in numbers.

I make it a point to see different men, not to date one boy over and over irrespective of how much more fun and how much more compatible he may be. It's a good idea not to underestimate the force of companionship or to believe, smugly, that you're beyond physical temptation.

Work will take care of loneliness very nicely, some people insist. I think that's nonsense. I'm loneliest those nights when I come home tired after working hard all day, too tired to ask friends in or to go out. For those are the nights Johnny and I ordinarily would spend alone together, talking quietly, playing gin rummy, or listening to the radio.

It's on those nights I rush, quick like a bunny, for my personal defenses for the blues. I've discovered the surest way of chasing the blues is to change your mood. Movies will do this for you. So will books. I've also taken up knitting. The sweater started isn't finished and whether it ever is finished is not important. It serves as a sedative when my mind begins going around in lonely, frenzied circles.

These are days that take plenty of adjustment and it looks as though we were in for a long hard pull. Consequently, the faster and the better we adjust ourselves the happier we'll be for the duration and the more attractive we'll be when he comes marching home. Which also is something to think about!

THE END

Keep your smile bright... but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so . . . we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.



DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.



DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.



DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.



DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER...

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So...keep your teeth bright... but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others... and there will be enough for you.

To Ellie with Love—

(Continued from page 27) second invitation was from Pat O'Brien. All the members of the Victory Caravan were coming over to his house. Maybe, thought Eleanor, Glenn Ford might be there, too. She'd have gone, anyway, but she just looked a little prettier than usual when she arrived.

Glenn was there, and they met. But because of the crowd that's as far as it went. However, thought Eleanor, at least they knew each other. And he is charming. And boyish. And somewhat shy. And straightforward and honest. Those things added up to Ellie Powell, because she's that way herself.

Then came the Army and Navy Ball with all of Hollywood's greatest as audience and entertainers. Ellie knocked them all for a loop, not only with her footwork, but with her comedy as well. Glenn Ford was among the admiring throng who congratulated her. He outwaited the Eddie G. Robinsons, the Louis B. Mayers, the Nelson Eddys and asked if he couldn't see her alone some time. Could he have her telephone number, please? He could! Then Ellie worried for five days afterward that she'd been so quick in giving it to him. But he phoned and asked her to dinner. Now you can't be too anxious all the time, so Ellie told him casually that she was planning on having dinner at home—just she and her mother. How about joining them? He joined.

After dinner Ellie, who would rather listen to music than breathe, discovered he preferred staying and hearing her magnificent collection of fine records than doing the town. He sat and listened and smoked his pipe. She sat and listened and got a new sweater started. He didn't know it, but the sweater would be for him . . . if . . . Of course he's wearing that sweater today.

THE second date they went out for dinner. It was a glorious meal, but Ellie wondered what had happened to Glenn's previously healthy appetite. Now that she and Mrs. Ford are as close as mother and daughter and Glenn and Mrs. Powell are real mother and son stuff, Ellie knows. Falling in love found Glenn a victim of all the usual symptoms!

After the alleged dinner, they took a long ride. They talked. And talked. He learned that despite her glowing career on Broadway and in movies, she and her mother have remained a true-to-life *Hardy* family. She found that Glenn hadn't been changed by his success in "The Children's Hour" on Broadway, or by Hollywood, which has already recognized both his ability and his potentialities. They also found out each had come from a small town—and that each was an only child . . . and that both of them adored and appreciated their mothers.

Beyond that—well, they also brought to light their dreams of the perfect marriage built on such a foundation of love that death itself could not terminate that love.

Then Glenn had to leave on a trip. His first note, from Kanab, Utah, where he was on location for "The Desperado" was short but sweet. "Dear Ellie," it began and was signed, "Sincerely, Glenn." Ellie wrote back, but the plane crashed and Glenn didn't get the letter till after he'd phoned, long distance, and scolded her for not answering. Ellie loved that. His next letter began, "Dearest Ellie." He signed it, "Affectionately, Glenn." It progressed to "Darling Ellie" and "Love, Glenn." Two dates and the romance was

blazing like a house afire. Ellie could hardly wait to have him return.

HE greeted her with a silver cup his magnificent riding had won for him in a rodeo at Kanab. She, having learned to twirl a rope under the tutelage of Sam Garrett, world's greatest trick roper, for her cowboy numbers in "I Dood It," greeted him with "Hi Gunsel," affectionate cowboy term for tenderfoot. She got a few more presents, as time went on. No flowers, no candy, nothing like that. Books like "Forever" by Mildred Cram, inscribed "To Ellie, with love, Glenn." The "Mizpah" theme—and Ellie has read it half a dozen times. Books like Jack London's "The Adventures of Martin Eden," a ninety-eight-cent edition Glenn hurriedly picked up in a drugstore one night because Ellie wanted something substantial with which to remember Glenn's hit picture.

The books he's given her she reads aloud to him when they're not listening to the records he brings her. When they're not doing either, they're out for a ride, or for a good dinner, or for a game of miniature golf. They've been dancing only twice. Which is fine so far as Ellie, who is strictly the non-night-club type, is concerned. But what worried her was that boogie-woogie music, from whose primitive rhythms Ellie gets many of her creative inspirations, revolted Glenn. She isn't so worried any more, however. She's noticed that despite his objections his foot has been tapping to Stuff Smith.

But jive notwithstanding, Ellie's an old-fashioned kind of girl and Glenn is an old-fashioned kind of boy. Because of her sense of justice and her regard for the home, Ellie has planned, all her life, towards giving up her career when she married. And Glenn doesn't want his wife to work. When he picks her up at the studio at five o'clock, Ellie's eager to show him all she's accomplished throughout the day. Glenn, however, would rather see it on the screen. The natural surprise at this attitude has become a pleasurable thrill to Ellie now. She's never known, before, when to call quits.

SHE'S happy that the right man has come along just at the time her dancing has been acclaimed perfection. Ellie's soul, throughout years of struggle and the succeeding years of success, has cried only for perfection. She doesn't count her success in dollars or neon signs but in such memories as that of the day when Toscanini, with Mrs. Tos-

canini and Mr. Mayer, came to visit her set. Fortunately, Ellie and her group of dancers were doing an exquisite ballet—certainly just the type of dancing to please the great maestro. But, instead of leaving after thanking her, he asked for the "dancing with noise." Ellie interpreted that as meaning tap. She flew to get her shoes and instructed her nervous accompanist to dive into jive. Then her lightning feet flew into impossible patterns of rhythm—sharp, clean, machine-gun taps, faster than anyone else in the whole world can do. Toscanini kissed her later with tears in his eyes. "You have more music in you than a symphony orchestra!" he cried. "If only I had the rhythm you have!" Later came his letter of thanks. There were three things, he told her, he'd like to carry with him when he died. His memory of the Grand Canyon. Of a beautiful sunset. Of Eleanor Powell's dancing.

So she knows she has attained perfection and she's ready, as she always said she would be, to give up her dancing career. Her desire to turn to straight acting—to prove, with the right opportunity, that she has talent for that—she'd give that up in a moment too, for marriage. "Susie Smith, with the babies in the crib and the market basket on her arm, that's for me," she tells you yearningly. Making a happy home, rearing a wonderful family, devoting herself to her husband's career—and being together always, always . . . that's what she wants.

And Glenn wants that, too, beyond everything else. But the way they've planned their marriage and their lives cannot be accomplished now, for Glenn is going into the Navy. Neither will he be able to play the violin and star in the title role of "The Life Of Chopin." But he will have a much more vital opportunity to do something for his country. And Ellie will forget about giving up her career for the role of a wife. She'll gladly continue going on Victory Caravans and selling Bonds. She'll go on dancing for the soldier boys and dancing for movie audiences throughout the country. She'll be doing her part as few of us are able to do it—and waiting for the day when the world is at peace and she and Glenn can have time for each other.

Till that time, wherever he is, and whatever happens, it's Mizpah for Ellie and Glenn. "Mizpah—The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

THE END

Ermine and orchids and a night of triumph: Anne Baxter, who won Hollywood cheers for her role in "The Pied Piper," comes to the premiere with Richard Tibbett, son of Lawrence Tibbett, famous Metropolitan Opera baritone



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Two against Love

(Continued from page 38) he might pay some attention; he might show some awareness that I was in everybody's way because I had to be. I wanted to tell all those people that I wasn't dogging his footsteps because I loved it; that Dr. Justin, backed up by the studio, had ordered me not to let him out of my sight.

But he was being difficult—as usual.

He'd seemed to go out of his way to make my job hard. There had been the time he publicly humiliated me at the studio. We were in his dressing room between scenes and I'd tried to give him his medicine. He said he was sick of taking the stuff and when I'd insisted he raised his voice to inform me in a tone that carried clearly to the ears of everybody working on the set that he preferred to be left alone. Still I persisted. At that he seized the bottle, went outside the dressing room, walked over to a potted palm and ostentatiously emptied it in the dirt. Then he politely handed the bottle back. Everybody laughed. Riley Sloane had outwitted his nursemaid again.

TOO angry to talk, I'd stalked through the soundproof doors of the studio stage and gone over to the public telephone booth in the entry way. I was going to call Chris and serve notice I was quitting the case. Just as I dialed the number, Riley put his head in the door.

"Telling papa on me?"

"I'm calling Dr. Ross, if you must know."

He put his hand over the transmitter, and looked down at me mockingly. "You quit easy, don't you?"

It was a challenge and I couldn't let him get away with it. I couldn't give him the satisfaction of a victory in that never-ending duel. I slammed down the receiver and walked back to the set. But he'd made me look a fool—again.

And there'd been the time we'd met Prudence Vickers, the columnist. She'd asked him how he was and he'd said, "Ask Nurse Howells. She's my guardian." The next day there had been a cute little quip about it in her column.

I knew people talked, some maliciously. And I hated it.

"Ready, Mr. Sloane?" the director said now.

The stand-in moved away and Riley took his place. Then came the words that caused a thrill of excitement every time I heard them, that made me forget I was in the way. "Quiet, please. Ready. Lights. Sound."

Riley began to speak and suddenly all the confusion, the make-believe fell away. He wasn't an actor with his face covered with make-up. This wasn't Stage Three on the Martin lot. This was a cottage many years ago and he was a man making passionate love to the woman he was doomed to lose. The illusion lasted only a few minutes before the director yelled "Cut" and we were back in reality again. But it was enough. That was the secret of Riley Sloane's success. He made you feel him.

It was the last scene of the day and I turned to gather up my things to go home. When I looked around for my patient he was nowhere in sight. I asked an electrician. "Riley? Why, I think he's gone."

I hurried to the gate. The car wasn't in sight. "Mr. Sloane?" the guard said. "Oh, he took the car and went."

Inwardly I fumed. The guard had

"They can't Blackout Romance while girls have Adorable HANDS,"

says

Arleen Whelan



Arleen Whelan, lovely Hollywood movie star, with Richard Simmons. Hasn't she thrilling hands! She uses Jergens.

"I pity the girl who has red, rough hands," declares Arleen Whelan, brilliant young Hollywood star. "Jergens Lotion takes no time to use and it helps to keep your hands lovely. I always use Jergens and, they say, the other stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."



Hand-care that's almost professional . . .

Any girl can easily cultivate rose-leaf soft hands by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Remember the 2 special ingredients in Jergens—they're the same as many doctors rely on to help rough, harsh skin to heart-holding smoothness. No sticky feeling. Even one application helps, when you use Jergens.

Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable HANDS

given me the same sly, amused look as the electrician. I felt they were all snickering at me behind my back at this new humiliation, this cute trick of running off while I went home alone. "Hear how old Riley gave his nurse the run-around again?" I could hear them passing it around.

It was raining. Or at least, it was what Southern Californians said was a mist, but back home in Texas we'd have called a good steady rain. I had just money enough for the long taxi ride home, but I wouldn't give Riley that satisfaction. I pulled my cape around me and ran to the bus line that would take me within a mile of his house.

Soaking wet, I huddled there during the long ride. Then I got out and walked stubbornly what seemed the endless distance to the rambling white house. My cap was ruined, my hair was a mass of tangled curls and my uniform was wet through. Riley saw me coming and met me at the door.

"Why in blazes didn't you take a studio car or a taxi?" he demanded sharply.

"There weren't any studio cars and working girls don't have money for taxis."

"I'd have paid for it, you little dope."

"Would you?" I wiped the water from my eyelashes and gave him a steady look. "After you pulled a truant school-boy gag like that, I wouldn't count on you for anything."

With that I left him half fumbling, I thought, for an explanation. At least that round was mine.

THAT moment we'd shared at the hospital seemed now like a dream that had never happened. I'd tried to see some trace of it in him while I'd been here, some reminder. There was nothing. And that knock at my door—I knew it had been Riley. What had he wanted? Had he come to taunt me, or to seek some strange solace or—or what?

I longed for Chris. Tonight was his evening to call and when we were alone, I would beg him to get me out of this. I couldn't stand it any longer—this torment that was more than constant hu-

miliation, that was compounded of such warring emotions I couldn't admit them to myself. I had to leave.

Riley always went to bed immediately on coming home. When I led Chris into his room that evening, he looked up and grinned. "Hi, doc." Beneath his casualness, I could sense his growing respect for the doctor. Chris was the only person who could control Riley. And beneath Chris's answering smile, I felt his personal interest. In some peculiar way, the men were becoming friends.

THE examination was quick, routine. "How long before I get my parole, doc?" Riley asked. "How much longer will I have to have your lady dick tailing me?"

I looked over his head. When Chris was there, I could be the nurse again—impersonal, self-possessed.

"You'll get time off for good behavior," Chris said. "But the more you refuse to co-operate, the longer she'll have to stick."

Riley sighed. "All this because of an innocent little spree that hurt nobody."

"Not so innocent. I'm not only curing you of the effects of the spree. I'm trying to cure you of what made you go on it, in the first place—the 'impulse to self-destruction,' we call it in the profession."

"Nuts to you, doc," Riley said pleasantly. "My life's my own."

"And nuts to you, Mr. Sloane." Chris gave a cheerful grin. "I'll cure you in spite of yourself."

When Chris and I were alone, I turned to him with almost desperate pleading. "He's getting better, Chris. Ask Dr. Justin to relieve me, put somebody else on to finish it. I—I just can't go on any longer."

"Why, Kay, you know I can't do that. It would ruin you with Justin and everywhere else. It's a tough assignment, but you've let it get on your nerves."

"Get on my nerves!" I laughed, almost hysterically. "Oh, why can't you understand? I've got to get away!"

"Look, darling." He put one arm around me and tilted my face up to his.

"There's a possibility I'll be offered a position with a research foundation in the East. If it comes through, it'll mean—not much money, but enough for us to get married. It will mean I can have my own life, instead of this false one, and share it with you. A few days more and I'll know for sure. If it's 'yes'—oh, Kay, it'll be the end of waiting, of wanting you and not being able to ask you, of—"

"Then let's get married now!" And there was an urgency beneath the words that not even I could identify.

"We can't, Kay, until the offer comes through. You know how I feel about Justin's, why I'm working with a man and in a hospital I can't respect—just to support my mother and myself until I get my chance. Three of us couldn't live on what I make out there."

"We can get other jobs. I'll keep on working—"

"You're not making sense, darling."

"Do you always have to figure angles before you do anything? If you love me—"

"Kay! I'm only trying not to wreck the things I've spent a lifetime building—and drag you down with me in the wreckage." He took my hands and went on more gently. "You're overwrought, darling. . . ."

Maybe he was right, I thought dully. After all, how could I explain to him when I couldn't to myself the instinct that warned me to get away before it was too late? Too late for what?

That night I felt lonelier than ever before. Chris, my rock, my refuge, had somehow let me down.

THE next few days were like those that went before—except that Riley was improving. Not in his behavior to me, but physically. We had a few visitors, too. Carlotta Fane came by to see us. I was glad—even though she gave me a searching glance and asked in a dramatic whisper if I was all right, as if I were living with a cobra. Prudence Vickers came, too—nosing out gossip tidbits for her column. Corky Smith, the writer, came and acted as if he'd never seen me before which was certainly all right with me.

And then one evening when I answered the doorbell, a woman swept past me into the hall in a swirl of silver fox and expensive perfume. As she turned to face me, I was startled and puzzled. Where had I seen before that cloud of honey-colored hair, those wide bright-blue eyes, that milky skin? There was a curious drawn pallor in her face, but it was beautiful.

"I want to see Mr. Sloane," she said with husky imperiousness.

"I'm Kay Howells, Mr. Sloane's nurse. I'm afraid he can't be disturbed."

She shrugged out of the furs. She was wearing what I'd come to recognize as the typical Hollywood costume—silver fox cape over tailored slacks that moulded her slender figure, open-toed sandals on her bare feet.

"I'm Honey Hollister. I know he'd like to see me. Don't bother—I know the way."

Her heel taps sounded insolently, flauntingly, as she walked unhesitatingly to Riley's door. Without knocking, she opened it and went in.

Honey Hollister. Carlotta Fane's words came back . . . "mad about him. Some people say she still is . . ." When he'd talked to her at the hospital, he'd been upset afterwards. I set my chin and followed.

She was sitting on the bed beside him. I've seen other women use their

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carroll Rheinstrom, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of the PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) CARROLL RHEINSTROM.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1942.

(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH,
Notary Public, Westchester County,
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 525
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 3-R-312
Commission expires March 30, 1943

beauty to get something from a man, but I've never seen such an exhibition as that one. Her blue eyes were innocently wide and appealing. But the pose of her body, as she leaned toward him, was wise and seductive. He was looking at her with an inscrutable expression.

She glanced up with annoyance. "I've got to talk to you alone, darling," she said pointedly.

He gave a wicked grin and shook his head. "My she-dragon is always with me. Doctor's orders."

"But, Riley, it's been so long. We've got to talk, to—"

I wasn't going to stand there like a bedpost. "Mr. Sloane is right, Miss Hollister. He really isn't supposed to see many people. . . ."

She looked from me back to Riley, and got up. The blue eyes now were hard. "Of course I wouldn't dream of intruding on your *special domain*," she said with poisonous sweetness. "See you later, Riley darling."

When she was gone, Riley said, "I take it all back. You have your uses, after all."

"I just don't know how to thank you for those kind words."

HE didn't answer. His eyes went dark with some remembered pain, and he spoke as if talking to himself. "I took an awful beating once—from her. There's no hell on earth like what a woman can dish out when she knows you've got to take it."

I stood looking down at the lean, dark face with the mouth suddenly gone bitter and once more I was stirred by the mystery and the deep appeal that lay in it. "Did you love her so much?" I asked.

"I was a sucker. I'd thought I was armored against life but everybody's got a chink in his armor plating once. She was mine. Me—" he laughed sardonically—"in love with a husky voice and a white skin. She gave me quite a going-over about five years ago when she was tops around the studio and I was nobody. Now, as you may have noticed, things are different. But definitely."

"But if you loved each other—"

Riley snorted. "Love, my little dumpling, is a mirage—in spite of what you and the doc think about it."

I flushed. "What do you mean about me and—and Chris?"

"Think I'm blind? He's nuts about you in his calm, rock-of-Gibraltar way. And I wouldn't be surprised if you thought he was a good guy. As a matter of fact," he said seriously, "he is. He's straight. I like the doc. He'll make you happier and be a lot better for you than—a lot of other guys I could name, baby."

"I don't need your advice, Mr. Dorothy Dix, and don't call me baby."

"Okay, baby. . . ."

YOU thought you were getting at the bottom of Riley Sloane, at what lay beneath the hard shell, you thought you would find the key and something would happen. And suddenly a door slammed in your face and you felt a fool for trying.

What he said about Chris was true. Yet—even Chris had let me down. When I was with him now, he was the same, but I was different. I missed something between us. Once I'd thought life was simple, that you liked or didn't like people, loved or didn't love them. Now life was an equation with an x I couldn't solve.

Honey Hollister tried persistently to see Riley. Each time that I prevented her.



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Evening in Paris

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BOURJOIS

she would turn on me furiously, as if I stood in her way out of some wish of my own. There was something uncontrolled in her anger, and I would have been shocked and frightened by it if I hadn't dealt with excitable women before as patients.

Once she eluded me and had a few minutes alone with Riley. That was the night I spent in a chair in the living room, watching him pace up and down, refusing to go to bed, refusing to speak. He was more morose and bitter than I'd ever seen him.

I told Chris about it. "She's got some hold over him," he said. "If we knew what it was, we'd know a lot more about him. He dislikes her and yet—I don't know."

In spite of everything, though, Riley was showing improvement. Chris's treatments were taking effect, and he was getting interested in the "Lost Melody" part. It was a good role, as well as a big one; it was similar to the bit he'd played five years ago that had skyrocketed him to fame and stardom. That had been merely a few scenes in an important picture. But it had suited him perfectly and he'd run away with it. The stars of the picture were forgotten while everybody—Hollywood and public alike—asked "Who is Riley Sloane? We want more Riley Sloane!" Inexperienced as I was, I knew that his Gerald in "Lost Melody" would be one of those parts you never forgot.

ONE evening Carlotta Fane came to see me. After she'd inquired for the patient, she said, "But I came really to see you, my dear. I had to warn you about Honey Hollister."

"Warn me?" Miss Fane was always dramatic, but this time she was deadly serious. "But I hardly know her."

"She's spreading the vilest possible things about you all over town. She's *insanely* jealous and I've always suspected—well, never mind that. She's insinuated that you and Riley are—that you're not here as a nurse, my dear." When I would have spoken, she stopped me. "I hope you'll forgive me for telling you. But you're young and inexperienced; you don't know what a woman like that can do."

"What can I do? I can't stop her—I can't leave."

Miss Fane shook her head. "I don't know. I thought of mentioning it to Riley—"

"No! Please don't. He'd only tell you he never wanted me here in the first place and what she says is no concern of his. I know him," I said bitterly.

I felt touched with something evil. Honey Hollister hated me for reasons of her own and I could do nothing about that, but gossip was something else. No matter what Chris said, no matter how it hurt me professionally, I was determined to leave. The longer I stayed, the more reason people would have for believing what Honey said.

Miss Fane went in to see Riley, who was well enough to be up that evening. Then Prudence Vickers came, and then Corky Smith, accompanied by some young actress whose name I never knew. It was like a small party. They gathered around Riley, laughing and talking, and I hovered in the background. As long as they didn't stay late enough to tire him, it would do him good to have company. After they'd gone, I would tell him I was leaving.

I felt Corky's sly gaze on me once or twice. Had he heard the gossip too? Had he come out of curiosity to see for himself if it was true?

Presently I slipped out the French doors to the terrace. Out there it was peaceful and beautiful, and nothing was evil. Early December, and it was like a moonlit spring night at home. Suddenly, desperately, I longed for home.

A shadow fell across the flagstones and I jumped. Corky Smith was standing beside me. "This is no place for a beautiful girl alone," he said.

I wanted to get away from him. "I'm just hired help. I don't mingle with guests."

"Don't be in such a hurry. I think you'd mingle fine." He slipped his arm around me. "Come on—mingle."

He bent his head and his lips, careless and yet possessive, lay on mine. It was a hateful kiss. I tried to pull away. He laughed and his arm tightened until I could hardly breathe. "What's the matter? Has the Great Lover really got you sewed up?"

I struck out angrily, but he was too much for me. I could scream—but I thought of the others in the living room, of adding fuel to the flame of gossip. He was bending me back against the pillar, his fingers biting into my arm, his

DOROTHY KILGALLEN

who knows her alphabet
of Broadway and Holly-
wood, gives her own
adroit definitions of the
latest from filmland in

MY HOLLYWOOD DICTIONARY

Coming Soon

mouth at my lips, my throat. Suddenly a voice spoke like a whip crack.

"Take your hands off her!"

Riley Sloane's big figure was blocked out against the doorway. Corky released me and turned. "So," he said, and laughed, "the little rumors I've heard are true."

WITH one long stride Riley crossed the terrace. His fist caught Corky on the point of the chin. He staggered backwards and brought up against the wall—hard. His girl, standing in the door with Carlotta and Miss Vickers, screamed.

For a moment he gathered himself together as if he would strike back at Riley. Then he gave a short laugh. "Sloane in the role of Galahad is too much for me to stomach," he said. "Come on, sugar." He took the girl's arm and they walked out in the sudden silence.

It was Prudence Vickers who broke it. "I must be going too. It's been such an interesting evening, Riley darling . . . coming, Carlotta?"

Miss Fane whispered something I was too shaken to understand, and then followed. Riley stood there like an image. We heard George showing them out.

"You shouldn't have hit him," I said unsteadily. "They'll say—"

"Don't tell me what I shouldn't have done! I couldn't stand to see him paw you—that's all."

"You saw him do it once before and laughed!" I was rubbing my arm where Corky's fingers had bruised it.

"Did he hurt you?" Riley demanded. Angrily he unbuttoned the long sleeve of my uniform and turned it back to the

spot where the skin was beginning to redden. He looked down at it and his fingers on my bare arm were gentle as a woman's. He gave an odd, muttered sound. Then his arms went around me and his face rested in my hair. "I could kill anybody who hurt you," he whispered.

I couldn't speak. This was like the magic of that other moment flooding through me, leaving me breathless, powerless. He tilted back my chin and when his lips met mine there was both asking and giving in the kiss. "Don't ever leave me . . . Always be here . . . Always. . . ."

How long we stood there I'll never know. Suddenly he let me go, stepped back, and fumbled for a cigarette. "Better put something on that arm," he said gruffly.

"Riley," I whispered. "Riley—"

"I'm going to bed," Riley Sloane said rudely. And walked away.

THE next day was Sunday. I breakfasted in my room, alone with the thoughts that had brought both pain and ecstasy all night. I was surprised to see Chris's gray coupe pull up in the driveway; he wasn't expected until noon and I didn't want to see him now.

But I went to meet him. He thrust a newspaper at me. "See this?" he demanded. It was folded to Prudence Vicker's Talk of the Town. The first paragraph leaped out. "It looks as if Wiley-Riley Sloane had a real heart interest at last. There was a slight flurry of fisticuffs last night at his house over the lovely young thing who's been his guardian angel for the past little while. It would seem . . ."

I couldn't read any further. ". . . you can't stay here any longer," Chris was saying. "The offer from the foundation came through last night, Kay! I'm to leave for the East next week and I'm going to take you with me. We can get married now."

I looked at him and it was like looking at a stranger. "Why didn't you say that last week?" I said bleakly. "Why didn't you take me away when I asked you to?"

"But I couldn't, Kay. Don't worry about this publicity. It's nasty, but people have short memories and once we're away—"

"It isn't only that. I can't marry you now, Chris. You've come too late."

He stared at me, his face paling. "What's changed you? Last week—" the words trailed off. "It's Sloane, isn't it? You're in love with him."

"Oh, I don't know!" I cried miserably. How could I tell him of last night? "I only know it wouldn't be fair to marry you now, feeling as I do," I finished lamely.

"I've been afraid of this," he said slowly, "ever since I knew you were coming here."

"But you wouldn't stop it. You wouldn't take a chance on what Justin or the world would think. You wouldn't take a chance of finding other work. You were afraid!"

"You've got to play it as you see it, Kay. I did only what I thought was right. The hell of it is—I've seen him falling in love with you. Oh, yes," he went on as I would have interrupted, "I've seen him look at you when you didn't know it. I've seen his improvement, his interest in his work. You did that. He may snarl at you but—even though he doesn't know it yet—he's in love with you."

My heart gave a great leap. "I don't believe it."

He laughed wryly. "It looks as though I'm trying to sell you on my rival. If I weren't a doctor, if he weren't my patient, I'd fight him with everything I had to get you. As it is, I'm in the position of taking away from a sick man the one thing that will cure him. But I didn't know you'd feel this way—I knew I was running a risk, but I thought—"

TAXI brakes squealed to a stop in the drive. The front door banged open. Honey Hollister, her blonde hair disordered and her eyes wild, stood on the threshold glaring at me. "You sneaking little wench!" She waved the newspaper at me. "Worming your way into this house, pretending to take care of him, while all the time—"

"Don't believe all you read in the newspapers, Miss Hollister," I said coldly.

"You think you're pretty clever, don't you, not letting me see him, keeping him to yourself."

"What goes on in here anyway?" Riley's weary voice said. He was standing at the inner door, looking at us.

She turned on him, her face a mask of fury. "You've fallen for her. Prudence Vickers knows it!" She was screaming hysterically and Chris started forward as if to calm her. "The whole world knows it!"

"You were always one to jump at conclusions, Honey," Riley said. "But what of it if I have?"

"I'll show you what of it! I'll make you wish you'd never seen her. I'll—" She fumbled in her bag, and suddenly I was looking at the mouth of a blue-black gun pointed directly at me. The eyes above it were insane.

CHRIS and Riley moved at the same instant. Riley knocked the gun toward the ceiling and Chris grabbed the woman. There was a blinding explosion and a bullet went harmlessly over our heads. Honey twisted in Chris's grasp—and then froze. She made a strange gasping sound and pitched forward. He caught her as she fell.

The shot still echoed in my ears, as if the sound had gone on and on for hours. Honey's face had gone gray. Her body jerked once as he laid it on the couch, and then lay still. It had a dreadful stillness.

Like a slow-motion film, I watched Chris bend over her. I saw him look at her eyes. Riley and I were rooted in our places. After what could have been a year Chris straightened.

"It's her heart," he said briefly. Riley nodded. "It's been bad. She—took drugs."

"I'd have guessed it." Chris looked at us, his gaze lingering on me. "I'll have to report this, of course. She's—dead."

I saw Riley's sudden start, felt my own knees buckle. "She can't be," I cried. "She can't be dead."

"I'm sorry but—she is. I'll have to telephone."

"Just a minute." At the tone in Riley's voice, Chris stopped. We both looked at him. He was staring down at the tossed blonde hair, that still slender body, and his eyes were haunted. "Before you telephone, there's something you ought to know," he said dully. "Honey Hollister is—my wife."

At last Riley's defenses are down. The admission he is forced to make turns him into a changed man; the consequences of that admission vitally affect his life—and Kay's. Continued in February PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

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That's Wright!

(Continued from page 44) on Teresa in the usual, unspectacular, unglamorous, Wright wonder-working way.

Mr. Teresa Wright—who will poke us in the nose for calling him that—is an up-and-at-'em Hollywood writer named Niven Busch. He's a tall, good-looking, well-turned-out guy in his thirties who was story editor at the Great Goldwyn's when lightning hit Sam as he gazed at Teresa emoting in "Life With Father" and moved him to unbuckle one of his best star-making contracts.

Wooing Teresa presented Mr. Busch with a problem.

Teresa suffered from a horror of glamorous gossip columns. When Mr. Busch asked her to dinner, she said fine, if he'd dodge the glamour cafes.

Niven came up with Olvera Street, the Los Angeles Mexican street where tourists send home jumping beans and hum La Golondrina in cocktail tenors while absorbing atmosphere. For dinner, Teresa drew a tired tamale (which almost burnt her in two) and for this eye-watering treat noted that her escort parted with exactly twenty-five cents.

We don't know whether his elegance impressed Teresa or whether she thought a guy smart enough to burn out a girl's appetite right at the start had something on the ball. Anyway, it wasn't long until she was wearing an engagement ring and Walter Pidgeon, that old reprobate, was kidding her about it on the "Mrs. Miniver" set.

THE Busches were wed quietly just a half block from where they now live, out in the San Fernando Valley at Teresa's new sister-in-law's. Only a few pals on each side were present and the Goldwyn Studio, which likes publicity even as the next one, put a ban on photographers. This was right after "Pride Of The Yankees" finished shooting and the publicity would have been welcome. But, "No," said Teresa. "Glamour might jinx the wedding."

The honeymoon comes next—on this unglamour subject. The first night the bridal pair drove and drove, peering expectantly for a honeymoon hotel en route complete with rose bowers, babbling brooks, nightingales and things. Nothing gave. Finally the bride and groom wound up in tiny King City's only tavern, in a room with squeaking floorboards, ripped blinds, a cast-iron bedstead and the sweet song of trucks clanking by on the highway beneath. The tariff was three dollars.

"A classic example of too much for too little," commented Teresa.

Teresa and Niven Busch dwell today in a cozy Van Nuys retreat spotted with walnut trees, flowers and a nice swimming pool. What time Mrs. B. has had away from the camera has been spent there—although that hasn't been very much.

The week she returned from the honeymoon, Teresa hopped right back up north to Santa Rosa for "Shadow Of A Doubt" with hardly time to hang up her trousseau. The four weeks before we saw Teresa she had been working sixteen hours a day doing day and night scenes.

Fortunately, Teresa is the kind of hundred-percenter who doesn't mind foregoing glamour and missing fun as long as she's knee-deep in a part. She tears herself to pieces, gets a nervous tummy, loses weight, thinks, eats and breathes what she's doing.

All this traces very much back to the do-or-die traditions of Teresa's past.

So we'd better give out with some biography.

She was born in New York City twenty-four years ago and grew up in Maplewood, New Jersey. She had an insurance salesman papa who oddly enough thought it was swell if she wanted to act for a living. She also had a teacher who told her she had real talent and so Teresa was a cinch to get mixed up with those summer "straw hat" theaters in barns, garages and old woodsheds that clutter up New England in the good old summertime.

The Wharf Theater in Providence, Rhode Island, got her off to a good start, as it had young hopefuls like Bette Davis and Henry Fonda, years back. That led to a job understudying Dorothy Maguire, who was then doing "Our Town" on the road. Another "straw hat" season at a place called Tamworth and Teresa was ready for Broadway. Strangely enough, too, Broadway was ready for her. All that happened was that Teresa read a part in "Life With Father" for the producer, Oscar Serlin, and she got the part. She got it because she was good, that's absolutely the only reason. Because, as we said, Mr. Serlin had his heart set on a buxom blonde and Teresa is a tiny brunette.

Two seasons with the hit "Life With Father" rolled around before Goldwyn, on a tip from the playwright, Lillian Hellman, flew to New York just to see our Teresa in action. He started figuring out the terms of the contract before the first act was over.

So Teresa came to Hollywood lugging along the age-old doubts about Hollywood and with Broadway advice about letting Hollywood remake her ringing in her ears.

WELL—all the glamorizing Teresa got at Goldwyn's was a nice new lucite-handled hairbrush and Sam's instruction, "Go home and brush your hair 100 strokes in the morning and 150 strokes at night. I want," said Sam, "you to be natural in every department!"

Teresa even took pains when she first came to live in Hollywood like a mouse, first with nonprofessional friends, then at the Hollywood Roosevelt alone with her hairbrush and, finally, in a Beverly Hills apartment perched over a garage.



"Not the glamour type," agreed the studio about Teresa Wright after one look at this knee-high siren pose

A lot of this sidestepping of Hollywood publicity has vanished by now from Teresa's life, but the town, as a whole, still doesn't know her. That's because Teresa has been working night and day or getting acquainted with her husband.

Most of their spare time, if and when, the Busches spend at home surrounded by in-laws, the Winston Millers, whose wife is Niven's sister, and the Johnny Mahins, whose wife, Patsy Ruth Miller, is Winston's sister. A couple of other Hollywood writers and their families complete their set. It's a Sunday evening barbecue-and-swimming-pool set, with neighbors dropping in and kids spraying everyone with dive-splashes.

THIS doesn't necessarily mean Teresa is domestic. Fact is, she can barely fry an egg. She can't sew, either. One of these days, she says, she wants five children and she's already talking about only two pictures a year to permit a little home life.

With people who know her, Teresa has a pretty tomboyish reputation for fun. "She never laughs," a friend of hers told us, "Teresa whoops." She's always in for anything, loves games, parties and people.

She doesn't sculpt, paint, write poetry, or play the zither. She likes to read, but always optimistic stories; heavy stuff gives her the willies. She likes average everyday music, everyday food, everyday clothes, with suits on the preferred list, and slacks and sweaters around home. She goes for a massage when she's tied up in nerve knots but hasn't ever followed a figure-conditioning program in her life. Her worse petty vices are candy bars between meals and drive-in feasts at night. The gal hadn't even worn French heels until Gary Cooper's timber-topping tallness made her put them on in "Pride Of The Yankees." Then her ankles ached for weeks.

IN fact, the only luxurious outcome of Teresa's rise to Hollywood fame so far has been the starting of a set of table silver and the plush habit of sleeping in silk nightgowns. That is mighty poor pickings to ballyhoo a star as big as Teresa Wright is bound to be. So, let's face it: What Teresa is going to get by on from now on out is just that one little thing that got her where she is today—her acting.

Someday, if she sticks around Hollywood long enough, perhaps Glamour may reach out and seize Teresa by her skittish skirts in spite of all she can do. Already there are faint omens of a Wright rebellion.

The other night Teresa rolled in from the Santa Rosa location, dog-tired, with every intention of hitting the hay with her neighboring Van Nuys chickens. The Hollywood Canteen was opening that night with stars and bars and fancy cars. Niven casually mentioned it. "I suppose," he observed, "with your eight o'clock call you'd better get to bed."

"Why should I?" countered Teresa, almost shocking her husband out of his easy chair. "What's the use of working like this if you can't enjoy yourself once in a while? I say let's go!"

So they did and what's more made a night of it afterwards at Ciro's until three in the dawning, leaving Teresa four hours' beauty sleep for the camera.

Horrible Hollywood might get Teresa yet—if she doesn't watch out. It's just barely possible.

The End.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Keep 'em Smiling

(Continued from page 35) she could introduce him to "a nice girl who owned a washing machine." It was Claudette Colbert, trying gently to find out what her soldier guests would like most, who discovered that at least five of them yearned for the use of a large bath tub apiece, "with plenty of time to bask, plenty of large towels, plenty of magazines to read while basking."

As for more general suggestions . . . well, Linda Darnell has toured and toured and has met hundreds of men. She says, "Maybe it sounds trite now to emphasize the importance of letters. But it wouldn't if you had seen, as I have scores of times, the tattered, dog-eared letters the men whip out of their pockets to show you! If you could see that, you'd write until you had writer's cramp *plus*. If you're lucky enough to have a man of your own in the service, do write to him every day.

"The important thing about writing so often is that you will put down all the little things . . . tell him whom you saw at the grocery and the Red Cross meeting. You'll remember to tell him who sent him a message and you won't forget the little joke on the next-door neighbor.

"It isn't enough just to send him the home-town paper," she went on. "Read that paper and pencil in your own comments in the margins—gay ones, impertinent ones, sentimental ones. Make it a 'special edition' for *him*. Don't think of it as reaching him at a camp which is near his home. Remember, it may catch up with him when he is in a jungle or a desert or when he is sailing from some far port."

But Linda cautions us about presents. "I talked with one private," she said, "who had just received a terrific package from home. All the relatives had chipped in and there was a portable radio, an electric clock (for goodness sake!), boot trees, sweaters, leather kits for one thing and another, brushes, all sorts of impedimenta. The soldier was almost tearful. He said, 'They spent money they couldn't spare for these things! I'm going to be moved next week and I can't take it with me. If they'd just sent shaving cream and cigarets and sox and chocolate . . . They're so good to me. But what shall I say to them?'"

Don't embarrass your soldier with that problem. If you don't know exactly what he wants and needs, *ask* him. But remember, to begin with, that he will have to carry his belongings in his pack on his back.

MICHELE MORGAN has made a gay romp of furnishing smiles (in small packages) for service men she meets. You can do it, too, if you have as much interest and enthusiasm as Michele has. She gets in touch with the man's family and enlists their co-operation. Then she assembles news clippings, round-robin letters and what not. She gets snapshots of his mother, his best girl, his dog, his kid brother, his next-door neighbor, his back yard. She pastes all this in a tiny book, one which will fit into a soldier's pocket, and then she writes him a note, enclosing her own autograph. A pint-sized package—just for him. Can you imagine how much pleasure it gives him?

Ann Sheridan doesn't think that the girls who live near Army camps are doing enough. "They must," she urges, "plan parties; they must dance their feet off (there are never enough girls to go 'round); they must make conversation

How to keep peace in the family

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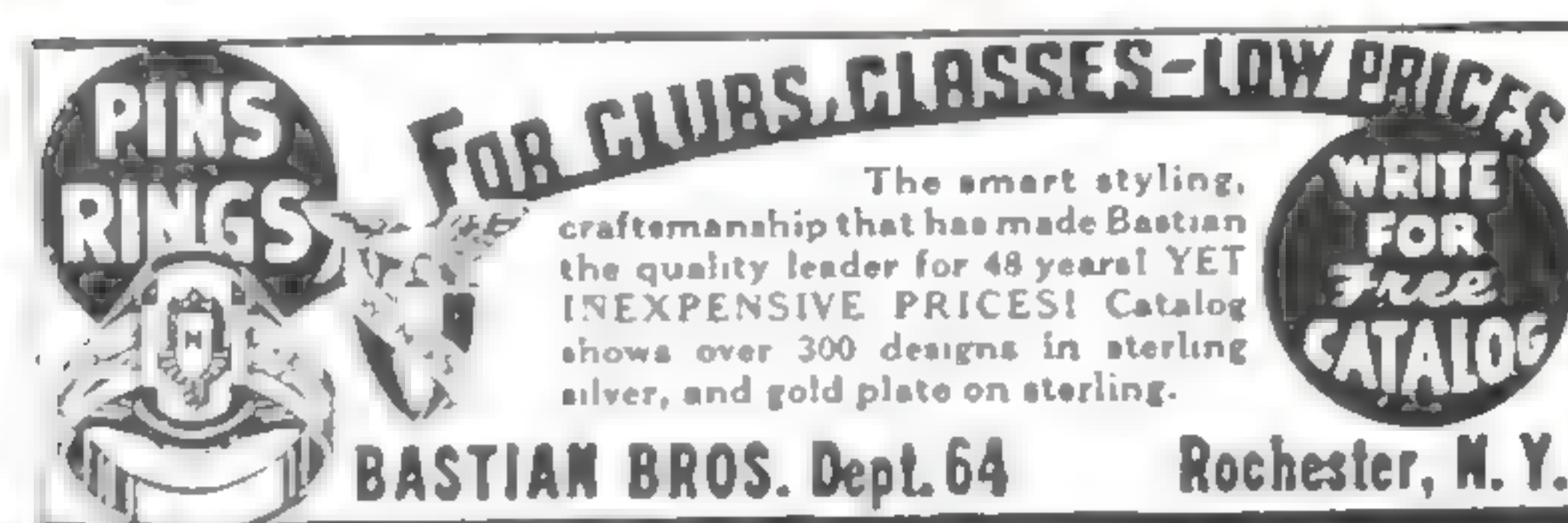
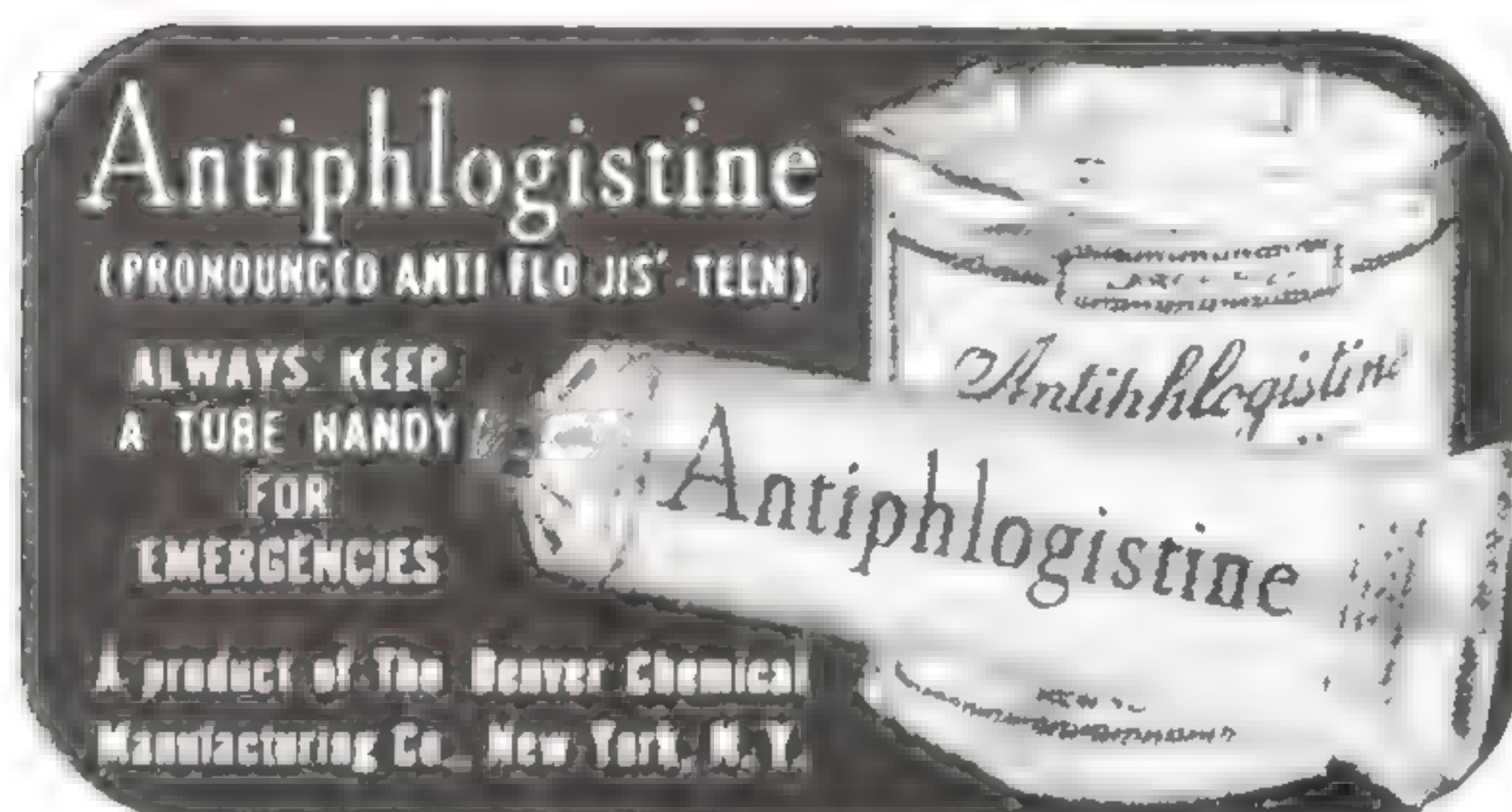
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for homesick boys; they must try to give the men fun and music and color and laughs. They must make cakes and take long trips on buses, even if the weather is foul."

Ann is pretty wrought up about all this. "Remember," she keeps saying, "they're doing everything for us—giving up homes, jobs, families, health, lives. Sit down quietly for a few minutes and try to think what these men are doing and what it may mean to all of us!"

"Then, if you're lucky enough to date with a service man, I hope you'll think it's a privilege. Maybe you're pretty and maybe you've been pampered all your life. Maybe you're accustomed to being pettish about what you want to do for the evening. Well, this time, have the good taste to know that it's his party. It's important that he have fun. Let him decide whether you'll dance or go to the hot-dog stand or whether you'll sit at your house over a pan of fudge!"

"It's our turn now—yours and mine—to try to please. And it isn't just one or a dozen or a thousand of us gals who are important. It's all of us. It's our job to keep 'em smiling! Let's do our best!"

SO, you go to see them, you dress to please them, you write to them, cook for them, dance with them, send them presents, give them music and color and fun. You can even mother them a little, if you're the type. It all counts. You still can't do anything for them which is half as important as what they're doing for you.

Jeanette MacDonald is still giving those Sunday parties for service men which she and Gene Raymond started long before Gene went into the service. Jeanette provides pretty girls and she has, in addition, tennis courts, badminton courts, a swimming pool, all sorts of equipment for games and terraces for just lounging and talking. Even Jeanette admits that it takes a little tact and patience to make a party "jell." "The men may be shy at first," she says. "I have to count on the girls to help me make them feel at home. I never urge anyone to do anything just at first. The men are ordered about enough at camp without being nudged into playing games when they come to a party!"

"I just try to see that everyone meets everyone and then, since they are all young and flexible, I count on them to find what they want to do. Anyhow, no one clucks at them!"

"THEY seem to relax faster if you feed them!" says Jeanette. So she provides platters of sandwiches, bowls of cookies, candies, nuts, soft drinks to occupy them during the hours before a rather tremendous buffet supper is served. After that the party is sure to become intimate. Jeanette sings for them and they all sing determinedly for her. She likes to tell about the wistful youth who asked her if she would sing "my mother's favorite song." Jeanette grew quite dewy-eyed, hoping she would know the song. It turned out to be "Frankie And Johnnie" and Jeanette astounded her soldier-guest by getting into the groove and giving the song the works with all the verses. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet my mother will hardly believe it!"

Jeanette is urgent about remembering that you don't know your guests' tastes when you invite service men to your home. "Maybe one or two want to huddle in a corner and play Sibelius records, maybe another one wants to browse among your books and magazines. Maybe another one wants to show off by standing on his head on the terrace. One

or two always want 'just to sit and rest.' Remember—whether you're entertaining one service man or ninety they know what they want to do. You just try to see that they are allowed to do it!"

HERE are some brief tips from other stars who've been investigating. Ginger Rogers found that the men who came to her house wanted nothing so much as to play with the famous soda fountain. "They squirted syrup and scooped ice cream," she reports. "And when we ran absolutely out of 'the makings' at the fountain, they wanted to—and did—go into the kitchen and fuss with pancakes and scrambled eggs. It's been like that every time. Any man who hasn't been on recent 'K. P.' duty apparently yearns to do something or other with a spoon and a pan or a griddle!"

Arleen Whelan says, "Maybe you want to send your man a magazine subscription. Well, maybe it will be chasing him all over the globe. Why don't you send your subscription to the U. S. O. center where your man is stationed? Then all the other lads will enjoy it. And remember that some of them want technical books and magazines about art. But, if you're in doubt, they all like movie magazines!"

"It's swell to want to send letters and presents to men who haven't families. But there's been some doubt in military circles about whether service men should correspond with people they don't know. Just address the chaplain at any Army or Navy or Marine post, if you want to do something for boys who haven't families. He'll tell you what you can do. He probably knows, better than anyone, how important it is to keep 'em smiling!"

BARBARA STANWYCK has been pleased and flattered no end when the service men she and Bob Taylor have entertained have imitated her own little tongue-click (remember . . . in "Ball Of Fire?") to express approval. Babs says they have tongue-clicked over (1) a particularly lush evening frock (worn by Barbara); (2) a thick steak (with trimmings); (3) some especially "hot" music; (4) some sleek little slacks (worn by a girl at the next table); (5) an invitation to spend a Sunday, doing nothing in particular, with the Taylors.

"That," says Barbara, "should give you a rough idea, I suppose, of what will please a service man."

There have been no complaints, to date, that the Taylors haven't succeeded in pleasing the men.

Mary Martin adds, "There is no mystery about it. The boys in the service are the same boys we all knew before they went to war. What you have to remember is that their lives are a little stereotyped now and that they may be a little homesick. Since we all know them so well, it doesn't take much imagination to know what will make them laugh or sing or dance. It doesn't take much ingenuity to think of what will interest them in their spare moments."

"The important thing is that we must think about it. We must let them know that we all care what happens to them . . . whether they are happy or not. Send him a song or a bow tie or a box of pretzels. Send him a postcard or a jigsaw puzzle. But send him your love, your confidence, your faith in him, your gratitude for what he's doing. Let him know that you know that he is the most important man in the world today! Make your message to him sing!"

"If you make one soldier smile, you'll help! Believe me!"

The End.

"Alaska Here I Come!"

(Continued from page 18) when a private walks up to you, grabs you by the hand and says, "Just want to thank you for the boys." If a colonel said that, or a major, it wouldn't mean so much. But kids are usually so flippy, don't get down to that kind of sentiment, especially with a man. When they do, it gets you where you live.

Three sailors walked up to our table one night, a place in Anchorage. They wanted to buy us a drink. "We're having champagne cocktails," I kidded them. "Give us the money instead!" Few minutes later, a waitress walked over with eight champagne cocktails, two apiece for the four of us. "The sailors sent them over," she told us. "They just told me to say 'Good Luck.'" They were wishing us good luck. You think those Japs won't be flap-japs with guys like that out after 'em? They left, too, the three sailors. They didn't stay in the bar, hang around. They'd said what they had to say.

And another thing: When Frances Langford sang to the boys, standing there in the rain and cold, perhaps shivering a little, sang "You Made Me Love You," "Embraceable You" and "Take Me," which went over big up there, and the kids looked up at her with tears in their eyes, the gags didn't trip off my tongue as usual. On account of my heart was running the blockade of my throat.

But we all felt we were doing something, really doing something. It made me glad to be an entertainer, the kind of an entertainer I am, paid to give laughs. And proud of it. We all felt the same way, our little troupe of three stout men, Jerry Colonna, Tony Romano, our guitar player, and me—and one slim woman, Frances Langford.

HOW come we took that trip? Reading about Joe E. Brown going up there some months ago put the bug in my head. He did a magnificent job—and do those kids love him! Edgar Bergen did a swell job, too.

We were all set to go when it looked like the deal was off. The trip had been arranged by the agency for my radio show and the Army Personnel. At the last minute it was decided that, due to uncertain weather conditions which might make it impossible for us to get back to Seattle for our Tuesday night shows, it was too precarious. When I thought the trip was nixed I knew how much I really wanted to go. So I wired General Buckner, in command of the Alaskan territory, direct. "We are four disappointed thespians with witty sayings and songs who would like to make this trip. Please give us your okay and we will take our chances with the weather," I said. The General wired back "Okay." Or that's what he meant.

We had to have special permits from Washington, of course, before we could leave, had to be fingerprinted and take our orders from the Army. There are details of the trip I cannot talk about for to do so would be to disclose military secrets.

With the take-off date set, I was a little frightened, I admit. And I'm not easily frightened. But when I'd tell folks I was going to Alaska 'No kidding,' they'd say, 'how long you going to stay there?' Might have thought we were going to Mars. I didn't know what to expect. Thought they'd do everything by dog team. And when I first got there, I picked at the food.

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Imagined it all came in tins, and pretty tired tins, too, after a long hard season.

Then there was the sub-zero weather to face. I faced. I tell you I caught a cold just thinking about the cold!

As a precautionary measure, I went to Wardrobe here on the Paramount lot (Advt: where I am now making "Star-Spangled Rhythm") and had the man

harge give us some knee-high galoshes. And I wish you could have seen the underwear! Made the old red flannels look like crêpe de chine. Also out- myself with a scarf big enough to wrap your whole body in. We dug up four parkas, too. (Byrd wore one, didn't he?) Which we didn't need but couldn't park. So had to carry around with us, to Umnak and back. (Get us in the parkas, peeking over the rim of a fox hole. We had to get our baggage-checks' worth of those parkas!) Matter of fact, we hit only a couple of bad spots and they were in the Aleutians. We flew from Seattle to Ladd Field in Fairbanks, fourteen hours over the greatest country I have ever seen. The Rockies, the glaciers, the kind of country in which giants live. I was so thrilled by the terrific beauty of it when I got up there that I want to go back in January, and probably will.

FACT, one of the gags that went over best was when I'd say to the kids, "Great country, this. When the Big Beef is over, we'll come up here and go hunting and fishing." The "Boo's" that greeted that crack split the neighboring Pole down its middle.

There were four of us made the trip, as I said, Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, Tony Romano, our guitar player, and Hope. The guitar player was very, very valuable. We'd been told that we'd run into a shortage of pianos up there and that those we'd find would be arthritic. So, if we hadn't had Tony along we would not have had any accompaniment most places. That Umnak, for one.

I'll never forget Frances for going up there. A girl to take a hazardous trip like that—and what a job she did! The soldiers will never forget her, either. The hand she got, every camp we played, will ring in her ears as long as she lives, I bet. She had, moreover, the distinction of being the only white woman ever to set foot in Umnak, six hundred miles west of Honolulu, Umnak is, if you want to have a rough idea of where we were. But "Umnak or bust" was our slogan. We'd heard the boys could use us up there.

WE did some fancy commuting. We left Los Angeles, by transport plane on the eighth and got into Seattle on the morning of the ninth. We wanted to leave for Alaska that night but the Pan-American planes were grounded and so we didn't get out of there until the twelfth. We played a few camps around the vicinity and then flew straight to Ladd Field in Fairbanks. Played all the camps we could reach around there, then flew back to Seattle for our first broadcast of the season. Flew to the Aleutians the next day, then back to Seattle again for our second broadcast. Carrier pigeons, the four of us.

All told, we played some thirty-five different camps, gave about fifty-two shows. It was touching, not only the rousing welcome they gave us when we arrived but their reluctance to have us go. Came time to take off they'd all be out there, officers and men, sniffing the air, squinting at the sky, shaking their heads

ominously. "Damn it, man," they'd say, "look at that weather! Afraid you're fogged in." We'd have to explain the importance of the time element and how we'd have to take our chances with the elements.

But one night they weren't kidding about weather conditions. We left Cordova that particular night, were up about ten minutes and flew into a storm of sleet and rain. We started flying blind. When we tried to come down at Anchorage, we could see the town lights but no landing field. Right up we went again, 13,000 feet. The radio went off.

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ONE OUT OF 10!

The pilots were yelling at each other. One of them called Frances, put the lifebelt around her, attached the parachute.

Then they put them on Colonna, Tony and me. We were really ready to bail out. I thought, *This is the most thrilling moment of my life.* I thought of one of the gags I used in the show. I had a routine where I'd be talking to myself. "Flying doesn't bother me," I'd say. "Had a couple of drinks and flew kind of blind." Laugh. Then I'd go on, "But little rough, don't you think we should have parachutes?" "Don't be silly," I'd answer myself, "the fellows with parachutes bailed out an hour ago!"

Funny, how differently a gag goes over in different locales. It didn't get a titter out of me, up there. For—*This may be the finish,* I thought. And Langford—what guts! Pardon a word no poet would use but there is no other word for it. Colonna, of course, was relying on his drooping handlebars to float him down. They finally threw up a lot of searchlights and we came down over Anchorage.

As we walked down the runway, lifebelts, parachutes and all, all Frances said was "Bob, let's go get an ice-cream soda!"

EVERY place we went the officers, Colonels and Generals and big-wigs of all rank, would just want to talk to you about things "back there." They'd ask all kinds of assorted questions about how things were in the States. They'd always ask me what picture I'd just finished and what my next would be. Said they wanted to "keep up on things." A lot of them had messages they wanted us to deliver to their wives and kids. One of them, Major L., asked me if I would call his wife, in Portland, when I got back to Seattle.

When we got to Seattle, Colonna put in the call. The conversation went something like this:

Colonna: "This is Jerry Colonna speaking."

Mrs. L.: "Who?"

Colonna: "Colonna, Jerry C-o-l-o-n-n-a." (He really had to sell himself, something he's out of practice at. It's been a long time since anyone doubted that Colonna was Colonna. How could they?) "Your husband, Major L., asked us to call you. Said to tell you—"

Mrs. L. (her skepticism increasing): "You mean Captain L."

Colonna: "No, Major. He shot down a few jobs. He's a Major now." (Mrs. L. had not heard of the promotion.)

Mrs. L.: "Well, who is 'us'?"

Colonna: "Bob Hope is here, too. Just a minute and I'll put him on."

There was silence down Portland way. I got on the phone. Finally I convinced Mrs. L. She put her kids on the phone, then a couple of friends, then the whole neighborhood. But the time we disconnected, we had put on a show!

We had a couple of funny experiences. Places we stayed. The Windsor Hotel in Cordova was one of those remodeled grocery stores with glass windows. I hadn't stayed in a place like that since I did tab shows and the managers of the local theaters would come around, peer at us through the plate glass, shake their heads and say, disgustedly, "I don't want them. Don't like their looks!"

Some of the gags the kids liked best were local slams. "Stopped at the Barracks back in Nome, boys," I'd say. "You know, big crap game, with a roof." Or, "We've been all over Alaska, went to Nome—Devil's Island, with blubber." Or, "Can't stand this cold weather, just finished a picture with Dottie Lamour!" That always got 'em.

I sang "Thanks For The Memory" and my pièce de résistance, vocally, was a parody of "Tangerine," titled "Gasoline!"

I did a speech at the end of each show, varying it according to the crowd. But the windup, however worded, meant the same thing. "Well, we're going on now, to the next camp. You may feel you're hidden away up here, but you're doing a very important job, you're having richer experiences just because it's where it is and you're where you are—on a forced picnic. And everyone in the States is conscious of you, getting behind you by doing war work, closer to you than you think."

I never meant anything more.

It was a swell trip, kids, and you were aces as an audience. And here's the thing, the most important thing I want to say to those of you who read these notes: What you fellows gave me I can never repay. For up there, knowing how you needed some laughs and being able to give them to you, well, you don't know how it lifted my morale. Made me proud of being a clown. Made me feel—what's the word—sort of worth while. So I say, "Thanks, fellows. . . ."

The End

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 7) had "Mrs. Miniver." I had seen that, so on to the other theater where the billing said: "Pied Piper." What! No Crawford, or Gable, or Stanwyck? This was terrible . . . well, I'd be a martyr . . . I could always leave in case. So, I went in to see "Pied Piper" with a chip on my shoulder. What a story!

Mr. Monty Woolley gave an inspired performance. Those children; so natural. Well, I never thought I'd ever see another picture as perfect as "Rebecca," but I did, and I will want to see "The Pied Piper" again!

Mrs. Marguerite Markmann,
Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

THANK you, Photoplay-Movie Mirror, for "Gentleman Of Courage" and thank you, George Murphy, for the comfort and courage your story brought to me. It has now been five months that I have been seriously ill. My doctor, family and friends insist that if I am ever to get well, I must never give up hope that I shall.

But it is only when learning of another who has experienced the fear and sense of defeat that come with illness, only to conquer it, that one can find the faith to believe that he too can win.

Miss J. Doyle,
Chicago, Ill.

WHEN "Tales Of Manhattan," with its imposing array of stars, was billed locally we expected something extra-special in screen fare. What a letdown! Boyer was his usual polished, flawless self, but la Hayworth was far from con-

vincing as his double-crossing mistress. For pure unadulterated ham, Charles Laughton took the cake.

The only real episode was the portrayal of the down-and-outer Avery Browne, by Edward Robinson.

You'll have to do better than that, Hollywood, or box-office receipts will surely fall.

Marion Ranton,
Toronto, Canada

I DON'T agree with the lady who in a recent issue said she would like to see the older stars leave the field to the youngsters. Cute little Grables and Hayworths, etc., can be found for a dime a dozen, but there's no depth or artistry connected with their work.

Nancy Lovett,
New York, N. Y.

CAN'T the Navy heroes of the movies be more authentic? I have a very dear friend who is a real Navy hero. He was a member of the Anti-Aircraft Crew and has been missing in action since March, 1941. He would never look so much a playboy. Why not have some real American type, like Glenn Ford or Dennis Morgan, portray the Navy heroes?

Marie Virginia Duncan,
Indianapolis, Ind.

THIS is a plea for Ruth Hussey. She deserves more than a supporting part or the lead in "B" pictures. She has all the requirements of a successful star; namely, a beautiful face, figure and especially acting ability. I'm sure other

intelligent Americans are rooting for Miss Hussey with me.

Jerry Crocker,
Washington, D. C.

WHAT'S wrong with these people saying Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner will soon fade out of the pictures? They may not be a second Bette Davis, but they've certainly got something the soldiers and sailors crave!

Jean Brown,
Hot Springs, Ark.

WHY is it all pictures have to do with the older generation? Why not give us more pictures that have to do with younger people? I think most kids like to have pictures pertaining to the younger group.

De Vera Hull,
Elkhart, Ind.

NOT so long ago I saw "Holiday Inn." It was one of those musical pictures that rate high with me. In it I discovered a new personality and one that's tops with me now. She sang with Crosby and danced with Astaire. That girl Marjorie Reynolds has what it takes.

Hope Rosch,
New Philadelphia, O.

AMERICA is going places, but fast, with men like Ronald Reagan to pave the way. He was one of the first to give up fame and fortune for a uniform and a gun.

I am proud to be an American and know there are men like Ronald to fight.

Donna McDonald,
Chicago, Ill.

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Greetings*

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And along with best wishes . . . a Christmas suggestion: on your gift list, put lots of PHILIP MORRIS Cigarettes in gay Holiday packages . . . fine to give, fine to get, America's FINEST Cigarette. CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!

Portrait of a Casual Sophisticate

(Continued from page 30) Nineties. He likes old book stores and antique shops.

He does not think the average person's life any happier now than it was a hundred years ago.

He believes talking pictures have lost much by leaving less to the imagination. His father was a silk importer of modest circumstances. He says pictures are meant to be seen rather than heard.

He was shy of girls as a youth and was given to silent and distant adoration.

Ronald Colman considers "Talk Of The Town" and "Random Harvest" his best pictures in years. He is five feet eleven inches tall.

His first job was as office boy for a British steamship company at two dollars and fifty cents per week.

He ranks principle above policy and fights stubbornly to keep faith with himself. He considers a man fortunate indeed who can afford to put up such a fight. He is descended from George Colman, of eighteenth century theatrical fame.

HIS closest friends are Charles Boyer and Herbert Marshall. He loathes being interviewed because in an exhibitionistic community he is one of the few who is genuinely shy and modest. He has never played gin rummy.

He was for years President of the Hollywood Division of British War Relief and is still indefatigable in war work. He is a director's delight, never needing directorial guidance, and takes an unselfish and paternal interest in advising the younger actors in his pictures.

He adores his gay and beautiful wife who is one of the most energetic women in the screen colony in sundry war activities. He loves good stories and chuckles warmly when the point is reached. He seldom carries a cigarette case, though he owns a fine collection.

He never drinks before six in the evening, then takes several Scotch highballs before dinner, and rarely anything after dinner. His wife works three nights a week, five hours each stretch, as a "spotter" in the Los Angeles air-raid charting room.

He serves on the Hollywood Victory Committee and is one of the few survivors of the original British Expeditionary Forces of World War I who wears a Mons Medal with the 1914 bar.

He recalls with wistful amusement that a London casting office once listed him as "Does Not Screen Well." He has con-

tributed to various causes during the past eighteen months more than a hundred thousand dollars of his radio time.

He is religiously punctual and becomes boyishly embarrassed and apologetic when he is unavoidably late. He is being hailed in Hollywood as the 1942 Academy Award winner for his performance in "Random Harvest." He has assiduously avoided acquiring histrionic tricks or mannerisms. His contributions to various war causes and charities average twenty-eight percent of his net income.

He recently went on an exhaustive Bond-selling tour for the Treasury Department at which time he visited Virginia City, ghost gold-mining town of Nevada. He addressed the hundred or so citizens of this picturesque old town in the famous Crystal Chandelier Bar; and at the end of his speech, said, "Well, I don't know what else to say to you—except—that the drinks are on me." Whereupon he went behind the bar and mixed the drinks.

His favorite story concerns an applicant for a commission in the Army who, on being asked whether there had been anything hereditary in his family—serious illnesses or accidents—thought a moment, then replied: "Well, when my mother was carrying me, my father struck her over the head with a victrola, but it never affected me . . . never affected me . . . never affected me . . . never affected me . . ."

His first picture was a two-reel comedy, which, to his great relief, was never released. He was disabled at Messines, near Ypres. He appeared in 1922 in "La Tendresse," supporting Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller. He was discovered in this by Henry King, the director, who gave him the male lead in "The White Sister," starring Lillian Gish. He played in Los Angeles in the road company of "East Is West" back in 1921, but the movie studios did not think him a good type.

The star of M-G-M's "Random Harvest" has a scar parallel with his right eyebrow which he got in a fall at the age of four.

Ronald Colman likes to quote from a George Bernard Shaw play in which the Irish dramatist admonishes play producers to leave the interpretation of a role at the discretion of the actor. He feels that he cannot too often remind Hollywood producers of the wisdom of this advice.

THE END

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Footnote to a word portrait of Ronald Colman: He adores his gay and beautiful wife, Benita Hume, one of the most energetic women in the screen colony's war work



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Who Says the Stars Are Perfect?

(Continued from page 57) The hair that cascades down the sides of her head to her shoulders is a "fall" the studio hair-dresser applies. In private life, instead of a "fall," Ida usually wears a snood on the back of her hair or a fancy handkerchief.

Back in the days when Van Heflin was not King Bee but king of the "B's" at RKO nobody was much concerned how he photographed. That was fine with Van, who never has had any wish to be a Robert Taylor. However, following Van's success opposite Katharine Hepburn in the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story" and his recall to Hollywood for a picture with Errol Flynn, M-G-M signed him—and went to work on him.

Van's hair, fine and soft, almost a baby fuzz, suits him to a T. But the studio prefers him with a thicker, smoother and straighter crop. To this end a make-up man applies a toupee or transformation over Van's hair before he steps before the camera.

"You're not the only toupee-er on the lot," a dozen Hollywood shieks, Preston Foster among them, could tell Van.

SOME defects aren't visual but oral.

Cute, blonde, round-eyed Virginia Gilmore never would have seen a studio had she listened to her friends. Virginia has a lisp.

"A lisping heroine! Ridiculous!" dear ones told Virginia. But she decided differently. And crashed Hollywood. Always, however, she's careful to avoid any word that might prove a tongue-twister.

Even the glorious Greer Garson, in the full bloom of her success, doesn't boast complete perfection. And thereby hangs an amusing tale. Beautiful as Greer's features are she looks the way most women do without make-up—not too glamorous.

When Greer leaves for the studios in the early gray morning she doesn't even stop to put on her "lips." And she ties a large handkerchief over her head to protect her bright hair from the wind.

Consequently when she arrives at the make-up department she looks not at all like Mrs. Miniver but very much like Mrs. Joe Citizen.

Judy Garland, after seeing "Mr. Chips," practically worshipped Greer. Day after day, when Greer first arrived on the M-G-M lot, Judy tried, in vain, to get a glimpse of her. Finally some old idol-crasher suggested Judy wait at the make-up department so she would be sure to see Greer when she came in. Judy waited.

Greer arrived. Casually Judy glanced in her direction and just as casually she glanced away again. It wasn't until Greer came out of the make-up department, in all her new glory, that Judy recognized her.

OF all the new players in Hollywood Nancy Coleman shows the greatest talent for strong dramatic acting. She's entirely content to let the Linda Darnells and the Donna Reeds take honors in beauty while she concentrates upon Academy nomination performances.

Nancy even wears dark glasses which feature those slant-eyed harlequin lenses and, often enough, give her a strange buglike appearance.

"I stopped being self-conscious about glasses when I was in my 'teens," Nancy often tells reporters. "When I first wore specks I remember being afraid the kids would make fun of me

and hiding my glasses whenever anyone came into view. It wasn't long, of course, before the boys and girls realized what I was doing. Whereupon they began making fun of me. Whereupon I started wearing my glasses all the time so they wouldn't catch me unawares. That spoiled the fun!"

Columnists on the New York papers frequently commented on Ann Rutherford's harlequin lens when they spied her at Twenty-One, the Stork, Morocco and the other rendezvous where a girl from Hollywood might be expected to strut her stuff. "I wear them—so what!" is Ann's healthy attitude.

SOME years ago when Joan Bennett and Gene Markey were married they frequently lunched at the Vendome. "Darling," Gene protested one day as he followed Joan to a prominent table, "you walked right past So and So, without even a nod, and she was waving frantically at you!"

Joan, looking horrified, promptly reached into her bag, extracted her horn-rimmed glasses and determinedly set them on her beautiful Bennett nose.

Before Ronald Reagan went into the army he wore contact lens. These frameless glasses, made in the shape of the eyeball, slip in under the lower and upper lid and cover the eye. Unless the light strikes these lens at a certain angle they aren't perceptible at all. Many stage stars and debutante glamour girls wear contact lens.

Martha Scott's another star who belongs in the line-up of those who wear glasses—proving Dorothy Parker was wrong when she said men never make passes at girls—and so on. Beyond a few feet Martha sees only dimly.

At the Vine Street Brown Derby the chef daily features some figure carved of ice. One day a large ice carving of an Indian on a horse was displayed. To Martha's blurred vision this looked like an old friend. She bowed to it sweetly and swept on to her booth.

It isn't only the Hollywood boys who have physique trouble, incidentally. For years Hedy Lamarr thought she had to go around in almost ankle-length dirndl dresses. Then along came "White Cargo" in which Hedy wore a "lurong" that exposed her legs and her thighs. There were whistles but no catcalls when this picture was shown. Immediately Hedy marched out and bought herself a new wardrobe in which all her dresses, including dinner gowns, are of a new length that comes just below her knees.

Physical imperfections, as you must realize for yourself by this time, should never be accepted as handicaps. If you have some defect that keeps that inferiority complex working overtime on its destructive job remember the movie stars.

Remember, among others, Alexis Smith whose figure is quite boyish . . . Carole Landis who's the opposite . . . Ginger Rogers and Rosalind Russell who wish they had a schoolgirl complexion . . . Brenda Marshall whose lovely widow's peak is shaved that way for photographic purposes . . . and allow nothing to stand in your way.

If we may paraphrase, and we feel one coming on:

To have defects is human
To overcome them is divine
And smart, too!

THE END

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Enter Paul Henreid

(Continued from page 37) years as Years of Struggle, dedicated to hard work—and inadequate meals and despair, alternated with moments of sharp triumph. All of which is true, except the despair and the general impression that his life was dull. It was anything but that. He was, after all, tall and handsome and lusty, and this was Vienna, the gayest of cities.

One night, at a party given by a rich acquaintance, he met two young ladies, the first extremely blonde and the other just as brunette. Now Paul was suffering from the effects of a recent broken engagement; he was ready for a bit of feminine flirtation, and he chose the blonde for the evening. She was an English girl. "I had," he recalls, "a tremendous flirt with her." When the party broke up the brunette offered him a lift in her car. "On the way," explains Mr. Henreid, "I observed that she wasn't so bad, either. So we went up to the Kobenzel Castle, which overlooks the Danube, and drank champagne and waltzed and fell in love until four in the morning."

He married her a few months later. She had a dress-designing shop in Vienna and, when an English producer offered him a hundred pounds a week to do a show in London, she resisted the change violently, at last refusing to discuss it any further. He went to England alone. In the end, however, by way of a compromise she began to commute between duty and love, flying back and forth once each month. It was 1935. She was with Paul when Hitler accomplished the Anschluss in 1938.

LAST year, when he took out his first American citizenship papers, the clerk said, "You were born in Trieste. That makes you Italian."

"No. I was born a Swedish citizen."

"But you came to America on an Austrian passport."

"Yes, because Trieste belonged to Austria in 1908. The Austrian quota was full for another two years, but the Italian quota was nearly empty."

"Still, you came from England, and your residence was there."

"Yes, for four and a half years."

"Oh, the devil with it," said the clerk, thumping the papers angrily with his stamp. At times Henreid has been of the same opinion. The comfortable opu-

lence of Hollywood and the free spirit of America have, to him, all the dream properties of an opium jag. The two deep lines of strain that come down to the corners of his mouth, producing that worldly look so fascinating to women seeing him in "Night Train" and "Joan Of Paris", are slowly being ironed out. Now, he tells you with wonder, he can work hard and enjoy it, play tennis or ride or swim in his pool, or he can give dinner parties for all of his new friends—without having to sneak some of them through the pantry for fear of the secret police.

IN a town of picture people who take such things for granted, he is like a small boy with a circus all to himself. He has a gargantuan capacity for enjoyment. Put him at a table in Chasen's restaurant and he will eat Vienna Schnitzel and crepes suzette in a manner that would have endeared him to Diamond Jim Brady. He rides the Brentwood bridge trails hell-bent for leather and he ploughs around his pool as if there were crocodiles after him.

Allow him to sit up until dawn, arguing politics and world affairs with a few cronies and he is almost civil before lunch for several days. He will talk to anybody about anything except, just at present, about a certain experience he had with a spy in London, and his opinion of American women. The first made a good story, and he told it to a writer for publication. The writer reported some weeks later that his editor had rejected it as too fantastic to be true.

Another writer duly printed what he had to say about the American female, which was that they were more gracious and charming and a lot prettier than European women. After the article appeared, a stranger accosted him on the street one evening and said, "Why do you make up such lies about American girls? They are none of the things you say!"

Although still somewhat shaken by this experience, Henreid refuses to change his opinion. "American girls," he says, reaching for the nearest feminine hand and giving it a courtly buss, "are like everything else American—as you say, my dish."

THE END



Paul and his "Lisel" met at a party in Vienna, were married a few months later, were refugees in England together, and now share a Hollywood happiness that keeps them in a "pinch-me-it's-true" mood

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 4)

✓✓ The Navy Comes Through (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A broken officer whose loyalty cannot be shaken.

A SWELL service picture, this one, with each character standing out like a silhouette against the sky. And what's more, the story has a twang of newness about it, concerning itself with an officer who is accused and found guilty of negligence and thereby loses his commission.

Loyalty drives the disgraced officer to enlist as a plain seaman and, of course, in true movie fashion he finds himself under the command of the petty officer who accused him at the trial.

The capturing of a German supply ship is a thrilling moment even if the accomplishment of the feat seems a bit too simple.

George Murphy is tops as the demoted officer, Pat O'Brien just right as the petty officer, Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz, who comes from Cuba to "free" America, and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers. Jane Wyatt is very good as the Army nurse and Carl Esmond a hit as the sailor-musician.

Your Reviewer Says: Good solid movie stuff.

✓ Thunder Birds (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school.

INFORMATIVE, entertaining and colorful is this story of how our boys, as well as English and Chinese lads, are trained for flying at Thunderbird Field in Arizona. The scenic effects are terrific and the story engrossing, dealing with the patience and understanding of an American flying instructor for an English student who suffers from the fear of falling.

The fact the two are rivals for the affections of Gene Tierney, rancher's daughter, lends strength and a measure of sterling quality to the actions of the characters. Preston Foster is so manly as the American instructor. John Sutton, who seems a bit too old for the young Englishman, is still most likeable. Miss Tierney is beautiful but has little to do. However, all parties concerned must take second place to the interesting flying sequences. Jack Holt, Dame Mae Whitty, Richard Haydn and George Barbier make up the excellent cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Of interest to everyone.

✓✓ Journey For Margaret (M-G-M)

It's About: The harrowing experiences of English children orphaned and homeless.

THE story of "Journey For Margaret" in printed form was one of those gems of literature that can never be forgotten, so poignant, so tragic is its theme of suffering, bewildered little children made victims of war. It comes to the screen now in a translation to touch the heart

of every movie-goer who will suffer and marvel in turn at the resultant horror of this present catastrophe and the skill and perfection of four- and five-year-old children on the screen.

We feel the fumbling direction of Major W. S. Van Dyke II (as he is billed) somewhat mars the beautiful story. A man with more understanding in the direction of children should have been chosen. This is the picture's one fault.

Robert Young is brilliant as the American foreign correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter. The love of the children for Mr. Young prompts him to take them home to America to his waiting wife Laraine Day. Too much, of course, cannot be said for little Severn and O'Brien.

Nigel Bruce, Doris Lloyd and Elisabeth Risdon highlight the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Be American and see this picture.

The Falcon's Brother (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The end of the famous sleuth and the beginning of a new one.

GEORGE SANDERS bows out of the famous "Falcon" series, a hero who gave his life to save that of a foreign diplomat, and his own real-life brother Tom Conway takes over.

The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with the insertion of a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine.

Pretty girls, gowns, fashions, Jane Randolph as a reporter, Don Barclay as a comic, and Keye Luke as a chief sidekick, roam in and out of a fumble-mumble tale that isn't worth any of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Poor stuff indeed.

✓ I Married A Witch (The Cinema Guild-U. A.)

It's About: A witch becomes a mortal and a wife.

A WHIMSICAL little fantasy that will puzzle and entertain at the same time is this Thorne Smith tale that has a witch and her sorcerer father burned at the stake during Colonial Days and returning 270 years later from their grave beneath an old oak to haunt the descendant of the man who denounced them.

Veronica Lake is the teasing, determined witch. Fredric March, engaged to marry Susan Hayward and about to become Governor, is her victim. Cecil Kellaway is Veronica's very nasty old father. "Be a bad girl," he cautions her when he decides to give her a body like other mortals. And Veronica does what Papa tells her, to the amusement of the audience and horror of Freddy.

The wedding scene with Fredric trying to marry Susan and Veronica interfering is very amusing. Robert Benchley as Fredric's pal is droll, to say the least.

If one can accept the whimsy-pooch quality as just so much milarky and refuse to take it seriously, a good time should be had by all.

Your Reviewer Says: Odd but funny.

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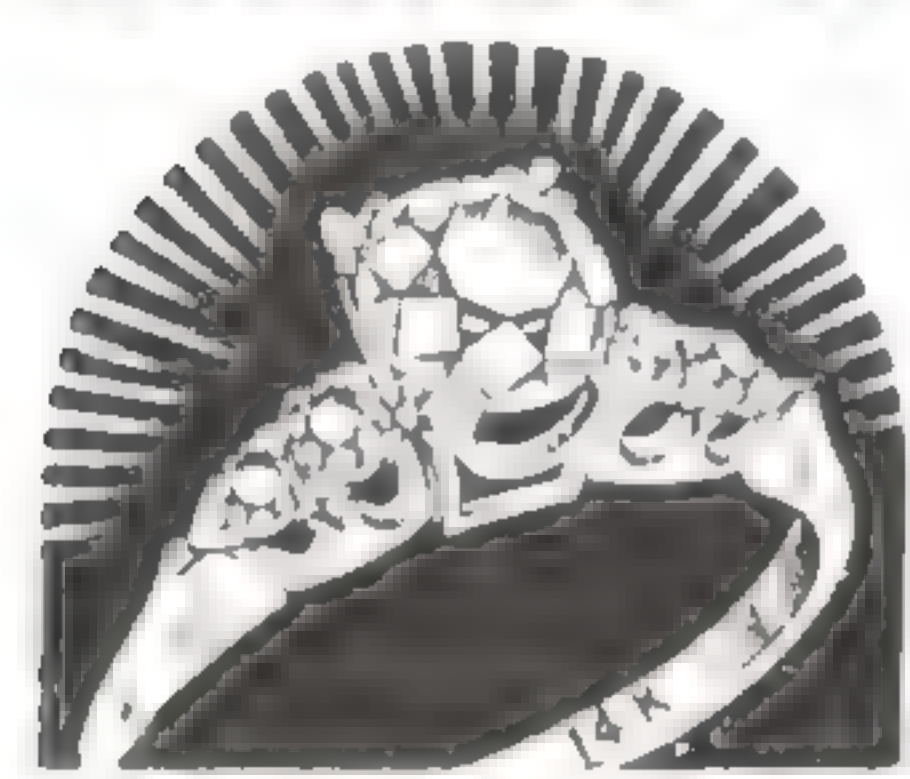


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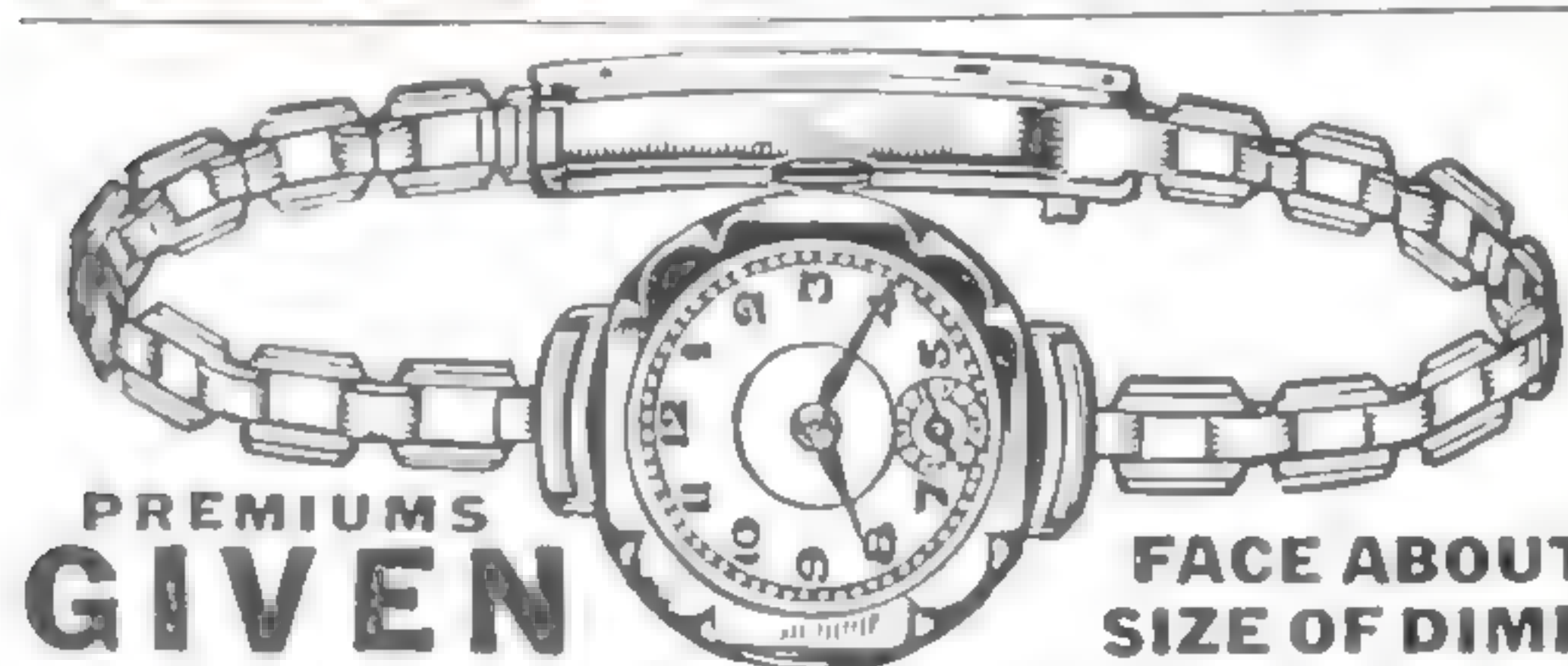
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Scattergood Survives A Murder (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Murder in the town of Mr. S. Baines.

WE regret the departure of the studio from the homespun, small-town stories centered around the philosophical Mr. Fix-It, one *Scattergood Baines*, into the realm of average movie murder stuff. And they'd better get back to their original theme in a hurry or they'll hear from us, by golly. (That racket is RKO shivering in its boots.)

Anyway, John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two old lady recluses. More relatives are bumped off during the post-burial rites and the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, a scrumptious reporter, Wally Ford, rival newsman, and *Scattergood*, played as usual by Guy Kibbee.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a Scatter-bad for our money.

The Mummy's Tomb (Universal)

It's About: An avenging mummy.

UNIVERSAL Studio can think up more ways to scare people and more varieties of monsters and creatures and what-nots to drive them batty than any ten studios put together. Not satisfied with Franksteins and Wolf Men, they've now dug up a mummy, kept alive through the ages by high priests and transplanted to America to kill Dick Foran and Wally Ford, archaeologists, who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before.

John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads and Lon Chaney is the mummy in a make-up that would scare even Perc Westmore.

Honestly, if this studio doesn't cut it out we're going to die of nervous fright long before our time.

Your Reviewer Says: Mummy, stay 'way from our door.

Henry Aldrich, Editor (Paramount)

It's About: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson.

THERE is no one to equal *Henry Aldrich* for getting himself in and out of trouble and back in again and this epic in the series is no exception, with Henry hinting of sabotage in his high-school newspaper when building after building is set afire. So accurately does *Henry* predict the fires he is himself accused of being a firebug, is dismissed from the paper and brought to the courts. But you know *Henry*. And you know very well he traps the real culprit, is given an honorary banquet and promptly sets fire to the table.

Jimmy Lydon as *Henry*, Charles Smith as *Dizzy*, Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in there pitching.

Your Reviewer Says: Funny as a crutch!

Moonlight In Havana (Universal)

It's About: A discharged ball player who becomes an entertainer.

GOOD heavens, is this mixed up. Or maybe it was our night to be confused. Anyway, the story seemed to be

about a discharged ball player who could sing only when he had a cold. (Get that one!) When a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears the lad, played by Allan Jones, warbling at his makeshift job, he signs him up and from there on in it's everybody's show with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. Two drunks wander in and out of the musical numbers.

Your Reviewer Says: Entanglements set to music.

That Other Woman (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A secretary pursues her boss.

HO hum, here we go again on the old secretary-boss merry-go-round with Virginia Gilmore, the pretty secretary out to lure her architect boss James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest.

Grandma Alma Kruger advises Miss Gilmore how to trap Ellison and the scheme works—but not in the fashion Miss Gilmore expected. Janis Carter is cute as the persistent huntress.

Your Reviewer Says: Do we smell something?

Gallant Lady (P. R. C.)

It's About: A woman doctor with a prison past.

SENT to prison on charges of a mercy killing, Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is forced to participate in a jail break. Instead of giving herself up, she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer,

Best Pictures of the Month

Journey For Margaret

The Black Swan

Road To Morocco

The Ox-bow Incident

Best Performances

Robert Young in "Journey For Margaret"

William Severn in "Journey For Margaret"

Margaret O'Brien in "Journey For Margaret"

Tyrone Power in "The Black Swan"

Bing Crosby in "Road To Morocco"

Bob Hope in "Road To Morocco"

Henry Fonda in "The Ox-bow Incident"

Dana Andrews in "The Ox-bow Incident"

Anthony Quinn in "The Ox-bow Incident"

in his practice. When she decides to marry Blackmer and gives her right name at the license bureau, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues.

Your Reviewer Says: We were unhappy right from the beginning.

✓✓ The Ox-Bow Incident (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: An unjustified lynching.

LIFE as it really is comes to the screen in a one-act drama of undecorated realism that lifts the spectator by one horny hand and shakes him as a puppy does a toy. How average audiences will react to this ahead-of-its-time bit of artistry is problematical. We can only say it left us stirred to the soul.

There are none of the usual hokumy twists to the story; it is simply a picture of man's inhumanity to man—the story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands.

In a small unpicturesque Western town where—glory be—the sidewalks are not crowded by mobs of pedestrians, men ride out as a posse to avenge murder and cattle-stealing. Making some concession to decency, the men are falsely sworn in as deputies by a deputy sheriff. High up in the pass, three men are captured—Dana Andrews, a newcomer to the West, and his helpers Anthony Quinn and Cris-Pin Martin. Their story is thin but bears enough authenticity to swerve seven men to the side of justice. The rest, still unsure, deliberately hang the trio only to discover the whole thing a gruesome, irredeemable error.

Henry Fonda is so very natural as the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. William Eythe is the weakling son of old tyrant Frank Conroy. Jane Darwell is the only woman of the posse and a horrible wench we must say. Harry Davenport, Paul Hurst, Henry Morgan and Victor Kilian are members of a splendid cast. We could see no rhyme or reason for the unrelated incident of Mary Beth Hughes and George Meeker. It served only to confuse and meant nothing. Tony Quinn and Dana Andrews, as well as Cris-Pin Martin, are terrific

Your Reviewer Says: A cold slice of life served raw

Night Monster (Universal)

It's About: Mystic murder nonsense

PRACTICALLY everyone gets killed—it's more fun. Mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps all over the place, especially on the estate of Ralph Morgan, where scarey Bela Lugosi is the butler (pass the decapitated head, Jones). Housekeeper Doris Lloyd chauffeur Leif Erikson, Yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects. Irene Hervey is the too pretty psychiatrist. Fay Helm is the sister who thinks she's nuts. We thought so, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh pish tosh.

The Man In The Trunk (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A ghost who aids in solving his own murder mystery.

A PRETTY dancer buys a trunk for her wardrobe and finds the remains of a body inside. Attorney George Holmes is anxious to exonerate his client,

now in the death house, by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who, to oblige, steps out as a ghost, and, unseen, aids in the exposure of the real culprit.

Lynne Roberts is the dancer. Raymond Walburn is the fleshy ghost. J. Carrol Naish, Dorothy Peterson and Douglas Fowley are also victims, as we the audiences are, of this nonsensical movie

Your Reviewer Says: Back to your trunk, ghostie!

Jungle Siren (P. R. C.)

It's About: Nazi business in the African jungle.

OF all the silly, stupid potpies, this underbaked one concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes (not that we would put it past them) is the limit. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio (the biggest strip-teaser name to come out of burlesque since the days of Gypsy Rose Lee) are the leads. Neither has a chance to be very good and there can be no doubt about the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: It's plain bunk.

The Hidden Hand (Warners)

It's About: A faked death test.

PRACTICALLY everybody gets killed but the people responsible for this potpourri of gore and we're on the prowl for them, shotgun loaded.

An elderly woman fakes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Milton Parsons is the escaped criminal. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Run like a turkey from this.

✓✓ One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing (United Artists)

It's About: An R.A.F. crew who bail out over Holland and get back to England through the efforts of the Dutch Underground.

TODAY, more than ever before, truth exceeds fiction insofar as both drama and excitement are concerned. If you have the slightest doubt on this score see this picture—and be convinced. Based on fact throughout, it tells of six members of the R.A.F. who fly a bomber over Germany. When their plane is disabled by anti-aircraft fire they bail out over occupied Holland. Their experiences as they make their way to the North Sea and finally to England—helped always by the Dutch underground—are exciting and absorbing not only while the picture is on the screen but also in retrospect.

Produced in England by Alexander Korda, with the full co-operation of the Royal Air Force, the British Air Ministry and the Royal Netherlands Government, it is an honest, straightforward chronicle which is the more impressive and memorable because it is free of theatrical claptrap. The players, not familiar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple and convincing and moving as the story itself

Your Reviewer Says: A mental and emotional treat.



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Christmas Bell-Ringers



(Continued from page 56)



War Stamp Nosegays: Girls like to wear them in their hair. And what an idea for decorating Christmas packages instead of sprigs of mistletoe or holly. From 10c to how much have you.



Handkerchiefs: Not just handkerchiefs, but special numbers by Burmel, available in stores everywhere, with flower prints on white backgrounds and names embroidered in a graceful script in colors to complement the flowers. There are seventy-two names from which to choose. 29c each.



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Mama Sweaters button all the way down the front whether they're cardigan or V-neckline models. You can get them in all wool powder or navy blue, natural, wine, black, or brown in sizes 34-46 for \$2.98.



Younger Set Sweaters come in pairs, have peasant embroidery, are spangled with sequins. In any color the heart desires. From \$1.98.



Knee Warmers: We're not fooling. They're foreshortened socks without feet which can be pulled up over the knees. Red Cross workers and those who have sedentary jobs in drafty workrooms will be happier and healthier for a pair of these in their Christmas stocking. \$1.95.

FOR THE BOYS—YOUNG AND OLD



Maps: Rand McNally's Cosmopolitan Map of the World—53 x 35—shows the Americas in the center with Europe and Africa on the right and Asia and Australia on the left. It's very colorful and has a washable surface. Therefore he can mark areas of occupation with colored crayons and change his colors as the war progresses. Unmounted, \$3.00. With taped edges and mounted on a resilient board so he can record events with thumb tacks, \$8.85.

A Polar Projection map (in about four colors) shows the North Pole occupying the central point with the continents and oceans spreading out and up and down from it. The government hopes more men, women and children will be guided by this map even though it is more difficult to read. For it does away with any theory of isolationism showing Minneapolis, with its big inland milling centers, to be about the same distance from a Japanese island in the Kuril group as the naval base and airplane factories of southern California. A polar projection map presents the new world the airplane has created.



Globe of the World: A Victory Model 9 inches in diameter on a wooden stand costs \$1.98. On a metal stand, \$2.95.

Airplane Spotter Cards: Regulation playing cards with various air-planes depicted in the center of the cards where the large heart, diamond, spade or club usually sits. The King of Clubs, for instance, shows a Cors. B 24 C U.S.A. while the Five of Hearts pictures a Hawker "Hurricane" of G.B. There are Japanese and German ships on them too. 50c.

FOR THE KIDS

Kitten Mittens: There's no need to be dreary because you're practical. These mittens knitted with bright kitten faces will keep children's hands warm and amuse them too. About \$1.00.

Twinkle Twinks are stars, moons and planets—over one hundred of them—cut-out paper coated with harmless luminous paints so they will glow in the dark. They're gummed on the reverse side so they can be mounted on the ceiling or walls of children's bedrooms. \$1.00.

Plus-Lite Boards are white boards for children to draw upon with colored crayons. And with a whisk of a cloth they're clean again. For two years and older. The smallest board, about fourteen by seven inches, is a convenient lap size. From \$1.25 up.

Paper Kits: One kit, printed with Army colors, contains papers that readily fold into tanks, cannons, forts and all the other paraphernalia of warfare with which boys are enthralled these days. \$1.00 and up.

War Stamps: You can buy gay greeting cards which enfold stamp books that have amusing drawings on every page. And the more stamps you paste in them the redder and merrier they'll be.

FOR THE HOUSE (Gifts for the Whole Family)

Table Mats: Cork mats topped with flower prints or scenes and shellacked against heat. Or mats of plastics. They make the dining-table as gay and cheerful as it should be for digestion and wartime morale and they conserve laundry bills. Each from 25c up.

Door Knockers with the family's name engraved upon them, in Old English script perhaps. From \$4.50. For a special bit of swank small knockers for bedroom doors too, with first names engraved upon them. From \$1.50.

Casseroles, large ones, like the old pot au feu which the French knew in happier days, to hold spaghetti, soup, or stew. Or salad when a salad bowl is lacking. Individual casseroles in which the cheese and toast on the onion soup can be brought to a crusty finish under the fire, for beef and kidney pies, for almost anything. Charming in glazed colors. From 39c.

Matches: There's still time to order those paper books of matches with names printed on them. "The Smiths" perhaps. Or "John and Mary." Whichever way you choose. Fifty books from \$1.15.

And when you're planning for Christmas remember the U.S.O. clubhouses have lists of boys, unable to get home for Christmas, who would like to have Christmas dinner with a family. Figure out how many of these boys, homesick for a soft chair, the kind of turkey stuffing and pumpkin pie their Mom makes, a father at the head of the table to say grace, the ruction children raise in a house, you can invite for Christmas day. Commanding officers at all camps and stations will authorize as many furloughs as possible.

Nowhere in the land and nowhere our boys serve overseas will it be forgotten that Christmas is one of the things we're fighting for.

Remember

YOUR HAIR
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If you are a girl who wants to be popular, remember that oily hair quickly absorbs unpleasant odors. The scalp perspires, too. So don't offend. Check up on your hairbrush—your hat—your pillow.

There's a simple way to be safe. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo is marvelous for oily hair and scalp odors. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar. Its delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears, leaving your hair soft, lustrous and naturally fragrant.

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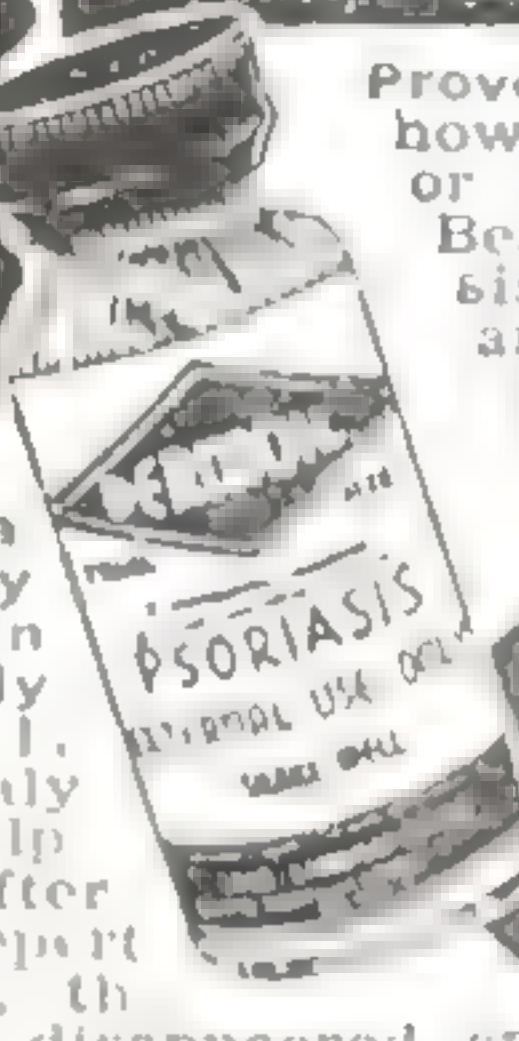
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Pocketful o' Songs

(Continued from page 49) Baby, listen. If the time ever comes when your whole world tumbles down, don't be afraid. Daddy will be right there with you, tramping across the boards."

That night at sundown Judy was alone. For the first time in her life she realized what it meant to be alone. Her best friend had gone where she couldn't follow.

The next months were so heartbreaking that at times even Ethel wavered. Frank was gone and she was alone with this responsibility. It was a business which she didn't understand. Why should the studio continue to pay them money when they did nothing to earn it?

Then she was depressed and frightened because of a practical and alarming reason. The studio had signed a child singer. Six months had passed and Judy was already taller. Were they to sit inactive for a year or more while Judy changed into that "awkward age?"

Into this came a sudden summons from the studio. It was a "short" they had in mind, a sort of musical debate, "Opera Versus Jazz," and for the first time Judy met another newcomer to the studio, a young lady who has subsequently done fairly well for herself—one Deanna Durbin.

At last the short was made. It was called "Every Sunday." The world took one look and said, "Thanks, we're not having any."

THE result was that Judy sat idle for another six months and Deanna was released. Deanna calmly walked over to Universal and almost overnight was made a star.

The boomerang was terrible. Harried officials at M-G-M, when driven to the breaking point, screamed, "You should talk to me! What birdbrain was it who let Durbin go?"

It was only natural that the girl who was retained in preference to Deanna should be the one to stand the gaff. On the lot the attention Judy received was quite in keeping with the Hollywood tradition. So many people, Judy found, were struck by an acute attack of snow blindness whenever she appeared.

However, there were two friends she had made who were staunch and loyal and, as the years have proven, worth their weight in gold; Ida Koverman, secretary to Louis B. Mayer, and Roger Edens, the composer and arranger who had accompanied her on that eventful day of her first audition.

These two stood by her through all the early months of discouragement. They listened to her childish heartbreaks and later, when her troubles became more adult problems, they guided her with wisdom and with understanding.

During this period Judy was loaned out to Twentieth Century-Fox for her first picture, "Pigskin Parade," with Jack Haley and Patsy Kelly. It was only a small, very small part, but her joy knew no bounds. At last she was acting before the camera. That camera, she was soon to learn, could assume the aspect of an ogre. She missed an audience. This silent infernal machine gave no sign whether one was going over big or not. The director, when a scene was finished, would say, "That's fine. That's exactly what I want. Now let's do it again."

When the picture was released Judy sat huddled in a darkened movie theater and stared at her image up there on the screen. It told her what a great deal she had yet to learn. Her gestures were awkward—the way she held her head, her pigeon-toed walk, her gangly arms,

her forced smile. It was pretty bad. She went to work on herself in earnest.

Into this "lost" period a few early pictures made their way: "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" in which Judy appeared for the first time with Mickey Rooney; "Everybody Sing" with Allan Jones and Fanny Brice; "Broadway Melody" with Sophie Tucker and Robert Taylor in which Judy sang her famous song to Clark Gable, "My Fan Letter To My Favorite Star"; and "Listen, Darling" with Freddie Bartholomew and Mary Astor.

IN none of these pictures did Judy feel that she had done anything worth while. She confessed her discouragement to her close friend Roger Edens. Roger, with that marvelous insight he has always shown with her, wisely refrained from comment. Instead, he went to the piano.

In Judy's next picture, "Love Finds Andy Hardy," she sang the song he played that day—that unforgettable, original song, "Just An Inbetween."

It was while filming "Love Finds Andy Hardy" that a visitor could be found with increasing frequency on the set. Mervyn LeRoy, who had spent many years at Warner Brothers, had recently become affiliated with M-G-M. He saw great possibilities in this starry-eyed young girl and he took her under his wing. Judy's hair, which up until now had been a perfectly serviceable shade of brown, became almost a copper color. This was to highlight it on the screen.

She was sent to a dentist and porcelain caps were made for three front teeth. Thereafter on the set when a frenzied cry arose for "Clutch!" everyone knew that Judy's teeth had come "unstuck" again.

There were weeks of testing hair-dos, dresses, make-ups. Day after day Judy submitted to being made over. At last Mr. LeRoy was satisfied. She was the girl he had been looking for. Judy was cast as Dorothy in "The Wizard Of Oz."

IT was then a serpent crept into the Garland's paradise. Avoirdupois. After the day's tests loud and mournful was the wailing from the projection room. "What are we going to do about these curves on little Judy?"

Princess Pudge was ordered to get the heck on a reducing diet.

"But I'm starving," Judy protested and went right ahead lapping up banana splits. Finally orders were left in the commissary that no matter what Judy selected all she was to be served was soup—and not too much of that.

Judy realized she was licked. She ate her soup dutifully and made up for it when she got home.

In Hollywood news gets around. Out at M-G-M a telephone call came through for wardrobe.

"This is Madame So and So," a foreign voice announced. "I hear you have a problem on your hands concerning Judy Garland's figure. Now I have a garment . . ."

The wardrobe department literally pricked up its ears. Madame arrived and in due time created an odd-looking contraption which Judy swore was made of iron. Miracle of miracles, though, the curves disappeared. All through the "Wizard" when Judy danced blithely down the Yellow Brick Road underneath the innocent-appearing gingham dress was a complicated invention, the likes of which were never seen in the wonderful land of Oz.

In May, 1938, a gigantic musical was scheduled to begin shooting with Mickey

Rooney playing the starring masculine role. That much was settled. The difficulty seemed to be in finding Mickey's running mate. Busby Berkeley, who was to direct, asked for Judy Garland. Violent were the headshakings. Busby Berkeley asked again.

"Look," the opposing side pointed out, "the girl who plays this part will have a heck of a lot more to do than sing."

"That's why I want Garland," Berkeley said.

He won. Judy went in as *Patsy* in the production "Babes In Arms."

FROM the first Berkeley knew he had a team. He called Mickey and Judy together and quietly and solemnly he talked to them. "The people in this script are our kind of people," he said. "Troupers, every one of them. Now they're down and out. Sick at heart and broke. You kids are to pull them out. Give."

And Mickey and Judy gave. They took their hearts and laid them on the altar of America. Their dreams, their tears, their heartbreak; all of these they gave. America took one look and enfolded them in a million eager arms. With a million soft young throats pulsing with the joy of song, with a million dancing feet twinkling to the lilt of swing they worshipped them.

As long as people live who laugh and love and sing, these two, Mickey and Judy, will live always in their hearts.

In "Little Nelly Kelly" Judy, for the first time, was allowed to show her age, the ripe old age of eighteen. Princess Pudge in an Adrian suit seemed a far cry from Huntington Park and a pleated skirt. But underneath that faded sweater was a troupers' heart. It is still there.

"I'd rather be an actress who can sing," Judy says thoughtfully, "than a singer who can act. Singing got me in but it won't keep me there."

And when Judy Garland talks like that she is as wise and old as show business itself.

In Hollywood on Wednesday nights a program called "California Melodies"

was broadcast over K.F.I. Week after week Judy listened, enthralled by the harmonies of a young composer she had never seen. Yet she felt she knew him—his music told her much in a language which, at times, almost frightened her. Oftener and oftener she found herself waiting for that certain spot on the dial which told her when that program was on the air.

One misty California night, without telling anyone, she slipped nervously away to the broadcasting studio. She would see for herself if her heart had been wrong.

When she arrived the orchestra was already on the stage. A slight unassuming young man stood before the microphone. His voice was saying something humorous and the audience laughed. The young man laughed with them. Then, his eyes passing over the faces of the audience found a slender girl in a big green hat. His eyes found her and stopped.

Only one other time during that Wednesday program did these two look at each other. That glance was brief. Rather, it seemed as if its purpose was to satisfy each of them that this thing happening could be really true.

When the last notes of the orchestra died away, Judy made her way hesitantly toward the aisle. A slight, breathless young man rushed up to her side.

"Miss Garland, I—I—please, will you wait a moment. . . ."

Judy stood there and listened to the pounding of her heart. Something told her this was no ordinary meeting. Something told her this was going to be important, very important in her gay young life.

It was, rather. Judy Garland had just met the man who would one day be her husband, David Rose.

As odd as their meeting was the courtship of Dave and Judy. You can read the details of that courtship and their much-discussed marriage in February PHOTO-PLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

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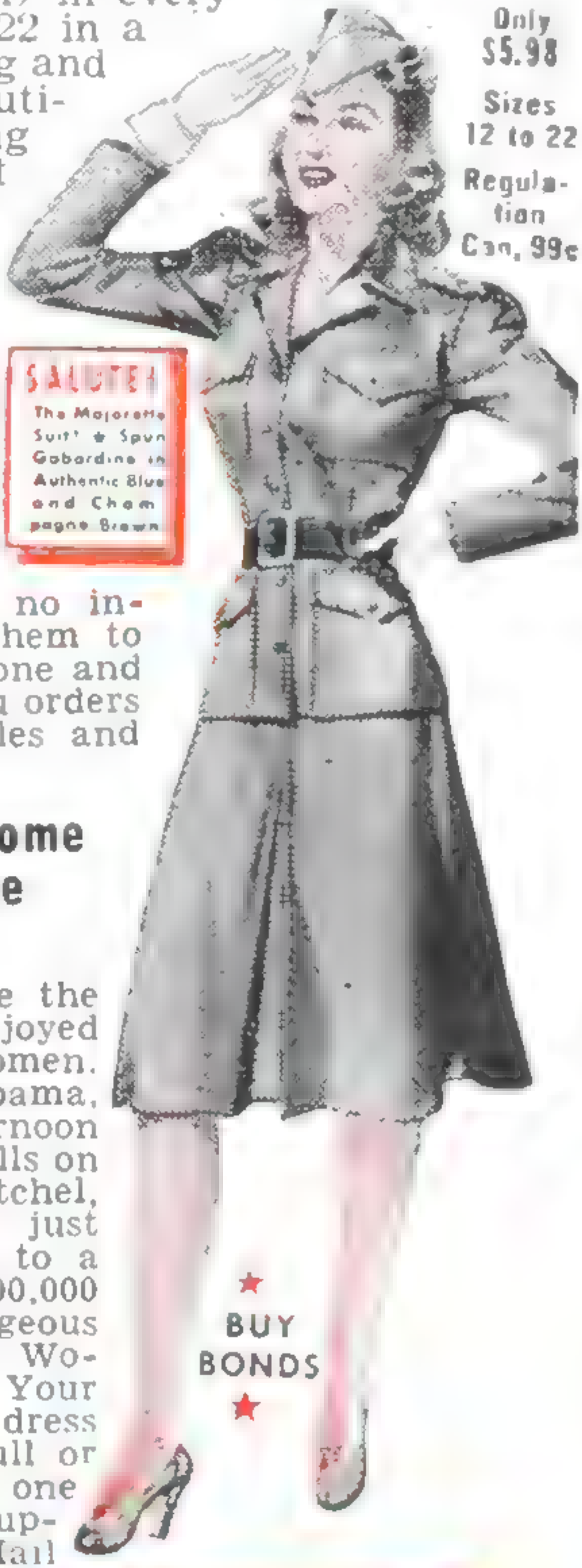
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 15)

✓✓ **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE**—Warners: Even Washington himself would have laughed at the trials and tribulations of Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan when they find themselves in a dilapidated country house long on tradition and short on bathrooms. Complications pile on when Jack becomes jealous of neighbor Harvey Stephens and rascally young Douglas Croft descends upon them. It's a howl. (Dec.)

✓✓ **GIVE OUT, SISTERS**—Universal: It's corny, it's funny, it's lively and abloom with music and singing. Grace McDonald plays a young heiress gone jitterbug mad and Dan Daney Jr. is her bandleader beau. The Andrews Sisters introduce four new songs and the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills dance new steps. (Dec.)

✓✓ **GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount: Alan Ladd scores again as the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy, who finds himself suspected of murder. Veronica Lake strolls through with a monotonous performance, but William Bendix, Bonita Granville and Joseph Calleia give swell performances. (Dec.)

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI—Universal: Passengers aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man escaping with plans of defenses in China is killed. American engineer Kent Taylor, Irene Hervey, Nazi sympathizer Charlotte Wynters, and George Zucco are among the passengers. (Dec.)

✓✓ **HARD WAY, THE**—Warners: Ida Lupino plays her role of a relentlessly selfish woman who promotes her younger sister, Joan Leslie, to perfection. Equally fine is the performance of Jack Carson as the lovable but dumbish vaudevillian who marries Joan and rescues them both from their miserable surroundings. Dennis Morgan, Leona Maricle and Gladys Cooper are also good. (Dec.)

HELLO, ANNAPOLIS—Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters Annapolis. When he attempts to trick her into marriage, Joan turns the tables and tricks him into Annapolis, where he gets the smart-aleckness taken out of him. (Dec.)

✓✓ **HERE WE GO AGAIN**—RKO-Radio: A giggle fest, with Fibber McGee and Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at a hotel where Edgar Bergen, with Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, is searching for a peculiar moth to aid the production of silk. You can imagine the goings-on, with the great Gildersleeve adding to the laughs and with Ginny Simms singing to Ray Nobel's music. (Nov.)

HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT—RKO-Radio: Richard Carlson as the millionaire playboy who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business does very well with loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell, Barton MacLane and Ray Collins are good. Average. (Dec.)

HI, NEIGHBOR—Republic: Radio personalities such as Vera Vague, Don Wilson, Lillian Randolph and others cavort around in this weak little homegrown number, with Janet Beecher as sponsor of a school that becomes a lonely heart retreat in the summer. Jean Parker and John Archer are the inevitable twosome. (Oct.)

HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG—Monogram: The famous cartoon characters, Snuffy Smith, played by Bud Duncan, and Barney Google, played by Cliff Nazarro, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention. Edgar Kennedy as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the rather silly maneuvers. (Nov.)

✓✓ **HOLIDAY INN**—Paramount: The blending of Fred Astaire's dancing and Bing Crosby's singing is all to the good and Irving Berlin's tunes make this a special treat. Bing leaves their act to run an inn open only on holidays. To the inn as a performer comes Marjorie Reynolds and Fred tries to steal her away. Virginia Dale is also involved. (Oct.)

✓✓ **ICELAND**—20th Century-Fox: Some of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie; but the story's only fair. It has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a Marine on the island, before he knows where he is. Osa Massen is Sonja's sister, Jack Oakie clowns on skates very funnily and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music. (Nov.)

✓✓ **INVISIBLE AGENT**—Frank Lloyd-Universal: Jon Hall, who inherits the secret of invisibility, offers his services to his country, flies over Germany, becomes invisible and gets embroiled in some very amusing and intriguing escapades. Ilona Massey is the girl spy; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre and J. Edward Bromberg are the Axis agents. You'll enjoy it. (Oct.)

ISLE OF MISSING MEN—Monogram: A rather suspenseful little melodrama with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He befriends Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband, Gilbert Roland, escape and much exciting action transpires before she is successful. (Nov.)

✓✓ **IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH**—20th Century-Fox: An exciting baseball yarn, with Lloyd Nolan terrific as the manager of the club that once

ousted him as a player on trumped-up charges. George Holmes as the rookie befriended by Nolan shows great promise and Carole Landis as the object of young Holmes's heart is very beautiful. (Oct.)

JACKASS MAIL—M-G-M: Wally Beery and Marjorie Main in their familiar story of a renegade who becomes regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery kills. It takes Darryl Hickman, the boy, and Marjorie Main, fearless owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally. (Nov.)

✓✓ **JOAN OF OZARK**—Republic: Corn, but good, is this teaming of Judy Canova and Joe E. Brown, with all their ludicrous antics in store for you. Judy lands in Joe E.'s night club, where she's been brought from the Ozarks on a deal hatched by Nazi spies. Jerome Cowan is the spy and Eddie Foy Jr. is swell. The airplane sequence is a howl and it's all a lot of fun. (Oct.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: When juror Michael Shayne, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party. Girl reporter Marjorie Weaver, press cameraman Phil Silvers, attorney Richard Derr and singer Joan Valerie are all in on the excitement. (Dec.)

LADY IN A JAM—Universal: Irene Dunne is an heiress badly in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands in bankruptcy, heads West and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy out-of-this-world and Patric Knowles the doctor. It's all pretty silly, so just laugh it off. (Oct.)

LITTLE TOKIO, U. S. A.—20th Century-Fox: The West Coast's Japanese colony comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a police officer, Preston Foster, who suspects shenanigans in the Jap settlement. Comes Pearl Harbor, and he scoops up spies like fury. Brenda Joyce is his girl friend, and June Duprez, Harold Huber and George E. Stone are spies. (Nov.)

✓✓ **LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Depth and beauty characterize this tale of the great poet's life—his adoption as a child, his first boyhood love affairs with Virginia Gilmore, his marriage to Linda Darnell and his slow disintegration due to alcoholism. John Shepperd seems an ideal Poe; Miss Gilmore and Miss Darnell give polished performances. (Dec.)

✓✓ **MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE**—Paramount: Don't miss this gay comedy, with Ginger Rogers posing as a twelve-year-old child and wreaking havoc with the boys at a military academy and with Major Ray Milland. Rita Johnson as Ray's suspicious fiancée, Diana Lynn, Rita's younger sister who knows the truth about Ginger but helps her, and Robert Benchley add to the fun. (Oct.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT—RKO-Radio: Leon Errol again plays the dual role of Lord Epping and Uncle Matt, with Lupe Velez all over the place trying to help out Uncle Matt when smuggled jewels are hidden in an onyx elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husband, and Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers. (Nov.)

✓✓ **MOON AND SIXPENCE, THE**—David L. Loew-Albert Lewin, Inc.: George Sanders is the painter of Somerset Maugham's famous story, who leaves his wife and children to live the life of a starving artist, and Herbert Marshall the writer who narrates the story. Their performances, as well as those of Doris Dudley and Steve Geray, are most impressive. It's a strange and fascinating tale, but leads to no climactic crescendo.

✓✓ **MY SISTER EILEEN**—Columbia: A howl from start to finish is this adaptation of the successful play about two sisters who come to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister Eileen; and George Tobias as their landlord, Brian Aberne the editor, and reporter Allyn Joslyn join the throng who wander in and out of their basement apartment. (Dec.)

NIGHT FOR CRIME, A—Producers Releasing Corp.: Murder mystery, with the victim a movie star, played by Lina Basquette. Glenda Farrell is the newspaper reporter and Lyle Talbot the studio press agent. Newspaper columnists Jimmy Starr, Edwin Schallert and Erskine Johnson play themselves. (Oct.)

✓✓ **NOW, VOYAGER**—Warners: Another Bette Davis masterpiece is this story of a frustrated woman who finds release through the aid of psychiatrist Claude Rains. Paul Henreid, the man who brings her love that can never be realized in marriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Gladys Cooper, Ilka Chase and Bonita Granville are on to the very high standard of the story. (Dec.)

✓✓ **ONE THRILLING NIGHT**—Monogram: A bedroom riot is this comedy with John Beal as the bridegroom who has twenty-four hours to honeymoon with bride Wanda McKay before his induction into the Army. But into their room parade gangsters, cops and robbers, dumb house detective and hoodlums. (Oct.)

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✓ **ORCHESTRA WIVES**—20th Century-Fox: All about the love lives of members of a band, with Glenn Miller's band providing all the music. George Montgomery is a trumpet player, Ann Rutherford his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia Gilmore, other orchestra wives, start all the trouble between them. Cesar Romero is the pianist and Lyn Bari the singer. (Nov.)

PALM BEACH STORY, THE—Paramount: This so-called comedy misses a mile, despite the cleverness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the separated husband and wife. Claudette, out to garner new laurels, finds them in millionaire Rudy Vallee. Mary Astor is good, but the antics are as antiquated as an antimacassar. (Nov.)

✓ **PANAMA HATTIE**—M-G-M: A pleasant, de lightful-in-spots musical that boasts Ann Southern as star, Dan Dailey Jr., as the rich soldier boy, and a trio of comics, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue. The singing of Lena Horne, the dancing of the Berry Brothers and the dead-pan warbling of Virginia O'Brien also brighten it up no end. Little Jackie Horner is very good. (Oct.)

✓ **PARDON MY SARONG**—Universal: By far the funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots, this is madcap fun from its beginning where the pair take their crosstown Chicago bus to Los Angeles to its hilarious finish on a South Sea isle. Robert Paige is the romantic lead, Virginia Bruce lovely as the girl, Lionel Atwill a villain, and Abbott and Costello are at their best. (Nov.)

PIERRE OF THE PLAINS—M-G-M: John Carroll is a devil-may-care French Canadian accused of murder but too busy helping a friend escape another murder indictment to care much. We don't care about it either. Ruth Hussey is shamefully miscast and Bruce Cabot, Phil Brown and Henry Travers are poor, weary fellow travelers. (Oct.)

✓ **PRIDE OF THE YANKEES**—Goldwyn: To the role of Lou Gehrig, beloved star of baseball Gary Cooper brings all the gentleness, simplicity and sincerity of the first baseman. Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig becomes Hollywood's most important young actress, and Babe Ruth plays himself. It's a fitting tribute to a great man. (Oct.)

✓ **PRIORITIES ON PARADE**—Paramount: Johnnie Johnston is a band leader who seeks a job playing for defense plant workers and the whole band takes jobs in the plant in order to furnish the music, with Johnnie working under the tutelage of Betty Rhodes, who sings very well. Ann Miller is the jealous dancer, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna the comics. Plenty of talent and fun. (Oct.)

✓ **SECRETS OF A CO-ED**—P.R.C.: This tells the story of the secret racketeering operations of a respected attorney, Otto Kruger, that he reveals to a jury when his daughter, Tina Thayer, is on trial for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by Kruger. Rich Vallin, a newcomer, is a find; and the performances of Miss Thayer and Otto Kruger are outstanding. (Dec.)

✓ **SEVEN SWEETHEARTS**—M-G-M: Whimsical and gay, charming and quaint, with Kathryn Grayson the youngest of seven sisters, whose father, S. Z. Sakall, runs a hotel in a Little Holland village in Michigan. Reporter Van Heflin comes there to cover the tulip festival and Marsha Hunt, the oldest sister, snares him. The sisters are charming and Miss Grayson sings delightfully. (Nov.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—Universal: Basil Rathbone, the indestructible Holmes, with his pal Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, uncover a Nazi radio nest and prevent all sorts of German invasions. Evelyn Ankers is the pretty Limehouse girl who also helps Holmes. It's pretty average fare. (Dec.)

SIN TOWN—Universal: Bunco artists Constance Bennett and Brod Crawford arrive in a Western oil town looking for easy money, which they find when Crawford declares himself partner in Ward Bond's saloon. Anne Gwynne and Patric Knowles provide the love interest and Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo romp around. The brawl between the two villains is really a lulu. (Dec.)

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU—M-G-M: Love around the globe, with Clark Gable and Robert Sterling a brother team of foreign correspondents and Lana Turner as the beautiful corner of the triangle. The action carries the trio from New York to India, China and Manila. Gable is right up there at the peak of his acting and Sterling does a fine job, as does Lana. (Oct.)

✓ **SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable is in love with Broadway

actor John Payne, but when he misbehaves she pretends to love her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise. Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix-up in this Technicolor musical. (Dec.)

✓ **TALK OF THE TOWN**—Columbia: Ronald Colman's a dignified, bearded law professor who rents a home from Jean Arthur and finds much confusion. It turns out to be escaped prisoner Cary Grant who's being hidden in the attic. Miss Arthur is as always delightful and the men give brilliant performances. (Oct.)

TIMBER—Universal: Sabotage in our timber regions, with Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine worrying about it until along comes Dan Dailey Jr., special undercover agent. He fires the saboteur and hires instead Edmund MacDonald who brings along his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

TISH—M-G-M: The three delectable sisters of Mary Roberts Rinehart's beloved "Tish" stories take on all sorts of foreign characterizations in this unimaginative screen version. Marjorie Main, Zasu Pitts and Aline MacMahon play the spinsters; Lee Bowman and Virginia Grey are romantic. (Oct.)

UNDERCOVER MAN—Sherman-Paramount: A group of baddies have *Hopalong Cassidy*, played by William Boyd, puzzled when they take turns impersonating first Mexicans and then Americans and they even go so far as to impersonate Hoppie and his host Antonio Moreno before they're caught. (Oct.)

✓ **WAKE ISLAND**—Paramount: Every American should see this authentic picture of the gallant stand of the Marines on Wake Island and their magnificent fight. Brian Donlevy plays the Major who commands the Island's defenses. Albert Dekker is a civilian engineer. MacDonald Carey plays a young flyer and Robert Preston and William Bendix play two Marine buddies. (Nov.)

✓ **WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY, THE**—M-G-M: A honey of a picture, with Fay Bainter as the selfish, ingrown woman who refuses to alter her life or accept wartime alternation in the lives of others. Van Johnson, the redheaded, freckle-faced hero, is the best thing in the show, even surpassing Richard Ney, who plays the regenerated young man. Edward Arnold and Jean Rogers are good, too. (Nov.)

✓ **WHITE CARGO**—M-G-M: The trouble with this picture of white men and a tropical seductress is that the story has become repetitious through imitation, but the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan are very good and Hedy Lamarr is certainly the most gorgeous *Tondelayo*. (Dec.)

WILDCAT—Paramount: Never a dull moment in this story, with Richard Arlen playing a wildcat oil man who goes into partnership with Elisha Cook, Jr., gets buffaloed by Arline Judge, Elisha's fake sister, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. (Dec.)

✓ **WINGS AND THE WOMAN**—RKO-Radio: A fitting tribute to a gallant woman, Amy Johnson, is this story of her life, with Anna Neagle playing the first great woman aviatrix. Robert Newton as Jim Mollison, the flyer, who married Amy and lost her, is outstanding. Edward Chapman as her father, Joan Kemp-Welch as her mother, give beautiful performances, and Miss Neagle is superb. (Nov.)

✓ **YANK AT ETON, A**—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney gives life, color and laughter to a story that depends too much on its star and too little on its content. He's a typical American high-school football star who finds himself at Eton when his mother marries an Englishman and his trials and tribulations at the famous old English school form the bulk of the yarn. (Nov.)

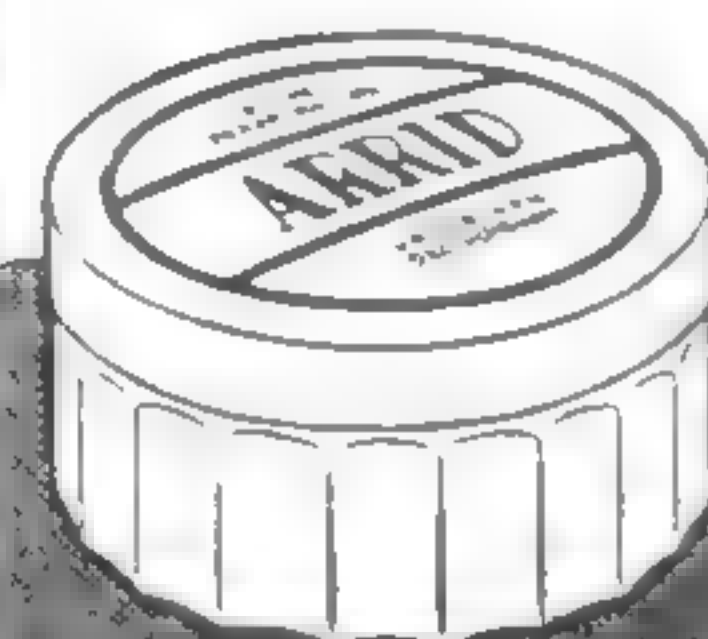
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warners: A remake of the Paul Muni picture, "Hi, Nellie," with George Brent, now playing the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers operating behind a night-club front and a Lonely Hearts Club. Brenda Marshall is the girl reporter, Roscoe Karns the photographer, and Gene Lockhart and Edward Ciannelli the villains. (Dec.)

YOUTH ON PARADE—Republic: That college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. Broadway actress Ruth Terry joins the campus scampers after they've played a trick on Professor John Hubbard, who plays his part to perfection. It's young and snappy. (Dec.)

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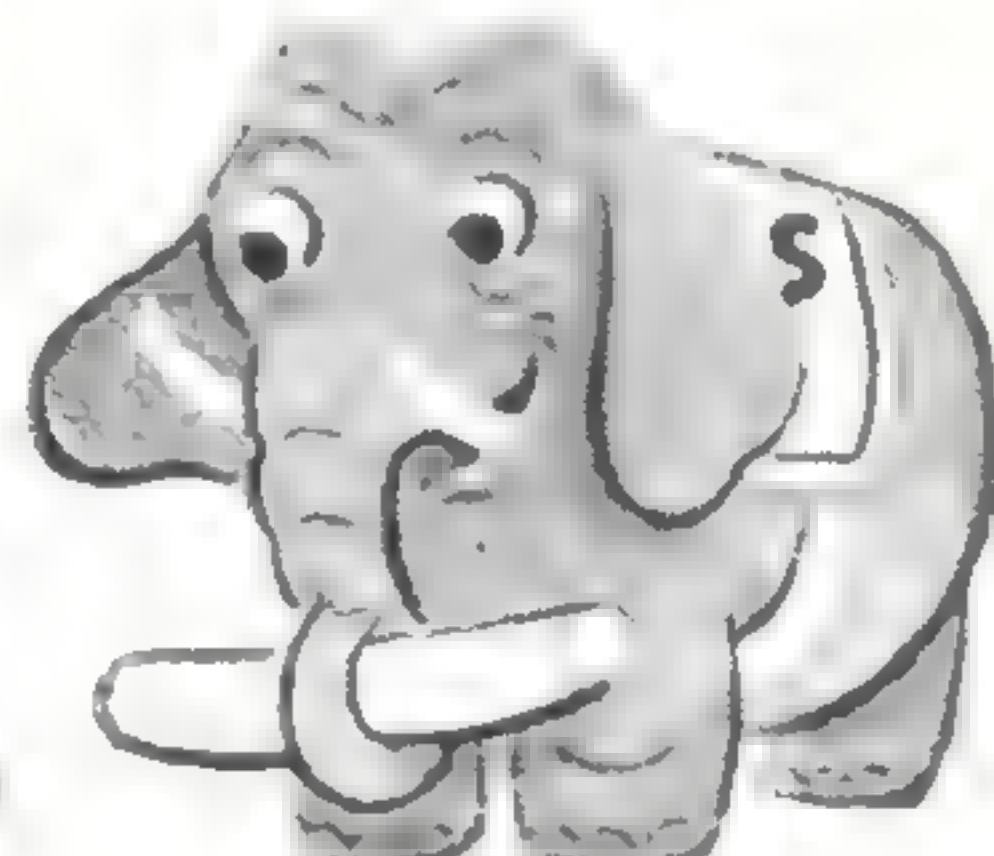
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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 59) studio. He should carry complete identification. If you will send me this man's name, I will find out promptly whether he is employed by any of our major studios.

One word of advice to you, Mady, and to all girls tempted by Hollywood offers. Don't believe anything you hear unless the man can prove himself to your local banker.

My candid impression is that this man is not trustworthy.

Yours truly,
BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Miss Davis:

I can scarcely wait until your picture "Now, Voyager" comes to our town. I never miss a Bette Davis picture. That brings me to something I would like to ask you: How to become a movie star?

I guess I'd better be frank. I'm no prize. I am five feet eight inches tall and I weigh about a hundred and thirty pounds. My hair is just plain brown and my eyes are blue with thick lashes. I have quite a lot of freckles; I would wear cold cream at night except that my two older sisters who sleep in the same room with me make fun of me.

I would like to get away from home and become famous just to show them I'm not such a goon. I know that being an actress is no snap and I'm willing to slave for a chance to prove that I really can act.

A Plain Jane.

Dear "Plain Jane":

Goodness, why do you describe yourself like something that would scare Bela Lugosi? After all, five feet eight inches of height isn't so tall; Alexis Smith is your height. As for freckles, Myrna Loy has always been proud of hers. If you want to wear cold cream at night, ignore your sisters' teasing. When they discover that they no longer get a rise out of you, they will forget it.

Unfortunately, wanting to become famous to prove to your family that you aren't a "goon," as you say, isn't the right approach to becoming an actress. As you must realize, there are no rules about appearance's alone making a star; we have every type of face in Hollywood. Also, success in pictures is not always a question of hard work—there are so many other things to consider.

It seems to me that your problem is first to learn to look well-groomed all the time. Keep your hair brushed, your complexion clear and your dresses neat. Walk with your shoulders back and stop hating yourself. Once you have won the respect of everyone in your town, let the future develop as it will.

Sincerely yours,
BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Miss Davis:

I think you are the most wonderful actress in the world and I hope I will be just like you someday. That is why I am writing to you.

For the last three years, ever since I was graduated from high school, I have been working in our local telephone exchange. At first I thought that the job would allow me enough time off to drive to a town forty miles away and try to do something over the radio because everyone says I have a very beautiful speaking voice and I can sing a little although I've never had lessons.

However, you know what has happened. The men have all gone into the Army and girls who could leave home have gone to larger cities where there

are defense plants, so the first thing I knew I was working like mad just to take care of the business of our local exchange.

I did one smart thing—I saved my money. I now have five hundred dollars in the bank and I have been thinking seriously of coming to Hollywood and trying to get a break in pictures. I thought maybe I could work on a studio switchboard and my voice would give me a chance at a screen test. I am not bad-looking. My hair is naturally curly and chestnut in color, my eyes are greenish, and my skin is good and clear.

What do you think, Miss Davis? Would it pay me to take the chance?

Yours very truly,
M.

Dear Miss M:

You sound like a sensible, levelheaded girl. Yes, if I were you, I would go either to Hollywood or to New York. I say this only because you have five hundred dollars tucked away for emergencies; better keep that much and hold onto your present job until you have enough for carfare and a wardrobe that will last at least six months.

Any girl over twenty-one who is able to run a large switchboard and who has five hundred dollars as anchor against ill winds is justified in trying her luck with a career.

Yours truly,
BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Miss Davis:

Because I have read such nice things about your friendliness to ambitious newcomers, I am taking the liberty of bringing my problem to you.

I am seventeen years old, a senior in high school. I have taken singing lessons since I was thirteen and I have had the good luck to sing over several radio stations.

I am five feet four inches tall and I weigh 110 without dieting. My hair is naturally curly and deep auburn in color and my eyes are dark blue.

Probably you are thinking, "that conceited little drip," but I'm not really.

I know that I don't know a single thing about dramatic technique and I know it would be silly to try to get into pictures without training. My family want me to finish my high-school work and take a year or two at our state university and I think I should do as they wish.

What I would like to have you tell me, Miss Davis, is this: What can I do now to begin fitting myself for a stage and movie career? Are there some home exercises I could do to improve my diction? What sort of books ought I to read?

I know how frightfully busy you are, but could you have your secretary give me some sort of outline that I should follow for the next three years? I know that sounds pretty presumptuous, but writing to you is the only way I could think of, in which I could get the real lowdown.

Thanking you with my whole heart,
Yours sincerely,

Margaret B.

Dear Margaret B.:

Please don't feel that you have been "a conceited little drip"—as you say—because of telling me how you look. As a matter of fact, you sound very attractive. One of the most important things in life is to feel attractive, if you really are. Beauty is nothing over which to be

conceited, because it is something over which the individual has no control—it is a happy act of nature.

I like your letter because it shows an intelligent approach to your ambition. And there are many things you can do now to further your chances of realizing that ambition.

You are quite right in planning to attend a university if your parents wish you to do so. However, between now and then, you will no doubt be given many opportunities to appear before the public and something unusual may occur to change your plans.

No doubt there is some sort of dramatic class in your high school. You should join, if possible, and appear in as many plays as possible. You should read as many plays as you can, because this will give you a feeling of great lines and dramas of the past.

Perhaps there is a competent dancing teacher in or near your town. I think you should take lessons, not so much with the idea of becoming a dancer, as to learn how to handle your body with grace and poise.

Meanwhile, the most important thing for you to do is to work on your speaking voice and your diction. There are certain definite rules about voice placement which would have to be explained to you by a teacher, I think. However, there are two excellent books available on the subject, "Phonetic Studies In Folk Speech," by Anne Darrow and "The Speaking Voice" by Amelia Summerville.

You must have noticed that a pleasant speaking voice is a prime asset in any walk of life and that good diction is a treasure unpossessed by many, many people.

Having attained grace and a flexible, compelling voice during the next three years, you will have taken a long step toward success in any field.

Yours truly,
BETTE DAVIS.

Share your problem with Bette Davis. Write to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. All such letters are subject to publication in this magazine if Miss Davis elects to answer them. Names will, of course, be changed to protect the identity of the writer.

The Okay Kid

(Continued from page 50) gasting story in the paper.

Result: Marcia (as she was known in school) Hunt became Marsha Hunt on the dotted line for Paramount.

In 1938, after three years of making enough B's to stock all the alphabet soup on earth for the next ten years, Marsha began to wonder what gave on Broadway. She discussed this curiosity with her husband (more about him later) and, together, they decided that she might as well sever her Paramount connections and haunt Eastern casting directors for a time.

In New York she had a nice juicy part lined up with a summer stock company when she received a wire from Hollywood saying that M-G-M wanted to test her. That was all. Just test. So-o-o—here we go again, boys.

She telephoned husband Jerry for a family council and, before you could say, "Your three minutes are up, please signal when through," she was on a westbound plane.

"I may be back in a flash without cash," she told her Eastern friends, "but here goes on another harebrained ex-

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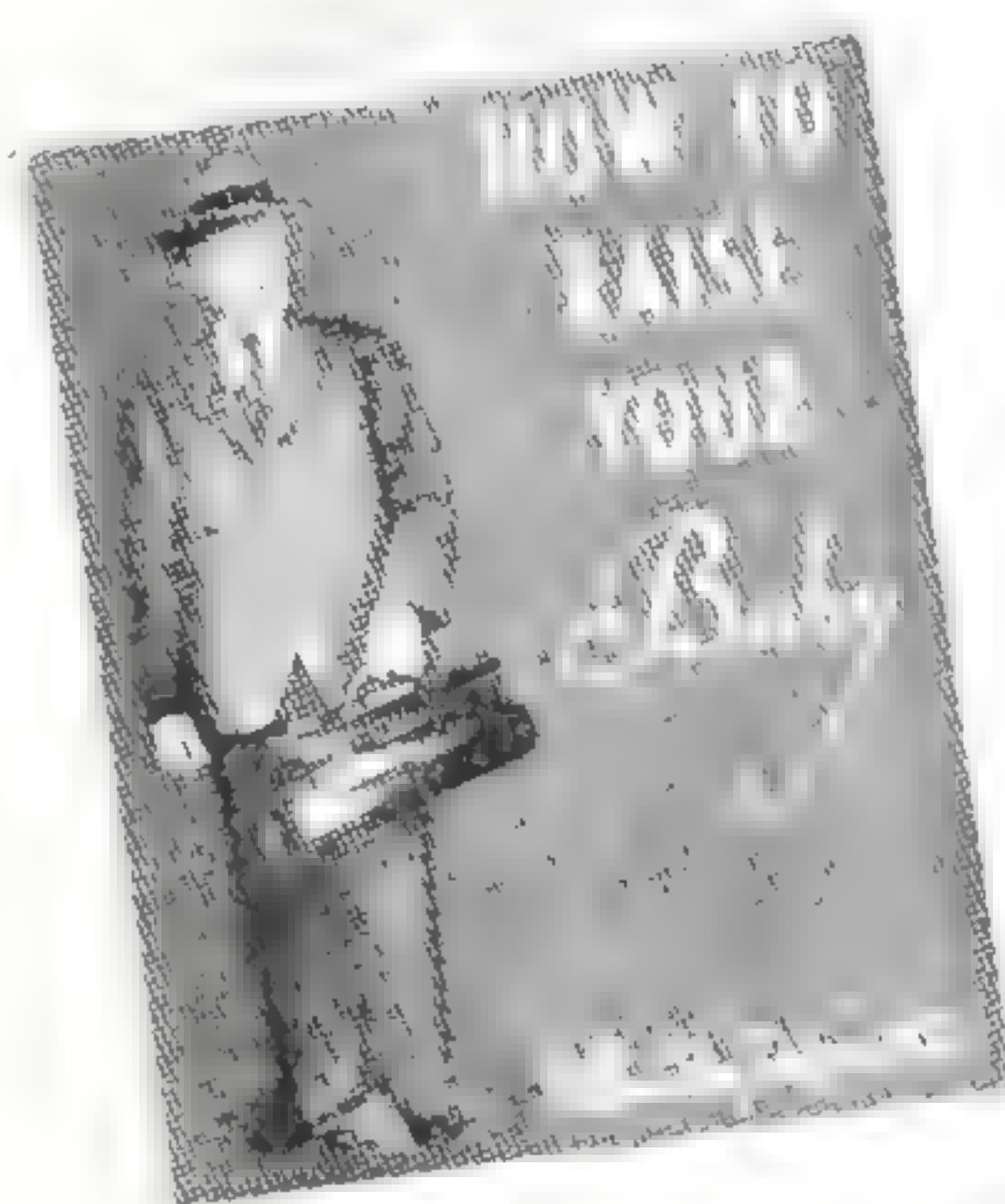
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*WOL—Washington, D. C.
WIBC—Indianapolis, Ind.
KFJZ—Ft. Worth, Texas
WROK—Rockford, Ill.
KGB—San Diego, Calif.
KNOW—Austin, Texas
WACO—Waco, Texas
*CKLW—Detroit, Mich.
WGR—Buffalo, N. Y.
KABC—San Antonio, Texas
WDSM—Duluth, Minn.
*KWK—St. Louis, Mo.
KBON—Omaha, Neb.

If you enjoy the stories in
True Story
MAGAZINE

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*See Your Local Newspaper for Day and Time.

pedition." So harebrained, in fact, that she was signed and cast in an opus titled "These Glamour Girls." After that came "Pride And Prejudice," "The Trial Of Mary Dugan," "Blossoms In The Dust," "Unholy Partners," "Kid Glove Killer," "Once Upon A Thursday," "Joe Smith, American," and "Seven Sweethearts."

After "Joe Smith" was released everyone began to congratulate Marsha, but warmly, on her performance. Finally Betts (as she is called at home) turned her pair of limpid eyes upon one of her praisers.

"It gets me," she said, running her forefinger around the high neck of her peasant frock. "I mean it really does. As Mrs. Smith, I simply acted natural. In other pictures I've worked twice as hard and worried five times as much to achieve a telling characterization, yet nothing was said about it."

SO much for the Hunt career. Now for that thing called love.

If you have a spare moment, visualize Henry Fonda playing Cupid, because that is his role in the Marsha Hunt-Jerry (Jay) Hopper romance. In a lefthanded sort of way, of course.

While Marsha was at Paramount she was called in one day to do an assist-test. This is an arrangement whereby a girl acts as backstop against which some hopeful acting-gent bounces dialogue. There was a group of people in the room where the test was to be made, so Marsha glanced around in search of friends. Lo, yonder was a familiar face. Marsha met the man's eyes and wondered if Mr. Fonda, whom she had met only once before, would remember her. The gentleman returned her look squarely—and with relish—but he didn't speak.

Several seconds went by, yet Marsha and the man continued to stare at one another. Finally—and a lucky thing, too, or they might still be standing there—the director called, "All right, Marsha, let's go."

Several weeks later Marsha was called in to do some scores for a picture. When she entered there was her Henry Fonda. Only he turned out to be Jerry Hopper, assistant head of Paramount's music department. Some Samaritan introduced them, then Mr. Hopper went away again. Marsha kept thinking it would have been nice if he had stuck around, but there's no accounting for the behavior of men.

Actually he hadn't gone very far

away—merely into the recording booth high above the stage. Well, the recording began at three in the afternoon and it went on and on and on. Finally, at three in the morning, the okay was given for sound and Marsha was free to go home.

As the technicians were leaving, Jerry Hopper observed, "That Hunt gal is some trouper. Never a whimper, never a fluke, never a blow-up in twelve hours of recording! For my money, she is Queenie, the okay kid."

After that round-the-clock siege of recording, Jay managed to be in the vicinity every time Marsha appeared in the Paramount music department for business purposes. His co-workers, in loud clear voices, began to comment on this interesting state of affairs. "How is it," they wanted to know, "that you are always around, Jay, when Marsha has to record? How does it happen that you skip the vocal activities of all the others, but you are always deeply interested in Miss Hunt's note-tossing?"

Jay retaliated by saying that he would be glad to explain to Miss Hunt personally, over luncheon. Miss Hunt, eager for an explanation, said it was high time.

WHILE they were hiding behind menus the size of sheet music and trying to think of something to say to one another, John Howard came clanking up with a sprained ankle. He joined them and uttered loud lament over the fact that he was going to be on the sidelines at Sunday's tennis tournament instead of out there giving all for dear old Paramount.

"Are you two going?" he asked, the very voice of providence itself. This gave Jay a superb chance to ask Marsha, "Shall we?" And the lady said yea!

Hopper picked up Hunt early Sunday morning and took her to a favorite spot where the eggs Benedict are simply super. This breakfast proved to be such a success that it has become a Hopper family ritual to have eggs Benedict to celebrate each wedding anniversary breakfast. "It seems to me that creating traditions and then observing them year after year helps to keep a marriage happy," Marsha told her sister.

After the precedent-establishing breakfast, Jay and Marsha went to the tennis matches and cheered their favorites to victory. From that event, they hurried to a patio party being given by Lee Bowman and Roger Converse, two hos-

pitable worthies who were, at that time, keeping bachelor quarters.

This party, in the manner of all patio affairs, went on and on until people began to get hungry. "Armstrong-Schroeder's for a hunk of steak a mile long and a yard wide," someone suggested, so the party in toto adjourned to Armstrong-Schroeder's.

Steaks devoured, Jay Hopper be-thought himself of Gordon's, an intimate Beverly Hills night club with a small stage on which there is a piano, a microphone and space enough for a quartet. Hopper took over the piano, Bowman acted as MC and everyone else donated talent.

"Pennies From Heaven" was No. 1 on the hit parade at that time, so they sang "Pennies" until the Indian was bald. When, at last, Jay took Marsha home he said, "It's been a swell day."

Marsha said "Uh-huh!"

Jay said, "We sure have fun together, don't we?"

Marsha said "Uh-huh!"

Jay looked down at her for several glad seconds. What he saw was a girl five feet six inches in her nylons; a girl who weighs "with ten sensational potato pounds added" a total of 120; a girl with soft brown hair and widely spaced eyes fringed by eyelashes of extravagant natural length. "Could be Pennies From Heaven for us," Jay (Hopeful) Hopper said.

"It certainly could," agreed Marsha. A mockingbird in a near-by tree uttered a joyous whoop at sight of what happened next. But that is none of our business.

FROM that day on, with the exception of an occasional location trip, Marsha had a date with Jay every single night. They were married on November 23, 1938. At present, Jay is with the Signal Corps at Astoria, New York, and the instant Marsha finished work in "Flight To Glory" for M-G-M she whizzed East to visit him.

In addition to her husband, Marsha loves hot-fudge sundaes and mashed potatoes. She drives other actresses to a spree of nail-chewing, because she can eat anything she wants, and lots of it. "My figure runs to bones around the neck," she says with considerable exaggeration. Actually, her figure has never lost its enchanting juvenile coltishness. She looks like someone's kid sister about to go into a jitterbug routine.

During leisure hours, Marsha goes in heavily for peasant clothes with high, gathered necklines, short sleeves and voluminous skirts, in which she looks like a heroine stolen right out of a Franz Schubert operetta.

These outfits are made at the Hopper ranch by Mrs. Whitney ("Mrs. Whit") who is a small but superior major domo. Not only does she sew "stupendously," as Marsha says, but she cooks the same way. And she watches over Marsha as if she were made of porcelain.

But so does practically everyone on the M-G-M lot, for that matter. It takes her thirty minutes to walk three blocks because she is hailed by two out of every three persons who pass.

What does she want of the future? Well, more Mrs. Smith parts. Frequent trips to the camp at Astoria. And—after the war—a family. "I've thought it all out," she says. "I warned you to begin with that I'm really not a hare-brained character."

But how can anybody be so lovely . . . and so wise!

The End.

Marsha Hunt with Lieutenant Jerry Hopper, Signal Corps, U. S. Army, her husband and the reason why she commutes between Hollywood and N. Y.





The old cliché, "Sweets to the sweet," gets a new workout at The Players with brother Vernon Cansino handing out a piece of birthday cake to the celebrating Rita Hayworth

(Continued from page 12)

Inside Information: Now that cute little Nan Wynn has a new Columbia contract, Rita Hayworth will have to find someone else to sing for her in pictures. Nan is the gal who sang all Rita's songs in "My Gal Sal." Her voice was dubbed in.

Fans would certainly be disgusted if they knew how one cowboy star, now in the service, is trying to horn in on the publicity of another Western actor, not yet in. These boys of the old West are almost as temperamental in their jealousies as the stars of olden days.

Remember the Mauch twins—Billy and Bobby—who starred in Warner Brothers pictures and later returned to the studio as messenger boys? Well, the handsome pair have enlisted in the radio control division of the Army Air Corps. If the lads amaze the Japs as completely as they did the examining physicians by their identical appearances, even to the same dental work, the war is over, boys.

Jack Oakie is the most desolate man in town since the separation from his wife Venita Varden. For several weeks neither his studio nor his press agent could find him. Cal spied him one afternoon late on the terrace of The Players cafe, sitting all alone and frankly and unashamedly weeping.

The other night Oakie gathered up ten soldier boys around town, took them up to his apartment and had each boy telephone his home long distance. The bill was huge but Oakie was happy.

Hollywood, who is really fond of Jack, hopes he'll try to be a better boy and get himself straightened up.

The town is tittering over comedian Phil Silvers's reference to that supposedly ill screen hero as the bravest 4F he ever saw in his life.

Romance Notes: Since her divorce from agent Walter Kane, Lynn Bari is finding the steady company of Sid Luft,

a test pilot, very pleasant, indeed. . . .

Jennifer Holt, daughter of Jack and sister of Tim, will marry Robin Sinclair, R.A.F. flyer, in the near future. Interesting, too, that little Jennifer will then be Lady Jennifer Sinclair. . . .

John Payne and former wife Anne Shirley startled the Mocamboites by coming in together, arm in arm. But it's not a reconciliation, folks, Jane Russell (see page 21) is still John's best girl and Ann continues to play the field. . . .

"No, it isn't serious," Arline Judge told Cal about two months ago at The Players. "Jimmy and I are just old, old friends."

And then Arline up and marries her old, old friend Captain James Addams of the R.A.F. and Cal wonders what gets into these girls anyway. Why deny things so vehemently?

The town won't seem the same somehow with Reggie Gardiner, that man about town, all settled down and married. Yes, Reggie and the fair Nadra Petrova are now married and seem very happy, indeed.

A Lesson In Acting: Out over the Pass to Warner's studio, Sidney Greenstreet and Cal drove one night recently to a studio preview. The rotund villain of "The Maltese Falcon" and "Across The Pacific" fame was in rare form (no pun intended). The performance of Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager" inspired him to talk at length of her rare talents. We fully expected Sidney to go right home and write Bette a fan letter, but, instead, he came to our house and, under the exuberance of his appreciation for the Davis talents, gave a young hopeful at the house lessons in acting.

If only we had the power to convert to paper the wonders of that evening with Greenstreet, the favorite of Lunt and Fontanne, striding up and down, or sitting menacingly in a corner, beckon-

ing with small frightening gestures, or rising to full length, his face suddenly lightening as if with spiritual vision. What an actor! A craftsman who knows down to the tap of a toe, the tiniest side glance of an eye, the crook of a small finger, how to transform man from spiritual to evil and all the way back again.

Suddenly it came over us we were privileged to behold a performance audiences would never see and would give a small fortune to behold, and instantly we wanted to share with you fans (you are near our old heart, you see) something of this evening.

Incidentally, did you know Greenstreet was an Englishman who has been in America since 1924 and has a handsome young son in New York? His laugh off screen dances up and down the two notes of the scale as it does on, chilling or cheering as he wills.

With Hearts Full: Hollywood stood by helplessly while its good and substantial citizen Joe E. Brown arrived back from Detroit, where he was starring in "The Show-Off," to bury his handsome oldest son, Lt. Don Brown, who was killed in a plane accident near Palm Springs.

Those of us who know of the deep devotion of Joe E. for his family, of the close ties among them, realized the extent of their heartache.

Yet Joe E. proudly bore away from the grave the flag that had draped his boy's coffin. And four days later he was back doing his civic duty, being sworn in as a playground commissioner.

There are no finer, more honest, more human people than the Browns. Down to the last child, Hollywood extends its hand in sympathy.

Tidbits: Blondie (Penny Singleton) refuses to call her new baby "Blondie," because she's afraid she'll grow up and marry a fellow called Dagwood, just to be cute. Instead, she calls her Robin, if you please. Penny is the wife of producer Robert Sparks. . . .

Did you know Jack Benny is silver-haired off screen? And since George Brent has joined the Army as a flying instructor, he is also very gray-haired. Due to the movies, George had to keep his hair constantly dyed. Now he can go natural again. . . .

Close friends will be happy when that screen and stage actress goes back to her play in New York and lets that married star, so infatuated at the moment, return to his wife and children who love him. . . .

The Bud Abbotts went out on a Bond-selling tour and came back with a three-year-old little girl whom they've now adopted. The couple couldn't be happier. "This is my reward for helping Uncle Sam," Abbott grins.

Gone But Not Forgotten: With Tony, the famous horse of screen fame, gone to greener pastures, and his master, Tom Mix, who rode him through hundreds of films, also gone, seems as if the good old days of movies are slipping far into the gone-but-not-forgotten era. . . .

In a way that was quite a sacrifice on Jack Benny's part, giving up the old Maxwell that has played such a substantial part in his radio shows. But when the Government facetiously asked Jack to set an example by giving his imaginary Maxwell to the scrap salvage, being a good American, he leaped to comply. Oh, well, maybe he'll get a motorcycle and (Continued on page 94)

(Continued from page 93) we can all laugh at that.

Tragedy: A few weeks ago Cal saw Mrs. Norma Auer, ex-wife of comedian Mischa Auer, shopping with friends. She was slim, trim and handsome.

Now she is dead by her own hand, a suicide. But before she died she gave to Mischa the two children, Tony aged eight, and Joe just three, to be taken care of by him. Mischa had lost custody of the children in a court battle just a few weeks previous.

Mischa is now married to Joyce Hunter, radio singer. The separation and divorce of the comedian and his wife failed to bring happiness to the first Mrs. Auer, it seems, although she tried desperately to go on as before.

III: This may well be termed collapse month in Hollywood. The stars who returned from the unbelievably heavy grind of their Bond-selling tour are still trying to recuperate.

Actor Walter Abel, troupier extraordinary, repaired to his Oregon ranch for a rest.

Gene Tierney spent two weeks in a hospital with flu and fatigue.

Dorothy Lamour had the added worry

of her mother's illness to combat.

Ronald Colman is still ill and George Murphy was several weeks abed before getting about.

Merle Oberon and Patricia Morison, tense and weary from their jaunt to England and Ireland, practically slept standing up for days after.

Hedy Lamarr took to a hospital cot after her return and Ilona Massey, appearing at the Beverly Wilshire Officers' Club, seemed almost too exhausted to stand.

Hollywood, who works hard all the time with its five and six o'clock (A.M.) rising hour, considers it all worth while, however, and is eager and anxious to tackle it again.

Incidentally, fans will be distressed to hear of the serious illness of Edna May Oliver, who is under constant nursing care in a local hospital.

Last-Minute Events: The stir over Victor Mature's sudden termination with the Coast Guard and his reputed drafting by the Army had the whole town in a twitch. Vic, who had enlisted only temporarily in the Coast Guard, has now re-enlisted permanently. And were those Army boys down at Fort MacArthur disappointed!

Casts of Current Pictures

BLACK SWAN, THE—20th Century-Fox: *James Waring*, Tyrone Power; *Margaret Denby*, Maureen O'Hara; *Captain Henry Morgan*, Land Cregar; *Tommy Blue*, Thomas Mitchell; *Captain Billy Lecch*, George Sanders; *Wogan*, Anthony Quinn; *Lord Denby*, George Zucco; *Roger Ingram*, Edward Ashley; *Don Miguel*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Captain Graham*, Stuart Robertson; *Fenner*, Charles McNaughton; *Speaker*, Frederick Worlock; *Chinese Cook*, Willie Fung; *Higgs*, Charles Francis; *Bishop*, Arthur Shields; *Major Domo*, Keith Hitchcock; *Captain Blaine*, John Burton; *Captain Jones*, Cyril McLaglen; *Daniel*, Clarence Muse.

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE—RKO-Radio: *Gay Lawrence*, George Sanders; *Tom Lawrence*, Tom Conway; *Marcia Brooks*, Jane Randolph; *Lefty*, Don Barclay; *Donovan*, Cliff Clark; *Bates*, Edward Gargan; *Grimes*, Eddie Dunn; *Arlette*, Charlotte Wynters; *Paul Harrington*, James Newill; *Jerry*, Keye Luke; *Carmela*, Amanda Varela; *Valdez*, George Lewis; *Diane Medford*, Gwili Andre; *Savitski*, Andre Charlot; *Miss Ross*, Mary Halsey.

GALLANT LADY—Producers Releasing Corporation: *Rosemary Walsh*, Rose Hobart; *Steve*, Sidney Blackmer; *Nellie*, Claire Rochelle; *Linda*, Lynn Starr; *Lucy Walker*, Jane Novak; *Baldy*, Vince Barnett; *Sheriff Verner*, Jack Baxley; *Pete Saunders*, Crane Whitley; *Judge Stevens*, John Ince; *Luke Walker*, Frank Brownley; *Nick Marelly*, Richard Clarke; *Ben Walker*, Spec O'Donnell; *Jane*, Inez Cole; *Jed Hicks*, Pat McKee; *Sarah*, Ruby Dandridge; *Genesis*, Henry Hastings.

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HIDDEN HAND, THE—Warners: *John Channing*, Milton Parsons; *Lorinda Channing*, Cecil Cunningham; *Mary Winfield*, Elisabeth Fraser; *Dr. Lawrence Channing*, Frank Wilcox; *Walter Channing*, Roland Drew; *Horace Channing*, Tom Stevenson; *Rita*, Julie Bishop; *Estelle*, Ruth Ford; *Eleanor Stevens*, Marian Hall; *The maid*, Inez Gary; *Peter Thorne*, Craig Stevens.

I MARRIED A WITCH—Cinema Guild-U.A.: *Wallace Wooley*, Fredric March; *Jennifer*, Veronica Lake; *Dr. Dudley White*, Robert Benchley; *Estelle Masterson*, Susan Hayward; *Daniel*, Cecil Kellaway; *Margaret*, Elizabeth Patterson; *J. B. Masterson*, Robert Warwick; *Tabitha*, Eily Malyon; *Town Crier*, Robert Greig; *Martha*, Viola Moore; *Nancy*, Mary Field; *Harriet*, Nora Cecil; *Allen*, Emory Parnell; *Vocalist*, Helen St. Rayner; *Justice of the Peace*, Aldrich Bowker; *His Wife*, Emma Dunn.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—M-G-M: *John Davis*, Robert Young; *Nora Davis*, Laraine Day; *Trudy Strauss*, Fay Bainter; *Herbert V. Allison*, Nigel Bruce; *Margaret*, Margaret O'Brien; *Peter*, William Severn; *Mrs. Bailey*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Barrie*, Doris Lloyd; *Mr. Barrie*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Mrs. Harris*, Heather Thatcher; *Susan Fleming*, Jill Esmond; *"Rugged"*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Frau Weber*, Lisa Goltz.

JUNGLE SIREN—Producers Releasing Corporation: *Kuhlraya*, Ann Corio; *Capt. Gary Hart*, Buster Crabbe; *Frau Anna*, Evelyn Wahl; *Sergt. Mike Jenkins*, Paul Bryar; *Dr. Harrigan*, Mil Kibbee; *Herr Lukas*, Arne Frey; *Chief Selangi*, Jess Brooks; *Major Renault*, Manart Kippen; *Johnny*, James Adamson; *Greco*, A Chimp.

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Peggy*, Lynne Roberts; *Dick Burke*, George Holmes; *Jim Cheevers*, Raymond Walburn; *Reginald DeWinters*, J. Carrol Naish; *Lola DeWinters*, Dorothy Peterson; *Abbie Addison*, Eily Malyon; *Sam Kohler*, Arthur Loft; *Dr. Pluma*, Milton Parsons; *Detective Murtha*, Matt McHugh; *Lieutenant Biale*, Charles Cane; *Swann*, Theodore von Eltz; *Yvonne*, Joan Marsh; *Joe*, Syd Saylor; *Ed Mygatt*, Douglas Fowley; *Auctioneer*, Tim Ryan; *Mrs. Kohler*, Vivian Oakland.

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: *Whizzer Norton*, Allan Jones; *Gloria Jackson*, Jane Frazee; *Barney Crane*, William Frawley; *Patsy Clark*, Marjorie Lord; *Joe Clark*, Wade Boteler; *Daniels*, Don Terry; *Martinez*, Sergio Orta; *Charles*, Gus Schilling; *George*, Jack Norton; *Grace and Nikko*, Themselves; and Aaron Gonzales Rhumba Band.

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: *Kharis*, Lon Chaney; *Stephen A. Banning*, Dick Foran; *Isobel Evans*, Elyse Knox; *John Banning*, John Hubbard; *Jane Banning*, Mary Gordon; *Mrs. Evans*, Virginia Brissac; *Mehemet Bey*, Turhan Bey; *Babe Hanson*, Wallace Ford; *Andoheb*, George Zucco; *Sheriff*, Cliff Clark; *Pedro*, Paul E. Burns.

NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE—RKO Radio: *Mallory*, Pat O'Brien; *Sands*, George Murphy; *Myra*, Janet Wyatt; *Babe*, Jackie Cooper; *Tarriba*, Desi Arnaz; *Berringer*, Max Baer; *Kroner*, Carl Esmond; *Sampter*, Frank Jenks; *Hodum*, Frank Fenton; *Bayliss*, John Maguire; *Kovac*, Lee Bonnell; *Dennis*, Joey Ray.

NIGHT MONSTER—20th Century-Fox: *Rolf*, Bela Lugosi; *Dr. King*, Lionel Atwill; *Laurie*, Leif Erikson; *Dr. Harper*, Irene Hervey; *Kurt Ingston*, Ralph Morgan; *Dick Baldwin*, Don Porter; *Agor Singh*, Nils Asher; *Margaret Ingston*, Fay Helm; *Dr. Timmons*, Frank Reicher; *Miss Judd*, Doris Lloyd; *Dr. Phipps*, Francis Pierlot; *Cap Roggs*, Robert Homans; *Millie Carson*, Janet Shaw; *Jeb Harmon*, Eddy Waller; *Torque*, Cyril Delevanti.

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING—U.A.: *Tom Earnshaw*, Eric Portman; *Frank Shelley*, Hugh Williams; *Geoff Hickman*, Bernard Miles; *John Glyn Haggard*, Hugh Burden; *Els Meertens*, Pamela Brown; *Jo Te Vries*, Googie Withers.

The death of May Robson, who had been failing rapidly the last few months, came as a shock, nevertheless, to the town that loves her from every child to every adult. Hollywood will miss its "Muzzy May," who, incidentally, was reported to be eighty-four years old at the time of her death. . . .

With an "Andy Hardy" picture coming out in the near future, M-G-M finally succeeded in bringing together Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner, at least temporarily. A reunion doesn't impair Mickey's 3A rating either.

Hollywood hopes the kids will make a go of it, though it does put it on a bit thick to refer to the affair as "just a family argument" when the case went to a judge with the request for a fifty-fifty cut on \$200,000 plus alimony. . . .

The annual charity ball game between Hollywood's leading men and comedians brought out lovely Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable as umpires. (See page 12.) Jack Oakie's outsized uniform and derby killed the customers. Champion Joe Louis, in uniform, was an amused spectator. Milton Berle and Edward Arnold were announcers, of all things. Hot dogs, crack-jacks and lemonade were enjoyed by Linda Darnell and Ann Miller from the bleachers.

OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Gil Carter*, Henry Fonda; *Martin*, Dana Andrews; *Rose Mapen*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Mexican*, Anthony Quinn; *Gerald*, William Eythe; *Art Croft*, Henry Morgan; *Ma Grier*, Jane Darwell; *Judge Daniel Tyler*, Matt Briggs; *Arthur Davies*, Harry Davenport; *Major Tetley*, Frank Conroy; *Farnley*, Marc Lawrence; *Monty Smith*, Paul Hurst; *Darby*, Victor Kilian; *Pancho*, Cris-Pin Martin; *Joyce*, Ted North; *Mr. Swanson*, George Meeker; *Miss Swanson*, Almira Sessions; *Mrs. Larch*, Margaret Hamilton; *Mapes*, Dick Rich; *Old Man*, Francis Ford; *Bartlett*, Stanley Andrews; *Greene*, Billy Benedict; *Gabe Hart*, Rondo Hatton; *Winder*, Paul Burns; *Sparks*, Leigh Whipper; *Jimmy Carnes*, George Chandler; *Moore*, George Lloyd.

ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount: *Jim Peters*, Bing Crosby; *Turkey Jackson*, Bob Hope; *Princess Shalmar*, Dorothy Lamour; *Mullay Kasim*, Anthony Quinn; *Mihirmah*, Dona Drake; *Hyder Khan*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *Ahmed Fey*, Mikhail Rasumny; *1st Aid to Mullay Kasim*, Jamel Haddon; *2nd Aid to Mullay Kasim*, Monte Blue; *Handmaidens*, Louise La Planche, Theo de Voe, Brooke Evans, Suzanne Ridgway, Patsy Mace, Yvonne de Carlo, Poppy Wilde.

SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER—RKO-Radio: *Scattergood Baines*, Guy Kibbee; *Dunker Gillson*, John Archer; *Gail Barclay*, Margaret Hayes; *Hipp*, Willie Best; *Wally*, Wallace Ford; *Sam*, George Chandler; *Rolfe Quentin*, John Miljan; *Thaddeus*, Frank Reicher; *Sheriff*, Spencer Charters; *Phoebe*, Florence Lake; *Mrs. Grimes*, Eily Malyon.

SEVEN DAYS LEAVE—RKO-Radio: *Johnny Grey*, Victor Mature; *Terry Havelock-Allen*, Lucille Ball; *Mapy Cortes*, Mapy Cortes; *Jackson*, Peter Lind Hayes; *Gildersleeve*, Harold Peary; *Ginny Simms*, Ginny Simms; *Mickey*, Marcy McGuire; *Clarkey*, Buddy Clark; *Bitsy*, Arnold Stang; *Ralph Bell*, Neil Hamilton; *Sergeant Mead*, Wallace Ford; *Ralph Edwards*, Ralph Edwards.

THAT OTHER WOMAN—20th Century-Fox: *Emily*, Virginia Gilmore; *Henry Summers*, James Ellison; *Ralph*, Dan Duryea; *Constance Powell*, Janis Carter; *Grandma*, Alma Kruger; *George*, Bud McCallister; *Mrs. MacReady*, Minerva Urecal; *Baley*, Charles Arnt; *Smith*, Charles Halton; *Linkletter*, Charles Trowbridge; *Lauderback*, Frank Pershing; *Zineschwich*, George Melford; *Tough Guy*, Paul Fix; *Tramp*, Syd Saylor; *Clerk*, Henry Roquemore; *Waiter*, Leon Belasco.

THUNDER BIRDS—20th Century-Fox: *Kay Saunders*, Gene Tierney; *Steve Britt*, Preston Foster; *Peter Stackhouse*, John Sutton; *Colonel MacDonald*, Jack Holt; *Lady Stackhouse*, Dame Mary Whitty; *Gramps*, George Barbier; *George Lockwood*, Richard Haydn; *Barratt*, Reginald Denny; *Cadet Hackzell*, Ted North; *Blonde*, Janis Carter; *Chinese Cadets*, Archie Got, Lawrence Ung; *Doctor*, Montague Shaw; *Mrs. Blake*, Nana Bryant; *Saleswoman*, Iris Adrian; *Nurse*, Viola Moore; *Ellen*, Connie Leon; *Messenger*, Walter Tetley; *English Cadets*, Billy McGuire, Richard Woodruff.

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Eye Cues

—from Olivia de Havilland, the star of Warners' "Princess O'Rourke." Possessor of a pair of eyes that have dazzled even Hollywood, she says, "I believe a girl should always make up to match the personality she knows is hers. One of the most charming of the younger actresses has a sweet pert personality. To accent this, she wears her hair in crisp curls, her lashes long with an up-curl of extra mascara." More cues from Hollywood: Use artificial eyelashes if nature was skimpy; keep your eyes sparkling by regular use of eye lotion. Don't ever forget the terrific pick-up of a short nap with medicated eye pads in place.

BY GLORIA MACK

To make your eyes look larger:

Eyebrow Shaping

Create the illusion of size by arching the eyebrow just a bit lower than usual—but not so low that your expression will be too severe. Remove just a few hairs from the upper edge of the brows; accent the lower arch with the eyebrow pencil.

Mascara

Mascara only the tips of the lashes.

Eye Shadow

Use little eyeshadow and none at all in the hollow of the eyelid next to the nose.

To make your eyes look less round:

Eyebrow Shaping

Shape the eyebrow ovally so that there is no feeling of a rounded arch.

Always be sure the eyebrow is not thinned too much. Work with the pencil until the eye takes on a definite almond shape.

Mascara

Use mascara only on the lashes from the center of the eyes to the outer corners.

Eye Shadow

Follow general eye shadow rules: Never apply shadow with the same density over the whole lid; never apply it under the eye.

To keep your eyes from looking too prominent:

Eyebrow Shaping

Don't wear too-thin brows; but don't make them too heavy. Make up lower section of face so that attention will be immediately drawn to some feature of it.

Mascara

Mascara only the upper lashes—and very lightly.

Eye Shadow

Blend the eye shadow carefully over the prominent part of the upper lid; use as dark a shade as possible.

Heart Affair

(Continued from page 22) in the school who wasn't pursuing him and Jane immediately took her place at the head of the race.

Later, when she had been able to get over the heartbreak of him, Jane said, "Gym and athletics were important to us at Van Nuys and we all became body-conscious. I guess I've always been that way. When I meet a fellow I always notice his build. To me a man's build means he has manly instincts. Besides, I think girls are divided into two groups, the ones who like flowers and courtesies from a man, and who want to be chased, and then the girls who want to do the chasing.

"I CHASED Bob for more than a year and a half. My friends would say to me, 'He's a funny fellow. He's no good for you, Janie,' but that didn't stop me. He was the main school figure and he had a gang of stooges who always traveled with him.

"The first time we ever met on the campus, he just stood there, looking down at me, absolutely quiet, completely sure of himself, and then he moved away, without a word, with all his gang following after him. I was impressed as only a dizzy kid of fourteen can be impressed.

"It didn't take me long to learn that the gang all gathered at his house, that his mother was a swell sport whom they called 'Frances' and that she'd been supporting them both ever since Bob's father died when Bob was ten.

"So I saw to it that I joined that gang. I saw to it that I was wherever he was. I went in for sports, I went in for groups of pals, I went in for anything that I thought would attract and hold his interest. I lost my own father in 1937, and I'm not sure now that that wasn't one of the things that brought us together. Something did, and that was all I cared about then. I knew I was five times as in love with him as he was with me, but that didn't matter either, so long as he would speak to

me and let me be somewhere near him.

"Bob went on to UCLA to major in forestry and football coaching. That nearly drove me mad, for every day, from the day of our original meeting, I had managed to see him somehow. After that first year and a half, we began going together exclusively. I'd beg and tease him, 'Why can't you love me a little?'

"Bob would answer, not with the adoring phrases that I wanted to hear, but by saying, 'Who says I don't? I'm here, aren't I?'

He liked to fish, to hunt, to shoot deer. Jane pretended an interest in guns that she did not possess. When her chance to go into pictures came, she rushed first to tell his mother about it. She did not know why she sensed that he would hate her stardom, but she did, and her instinct was right. "This is going to break us up. You know that, don't you?" he asked when she told him.

SHE promised that it would not, and she tried to prevent it. By Christmas of 1940, they were officially engaged. Jane was working on "The Outlaw" by this time and whenever she was kept late at the studio, she would stop by his house and call 'good-night' to him through his bedroom window. Half the time he did not answer her and she never knew whether or not he was lying there in the darkness, half awake, listening for her voice.

She coaxed and begged him to come to the studio to watch her work and he came just once. They were actually on location and he hid behind a rock and watched her. When the scene was finally over and she was free to leave, he took her home, but he was sarcastic all the way. "Is that so, Miss Hollywood," he would reply to all her speeches. "You are really the big star, aren't you?"

He grew madly jealous of her. She would tell him of some press stunt that

had been arranged for her, or of some scene she had played, and he would remark, "That murders me. The idea of my girl being stared at by a hundred guys."

Yet beneath it all, she sensed that as she grew in importance, so his stubborn love grew for her. She wanted nothing from life but to be happy with him, but their quarrels grew more frequent, and more devastating.

A WOMAN can get to the point where she hates her own unhappiness. Jane Russell reached that place by the end of 1941. She went to Bob finally and gave him back his ring. As the winter faded into the spring, she told herself she was quite over him, that even the thought of him didn't matter to her any longer. It was almost true until one night she drove down to the beach and saw him there, with another fellow and girl, and found herself trembling at the sight of him. She made herself rush away before she got a chance to speak to him. She said to herself, "Russell, you are not going to get in that state again."

She was still living up to that vow, too, when she and John Payne met, early last summer, two disillusioned young people who were trying to find themselves. They met, each of them with the memory of love about them, each of them lonely, and it was wartime when there is scarcely time enough left for the most important things, let alone the trivialities.

John Payne was now sure of his stardom, even if after his fine dramatic work in "Remember The Day" he did feel wasted on a bunch of silly musical-comedy roles. But Jane Russell, for all her beauty and talent, for all her headline fame, knew not where she stood, whether Hughes would ever show "The Outlaw" or release her from her contract, whether any other studio would sign her. Where Anne Shirley had understood every angle of the Hollywood game, Jane was truly a beauty in distress. Compared to her, John felt wise, protective and helpful. Men like that role.

SO they began seeing one another, Johnny and Jane, at first casually and then steadily. Jane knew from the beginning that John couldn't talk of marriage, first because his divorce wasn't yet final, and then because of the war. She soon learned how steadily he was keeping up his flying practice, even though he insisted upon entering the service as a private, not wanting to be one of those "ninety-day wonders" who quickly lord it over the lads who have gone through the best camps. She soon learned that he promised his studio, Twentieth-Century-Fox, to finish a couple of extra pictures, just to repay them for having initially given him his biggest break, but that he had said that he would not remain a civilian one day after the end of 1942.

This means that like millions of other young couples of today, Jane and John must put aside their individual happiness as a willing sacrifice to the greater love of freedom and of country. What time and separation will do to them, they do not know or question.

They are living neither in the past nor in the future. They are living excitingly, romantically in the present which they find very wonderful, all because they found one another out of all the world.

THE END



Heroine of the old romance in John Payne's life—Anne Shirley, his ex-wife, shows up at the Mocambo with Ensign Bob Stack, in training for Navy duty in the Aerial Gunnery corps

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